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S O U V E N I R S

OF

TRAVEL.

BY

MADAME OCTAVIA WALTON LE VERT.

VOL I.

M O B I L E :

S. H. GOETZEL AND COMPANY, No. 33 DAUPHIN STREET.

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TO
MY MOTHER,
THESE SOUVENIRS OF TRAVEL,
Are Dedicated,
BY
HER LOVING CHILD.

PUBLISHERS' PREFACE.

THE materials of these volumes were not originally designed for publication. They consist chiefly of the private letters, journals, and sketches of a distinguished American lady, during two visits to Europe. Her social position at home, and an extensive acquaintance with the highest circles abroad, gave her familiar access to scenes and personages and conditions of life not ordinarily within the reach of the foreign traveller. The mystic veil which hides the *penetralia* of courtly and aristocratic society, was lifted for her eyes, and she was facilitated in her observations and experiences to a degree seldom awarded to an American before. With the readiest and keenest powers of perception, with a mind fully informed historically as to all the localities she visited, with a wonderfully retentive memory, retaining all the sands of gold that filtrated through its stream, and with the most genial and appreciative sympathies for whatever is best and most beautiful in literature, art, and social intercourse, she combined advantages calculated to

make her visits missions fruitful with facts and views of wide general interest and utility.

Some of her letters to her friends, written during the hurry of travel, were yet so graphic and attractive that they were given to the press; and being reproduced all through the country, excited an almost universal desire for the publication of a full account of her travels. Those friends who were admitted to her intimacies at home, became aware what a rich mine of pleasing information, and interesting adventure, existed in the various memoranda she had made while in Europe. Their solicitations, and reiterated persuasions from literary friends in all parts of the Union, led to the preparation of this volume. The original journals and letters have been carefully revised by their author, additional memorials have been added, and many parts that in the original form necessarily partook largely of the personal and egotistic, have been omitted.

This statement might suffice to introduce these *SOUVENIRS OF TRAVEL* to the world, but the Publishers deem it proper to add a few words as to the gifted and accomplished author. Madame Octavia Walton Le Vert is perhaps more widely known, in a social way, than any other American lady. Born in Georgia, the grandchild of that Walton who was both sage and soldier in the Revolution, and whose name is immortal on the Chart of American Freedom, she had from her infancy the highest social and intellectual advantages. Reared to womanhood at Pensacola, she received the most thorough instruction, and became fully versed not

only in her native tongue, but in the French, Spanish, and Italian languages, speaking and writing them with accuracy and elegance. The presence of the Navy officers at Pensacola gave a great charm to the society there, and under the most propitious auspices the young flower expanded to light and beauty. The gifts of personal loveliness were hers in a very high degree; but her intellectual accomplishments, and the perpetual sunshine of a gay and joyous spirit, always amiable, kind, and considerate, gave to their possessor her chief charms. Visiting the principal cities of the Union, and the principal points of fashionable resort, Miss Walton became widely known, admired, and beloved. At Washington City she was early honored by the warm friendship of Mr. Clay, which continued until his death,—an event that drew from his fair friend one of the most touching and eloquent tributes to his memory. Mr. Calhoun also was exceedingly kind to the “gifted daughter of the South,” as he was pleased to call her, and particularly admired a series of sketches of distinguished Senators, Representatives, and Statesmen, whom she had met at the Federal Capital,—a work which we regret has never been published.

The life of a lady is commonly a calm current of domestic duties and social benevolences. The author of these volumes became the wife of Dr. Henry S. Le Vert, a learned and eminent physician of Mobile, Alabama. A circle of beautiful children sprang up around them, and claimed the constant care and nurture of their mother. In the performance of this part has been one of the chief beauties of her life. At

the same time, she has filled the highest social position, and dispensed the most enlarged hospitality. No stranger of distinction has visited Mobile for years, without seeking her acquaintance, and receiving the most cordial kindness. This has made her friends in every part of the world, and among the most influential personages. Lady Emeline Stuart Wortley, a daughter of the Duke of Rutland, and of the household of Queen Victoria, and Frederika Bremer, the gifted novelist of Sweden, whose more than royal fame is everywhere acknowledged, thus became united in ties of the strongest personal friendship, baptized too, as it were, in tears of mutual sympathy and suffering at the time, with Madame Le Vert.

These acquaintanceships were mainly influential in inducing the first visit of our fair countrywoman to Europe, and gave her that immediate *entrée* into the highest society, whose experiences constitute the chief specialty of her *Souvenirs*.

Of the intrinsic characteristics of the present volume, the publishers will not particularly speak. The book, they think, will be found fully worthy of the high fame of the author. Upon her part, it is given to the public with the most shrinking reluctance. She does not aspire to the laurels of authorship, but only desires to impart to others the pleasure received from wandering amid the storied scenes of the Old World, and holding social communion with personages whose names are "whispered by the lips of fame." Few itineraries, however, will be found so full of valuable information, so

rich in brilliant descriptions, and so picturesque and glowing in style and arrangement of particulars. This will make the book invaluable to all of our citizens who may visit Europe, and wish to have an intelligent guide and companion in their travels. One pervading charm they will find in these volumes, that will stir and keep fresh their own patriotism,—that in all her wanderings, whether at the refined court of St. James in the imperial presence of Louis Napoleon, or under the consecrated tapestries of the Papal palace, our accomplished countrywoman was ever staunchly true to her republican lineage, and came back home American in heart and mind.

With these thoughts as to the book and its author, the publishers respectfully submit it to the reader, confident that they have made a valuable contribution to a most interesting branch of the rising literature of our country.

MOBILE, *July*, 1857.

ERRATA.

- VOL. I. Page 2d, 5th line from bottom, for "*Sovereign*" read
" *Sovereigns.*"
- " Page 3d, 11th line, for "*sung*" read "*sunk.*"
- " Page 38, 17th line, for "*St.*" Peter read "*Sir*" Peter.
- " Page 217, 4th line from bottom, for "*Peschier*" read
" *Peschiera.*"
- " Page 330, 8th line from bottom, for "*Lucar*" read
" *Lucas.*"

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SOUVENIRS OF TRAVEL.

CHAPTER I.

It was just twelve o'clock, June 11th, 1853, when the great gun of the Atlantic sounded forth its farewell to America. The wharves and shipping around were thronged with a dense mass of human beings, whose loud cheers answered the cannon's roar. Many were the kind faces beaming with friendship upon us as the noble ship gracefully passed from her moorings. There was no sadness in their glances, and my own heart bounded with joy, as the shores of the beautiful bay melted into distance.

The dream of my life had been to visit Europe, and now the great white wings of the Atlantic, aided by the Magician of the Nineteenth Century, mighty steam, was about to realize my brightest hopes. My emotions were full of radiant delight, as bright and sparkling as the myriad diamond drops which fell in showers from the swift-moving wheels of the glorious steamer.

There were more than two hundred passengers, and never was assembled a more merry, genial, agreeable set of persons.

VOL. I.—1

All portions of the world seemed represented, (save China.) There were Frenchmen, Germans, Englishmen, Spaniards, and Norwegians—Chilians from the silver mines—Peruvians from near the equator—Cubans from the “Gem of the Antilles”—Californians, hastening to the Old World, to purchase with their gold recompense for many a privation; also an Australian, who had been among the first to dig the precious metal in that far-away land. There were blooming English and lovely American women; statesmen, judges, generals, and orators, poets, artists, and musicians. A spirit of kindness and cordiality encircled us, and each one appeared earnest for the other’s happiness.

For two days, life was an enchantment; but upon the *third* day I was seized by that *demon* of the *ocean*, (in common parlance, sea-sickness,) and so tightly did he grasp me, that for several days I lay still and death-like. However, the “indomitable will” of my nature would be no longer controlled, and then came on a fierce struggle between us. I would not yield, though my anguish was inexpressible. Each day I ascended the deck, in spite of the icy coldness of the wind, which betokened our near approach to the icebergs.

My good friends, after bringing me on deck, would wrap me up, like an Egyptian mummy, in buffalo robes, California blankets, and Mexican ponchos. In truth, none of the mummies of old had more valuable enwrapments. Sometimes we enjoyed the luxury of a great buffalo robe, brought from Chicago by a gentleman en route for England, and intended as a present to Queen Victoria. Very gallantly he permitted the “sovereign” of his own country to make it a resting-place. To cheer the long hours, I often told them Indian legends, and one of the “Alabama” (signifying “here we rest”) pleased the group so much, that whenever I came on deck they would seize the magnificent robe, and casting it

down would cry out, "Come, dear madam, here is your Alabama." Sweet are the memories of those pleasant days, when kindness and gentle words even cheated sea-sickness of half its horrors. The captain, with his broad, stalwart form, and benevolent smile, was often near to cheer us with the hope of a speedy arrival. The weather, although cold was delightful; the winds fair as the first dream of love. But about mid-ocean we encountered a terrific swell from the north. There had doubtless been a great storm in the icy regions, and the stubborn heart of the mighty deep was still agitated. Would to heaven it had sung to quietude ere we came along, for it rendered me intolerably ill, and the demon and I battled again for many a day.

Braham, the excellent English singer, and Dodworth, the admirable cornet à piston player, gave us a concert one night for the benefit of the Sailors' Home on Staten Island. After some delightful music, the Star Spangled Banner was sung, in which all the audience joined, making a most charming finale to the entertainment.

On the ninth day, as I lay, miserably ill, on the deck, the officer cried out, "Land! land!" Oh, joyful sound! giving life and hope. None of Sontag's sweetest tones could equal the exquisite thrill that one word produced upon me. The mountains of Ireland were soon visible, and the "Fastness Rock" in the ocean. This contains a light-house, which is tenanted by one man. It is three miles from the mainland, and is a lonely spot.

The next day we were in sight of Wales, and soon of Holyhead—a high, bold, desolate-looking rock, with a white light-house upon it. The shore was barren and cheerless, without a single tree, until we entered the Mersey; then the shores were green and lovely, and I felt we were indeed in "merrie England."

As we approached Liverpool, a thick mist gathered around us, veiling the landscape. Within the steamer all was confusion and preparation for landing. On all sides were the inquiries—"Can I take my baggage?" "Are the officers very strict in their search?"

It was quite dark when we descended the ladder of the Atlantic, and entered the little steam-tug—a frightful, black, gopher-looking vessel. There we stood, until 215 passengers came down the narrow way. We scarcely had standing room, and even I confessed it was amazingly unpleasant. But I had resolved not to permit any of the small ills of life to annoy me; hence I only laughed at them, and sprang merrily ashore.

At last I was in England! Even the most unenthusiastic must feel a wild bounding of the heart when they first touch the shores of Mother-Land. As for me, joy, radiant joy, filled my soul, and I could have thrown myself on my knees and kissed the earth—the home of my ancestors—the glorious land which holds forth its hands in love and sympathy to its children, far over the vast Atlantic.

The illuminated clock of one of the churches marked the hour of eleven, as we drove to the Adelphi, first stopping at the Custom-House, where the trunks were opened and closed, (at least ours were.) A southern planter was not so lucky. He had "seven beautiful plugs" of tobacco taken from him, as he refused to pay *seven dollars* duty upon them.

At the hotel the waiter called out, "Fine rooms! excellent rooms!" When I entered them I thought—"I will take mine ease at mine inn;" but alas for this hope of comfort! Never did we see more miserable, dingy, dark rooms. "English comfort"—the boast of the Anglo-Saxons over the whole world—seemed to me but a fiction, if this were an

earnest of it. Visions of the palace-like St. Nicholas came to us, as we looked upon the quaint, old, queer furniture—the narrow beds and time-worn carpets. However, we were very weary, and soon sought forgetfulness in sleep; and in the “dream-land” I was soon with those dear ones in my home by the Mexican Gulf.

Liverpool, June 22d.—“I am at last in England!” was my first exclamation, as I sprang from my narrow bed, and drew aside the curtain. It was a bright morning, and already the street was thronged with people. I hurriedly dressed, that I might go out and breathe freely the English air, though somewhat tainted by coal-smoke. But the enthusiasm of the last night was yet with me, and delightful memories filled my mind, of this land so famed in “song and story.”

Liverpool is a bustling, busy city, of near 400,000 inhabitants. It covers a large space of ground, and its streets are as wandering and winding as those of Boston.

During our drive, we visited many of the public buildings, which are really splendid. The St. George's Hall is a magnificent edifice; likewise the Exchange, Custom-House, and Sailors' Home. We saw the statue of Lord Nelson, and that of Huskisson. But the miracles of Liverpool are the docks. These are of wondrous extent—at least five or six miles along the shores of the Mersey. The tide rises from twelve to thirty feet; hence ships are compelled to be placed in the docks, or else to lie far out in the “offing.” There appeared to be vessels from all the nations of the earth, indicated by their flags, and destined to all ports, from the sailing-boards hung out upon them.

The hum of commerce, and the eager rushing to and fro of hundreds of laborers, gave token that Liverpool is indeed the great emporium of the English world.

The *Princess Park* is filled with trees and flowering shrubs. There were many beautiful azalias, and the golden laburnum, the California of flowers, and the broom, and snowball.

Around Liverpool are numerous elegant country seats. The rich people fly the misery and toil and struggle of the city life, for the bright green fields of the country.

At every turn we met policemen, those polite "guardians of the law." We could but think, how wicked the people must be to require such a *surveillance* by night and day. Save in the Havanas, I had never seen a watchfulness like this. There the thickset Spanish soldier is encountered in every street.

Our delightful evening ended by a long drive amid the environs of Liverpool.

CHAPTER II.

At ten o'clock we left Liverpool, and, after passing through a dark tunnel, emerged into a beautiful country. It was like a grand mosaic, or like one of those exquisite quilts of myriad pieces, made by the dear hands of my aged grandmother. Each field was encircled by a well-cut hedge, and trees planted on the hill-tops. The narrow winding roads were also shaded by them, in rows on either side, forming a sweet, quiet walk. The country was entirely cultivated, even to the slip of ground along the railway. The fields were brightly green, intermingled with white, red, and yellow flowers. The ground, in a state of preparation for planting, seems to have been pulverized by some machine; it looks as smooth as brown ochre.

The railway does not pass through the great towns, but only near them. At the different stations are refreshment-houses, but only three minutes allowed for stopping.

The day was delightful. The sky of pale blue, with a few fleecy clouds to shade us from the sun. The air was pure, fresh, and life-giving. The calm, quiet beauty of the scenery realized precisely the descriptions of rural England, so sweetly and truthfully portrayed by Chaucer, by Spenser, and by Wordsworth.

We looked upon the thatched cottage, half covered with rose-vines in full blossom,—the fields of new-cut hay, where the women and children were tossing it into great high-wheeled carts,—the far-off castle with turrets,—the little lakes, where the cows calmly stood in the placid waters,—the myriad sheep upon the hills,—the stalwart peasants at their daily toil; and they seemed pictures we had looked upon in some other period of existence, all were so familiar to our eyes.

The railway carriages are entirely comfortable, each containing six persons. Then the delightful security which is felt during the journey. Within sight of each other, stand men with flags, which are unfurled to signify danger or safety. If it be the red, some obstacle exists; if the white, nought impedes the onward progress.

From Liverpool to London, it was like a swift-unfolding panorama, constantly revealing new beauties to the eye. Perfectly was I repaid for all the discomforts of the voyage by this day of new and joyous existence. By the increased speed we found we were approaching London, and soon reached the station. There was no bustle or confusion. A cab was quietly called, and we drove into mighty London.

Words cannot even give a shadow of the emotions which thrilled me as I passed along. All the romances, all the histories I had ever read, crowded upon my memory, and I felt like one wandering in dreams conjured up by wild imagination.

After driving to several hotels, we came to Fenton's, St. James's street, one of the most fashionable hotels of London. We have a charming parlor on the street, with a balcony, where I am now seated, writing, or, rather, I am striving to write, for the animated scene calls away my attention every moment.

It is just seven o'clock. The sun is high in the heavens. Multitudes of carriages are dashing by, with servants in gorgeous liveries, with knee-breeches, velvet coats, and powdered wigs. The ladies, *en grande toilette*, are reclining in their elegant equipages, which are all of the barouche form, thus displaying the superb dresses. On the front seat is often a dainty little lap-dog, quietly gazing out upon the two liveried footmen, who stand behind the carriages, holding on to the long tassels.

To-day the Queen held her drawing-room; hence the unusual display of splendor in the costumes of the fair occupants of these carriages.

In front of me, at the crossing of the street, stands an old woman, with snow-white hair; in her hands she has an ancient-looking broom, with which she "sweeps the crossing," and puts forth her hand for charity. No one gives her any—yes! one person has dropped a copper in her hand. There seems a spell about some objects; for, though my eyes are enchanted by the gay and gorgeous scene, they irresistibly wander back to the old woman. It is another revelation of London life. Wealth and luxury dash proudly by, while poverty holds out its hands for the charity which does not come. A sad, sad feeling stole over me, and involuntarily I exclaimed, "Thank God, I have never seen this in my own country!"

Night has come at last. It is not darkness, but a soft, gray twilight. I must lay aside my pen. My eyes are wearied with the many objects which have passed before them this long, long day of June.

June 24th.—We dispatched all our letters ere we slept last night. This morning brought us many visitors; among them, one valued and dear friend, who had known me in the bright days of my life. He came with genial, cordial words,

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to welcome me to his native land. How like sweet sunlight it was to be greeted thus!

All to whom we sent letters came at once. They did not meet us, as though we were strangers. They received us like friends, and they invited us to their homes with a warm, frank manner, enchanting in its perfect sincerity.

A beautiful and noble lady, to whom these kind friends had mentioned my arrival, sent me an invitation to a "Matinée dansante." At three o'clock I made a carriage toilette, and drove with them to her mansion, near one of the splendid parks of London. The house was magnificent. Every window was filled with rare plants and flowers. Four rooms were opened for dancing, and in the fifth there was a concert, where Bosio and Gardoni sang. As Bosio made her first reputation in America, she was to me particularly interesting. She is a slight, delicate-looking woman. Her voice is of pure and delightful quality, and her vocalization perfect. Gardoni is exceedingly handsome, and very young. His voice is soft and *velvet-like*. It falls upon the ear

"As gently as snow upon the sea,
And sinks into the heart as instantly."

It must have been a great effort to sing in the full light of day, before a wondrously cold audience.

The orchestra was admirable, and the polkas, redowas, and schottisches, were danced with infinite spirit, though the ladies were in bonnets and mantillas. The style of dancing was rather different from ours. It was not so affectionate, neither did the lady's head so gently recline upon her chevalier's shoulder, as it is wont to do in the New World.

There were many people of the aristocracy present, and a distinguished general who served with Wellington at Waterloo. A sumptuous breakfast ended the festivities of "the

morning." We drove through Hyde Park, and reached Fenton's just in time for the French play at St. James's Theatre.

June 25th.—Last night we were at the St. James's Theatre, and saw Rachel. How wonderful is her acting! She is not beautiful in form or face, yet the grace—the swaying motion of her limbs, is as naturally elegant as the waving of the palm trees of Cuba. She does not appear to make the slightest effort in acting. The tones of her voice are exquisitely musical, and the utterance of *one word* seemed the revelation of the whole scene. By the movement of her hand she impressed me as much as though she had declaimed for one hour.

The St. James's is an exceedingly small theatre, dark and disagreeable. There is no dress-circle, as two ranges are occupied by the private boxes of the nobility. Only in the upper tiers and in the parquette can seats be obtained by strangers. The boxes were all hung with dark crimson, and the gas-lights were very dim. There was no orchestra. Rachel does not permit the distraction of music during her performances. The audience were quite undemonstrative. It was only at the end of the tragedy, they gave evidence of their appreciation.

Since our first coming to England the weather has been delightful, but to-day the rain falls rapidly. In spite of this the splendid carriages dash by, and the old woman still sweeps the crossing. She has only received one copper during the long morning.

June 26th.—We have just returned from the Haymarket, where we saw Buckstone's *Travestie* of Albert Smith's "Ascent of Mont Blanc." It is a most mirth-exciting piece, and is styled, "The Ascent to Mount Parnassus."

Mrs. Fitzwilliams as "Fortune" was admirable. Afterwards came a bagatelle from the pen of Howard Paul, the "Spirit Rappings," in which Mrs. Fitzwilliams played the part of the Yankee girl, "Misery Ann Mawkins." Her acting was very funny and piquant. How well Mrs. Barney Williams would appear in this character. The Haymarket is neither an elegant nor handsome theatre. The deep red hangings of the boxes give a dismal aspect to the whole house.

Sunday.—We visited this morning one of the fashionable churches, where we have seen the nobility at their devotions. I remarked a duchess kneeling before me. Upon entering she was attended by three liveried servants; one carried her Prayer Book, another a cushion upon which she knelt, and the third held open the pew-door. Nothing strikes an American more forcibly upon first arriving in England, than the humility, and the absolute reverence of servants for their masters, whom they evidently regard as beings almost of worship. The church was a handsome edifice, the sermon excellent, and the music charming, consisting of the most delightful melodies of the opera, adapted to the chants and hymns.

London far surpasses all my anticipations. It is much more beautiful, more neat, and more quiet than I had pictured it. The parks are matchless in their freshness and in their extent. What blessings they are! They have been filled all the day with crowds of happy children rolling on the grass, while the old people sat calmly under the shade of the trees, watching them. Whole families were there, from the aged grandmother, to the infant of a few weeks of life. Gorgeous carriages passed by, and the family all looked upon them with a smile of pleasure. No glance of envy followed these favored ones of fortune. The lower classes seem to

have a pride in their aristocracy, and no regretful yearnings are awakened by these displays of magnificence.

June 28th.—This morning we wandered for hours amid the venerable arches of Westminster Abbey, and lingered reverentially by the tombs of the illustrious dead. A flood of emotions poured over my heart no words of any living language can describe. These wondrous men of mind appeared to hold me spell-bound by their glorious memories.

The architecture of the abbey is magnificent. The vast edifice is in the form of a cross, and was built, it is supposed, by Sebat, King of the East Saxons, in 616, enlarged by Edward the Confessor, and almost rebuilt by Henry III., and his son, Edward I. Nearly all the kings and queens are buried here, and also in this grand old abbey have they all been crowned.

At mid-day the sunlight, streaming through the magnificent stained-glass windows, was beautiful. The solemn aisles and the carved ceilings were glowing with the radiance of the rainbow-like light.

I soon sought the "Poet's Corner," in the south transept. It contains the tombs of the greatest poets, or their monuments. As may be well imagined, Shakspeare's monument first claimed my attention. His ashes have never been disturbed from their resting-place in the quiet old church, by the "gently flowing Avon." When Pope was asked to write an epitaph, he exclaimed, "I cannot praise Shakspeare, take his own words." Thus, his own fingers penned his epitaph:

"The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherits shall dissolve,
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind."

Until the "great globe" dissolves, the fame and name of Shakspeare will thrill every human heart in which flows one drop of Anglo-Saxon blood.

With mute reverence I stood before his monument, and no longer wondered at the adoration of the Romish Church for the tombs of their saints. This great poet of nature—this great magician of language, had been to me almost as a household divinity. For some time I thought but of him. His genius still seemed to sway the pulses of my soul, and it was an effort to turn my thoughts to other objects. Near his monument is one of Jonson. His epitaph is by Shakspeare—

"O rare Ben Jonson!"

He was Shakspeare's fast friend—his companion in scenes of merriment.

Jonson's lines upon Shakspeare are admirably true :

"Thou art a monument, without a tomb;
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give."

The tomb of Milton is near by the monument of Chaucer. Then comes a tablet to Butler, the author of "*Hudibras*." He has a place among kings, though left in life to misery and want. It was wise in the Lord Mayor of London to place upon the stone this inscription, as his reason for so doing :

"That he, who was destitute of all things when alive, might not want a monument when dead."

Near the tablet to Butler is a beautiful tomb to Edmund Spenser, author of the "*Faerie Queene*," and not far off is one to the memory of John Gay ; the epitaph written by himself :

"Life is a jest, and all things show it,—
I thought so once, and now I know it."

I passed on to the tomb of Thomson, author of "The Seasons," to that of Gray, of Goldsmith, of Addison, of Sheridan, the noble orator and sparkling wit, who entranced a whole nation by his genius, while he captivated their hearts by his nobleness of character. Alas! how sad was his end!

The monument to Handel is fine, also that to the "memory of David Garrick," and there is a splendid one to Sir Isaac Newton.

Then came the monuments to the great statesmen, William Pitt, Fox, Grattan, Canning, and the Earl of Chatham. Long did I linger by *that tomb*, recalling his words uttered in the House of Lords, with all the impassioned eloquence of truth, and the inspiration of prophecy: "You cannot conquer America." Is there an American heart that does not quiver with feeling, when the remembrance of these words comes to it—when standing by the tomb of this great man, who so nobly sympathized with our people in their struggle for independence? And near at hand is the monument to John André. It was erected by George III. The inscription tells the story of his mournful fate. In one hand is the letter to Washington, asking to be shot, in place of being hanged.

In the south aisle is the chapel of Henry VIII. The knights of the Order of the Garter, and those of Bath, were installed in this chapel. Above their seats are hanging their swords and shields, and their faded banners droop over them. The coronation chairs are also here. In one of them is fastened the famous "*Stone of Scone*," on which all the Scottish kings were crowned. Edward I. possessed himself of it, as a token of his conquest of Scotland. It is a red stone about two feet long.

The tomb of Mary Queen of Scots has her sculptured

effigy upon it. Her son (James I.) had her body brought here. The face is said to be very like hers. It has a deeply sad expression.

Queen Elizabeth and her sister Mary lie near each other.

The chapel of Edward the Confessor is dark and gloomy. There are sculptures in *bas-relief*, representing the events of his life.

There is a monument to General Wolfe, and one to Admiral Vernon; a statue uninscribed, which is intended for John Philip Kemble; and a monument to old Parr, who lived until he was 152 years old. Ten sovereigns lived and died during his lifetime.

Immense space is awarded to naval and military heroes. The poets have only a corner, and the great statesmen but little more of room. I saw many specimens of modern sculpture, which I greatly admired, by Westmacott, by Chantrey, and by Flaxman. The tombs of the kings and queens of the "olden time" have a rude and lofty grandeur, exceedingly impressive.

The afternoon service had already commenced, while we lingered amid the dim aisles. The swelling of the organ through them was solemnly grand.

From the abbey we passed over the street to the "Palace of Westminster," as the Queen has commanded it to be called. It is a most magnificent edifice, with a splendid façade fronting the Thames, nine hundred feet long. It is panelled, decorated with statues and the shields and arms of the sovereigns from the Conquest until now. In 1834 the old palace was burnt, and this has arisen in its place, but is not yet complete. The *Victoria Tower*, now building, (to be in height 350 feet,) will be a worthy monument to the adored Queen.

"Westminster Hall" is said to be the largest room in

the world, unsupported by pillars. It escaped the conflagration, and is now a portion of the Houses of Parliament. It was here the kings held their banquets after their coronations. Here, many of the great trials took place ; and here, Charles I. was condemned to die. In driving down to the abbey, we passed Whitehall Palace, where he was executed.

As we were engaged to dine with our charming friend, Mrs. S., we only had time to look at the old hall, where six hundred years ago such fearful scenes were enacted, and to enter one of the courts of law, where Lord Campbell was speaking. He is a fine, noble-looking man, with an impressive manner, and clear tone of voice. He is deemed one of the most excellent jurists in the three kingdoms, and likewise a statesman. I was deeply interested in him, for I was told he had been the architect of his own fortune.

CHAPTER III.

WE passed a few hours to-day (June 29th) in the British Museum. It is of immense size, decorated with Ionic columns. The collection of antiquities is unrivalled in the world.

What immortal grace of art did the sculptures of old possess! Here, after the passing away of thousands of years, despite the "sure defacing touch of time," their creations excite admiration and wonder. The "Elgin Marbles" and the Frieze of the *Parthenon* are wonderful, not only in their preservation, but in their beauty. There is something so grand and powerful in the conception—so noble and startling in many of the figures—that I stood like one entranced before them.

The assemblage of Etruscan vases, from the tombs of the ancient people of Italy, is very curious.

Several rooms are allotted to the monuments of Nineveh, disintombed by the indomitable Layard. They consist of tablets from the walls of the palaces, the winged bulls, and lions, and two gigantic forms in human shape—of such wondrous size it seems impossible they were chiselled by the hands of man.

The Egyptian antiquities are many. There are columns, tablets, statues, and sarcophagi, and quantities of mummies.

The Portland Vase is beautiful. It was said to have been discovered in the tomb of Alexander Severus, who died in 235.

We passed through rooms filled with specimens of mineralogy and geology, of zoology, of bronzes, and of medals.

The library of printed books contains 400,000 volumes. The National Gallery has a fine collection of pictures. Among the manuscripts I saw the hand-writing of Shakespeare, of Mary Queen of Scots, Milton, John Knox, Spenser, Chaucer, Dryden, and many more names made immortal by history.

From these wonders of past generations we drove to Madame Tussaud's. Her collection of wax figures is really one of the curiosities of London. They are so entirely life-like it requires the test of touch to distinguish the false from the real. In the "Chamber of Horrors" is the infernal machine of *Fieschi*, and the figures of all the most famous murderers.

In one apartment are seen many of the relics of *Napoléon Bonaparte*. The figures of the Queen, Prince Albert, and the royal children, are exceedingly good. The rooms are large, panelled with plate glass, and decorated with draperies and gildings in the style of Louis XIV. Nearly all the celebrated characters of the last two centuries are here represented.

The "Horticultural Exposition," in Regent's Park, next engaged our attention. The drive to it was delightful. Although in the midst of a great city, we were entirely removed from its tumult. As far as the eye wandered it only rested upon trees and flowers. As we approached the gardens it was a scene of rare beauty. There were thousands and tens of thousands of people, with gala dresses and gala faces, walking through the park. Bands of musicians were playing most exquisite gems of opera music. Flags were gaily floating on the "summer wind." Gallant officers, and manly-looking soldiers, in their conspicuous uniforms, were sprinkled

amid the black coats and white neck-ties of the civilians, while multitudes of healthful women, blooming girls, and beautiful children, were seen on every side.

Then we entered the tent containing the fruits. There we saw grapes of wonderful size, mammoth pine-apples, giant peaches, and *pigmy figs* and *mélons*.

The roses numbered many hundred varieties. The greenhouse of the garden was almost the size of the New York Crystal Palace. In it were palm and cocoanut trees, and many bright-hued tropical plants and flowers.

At seven we drove to Blackheath to dine with Mrs. Crosland, (Camilla Toulman, the delightful authoress.) It was nine miles from the West End to Blackheath. *En route* we passed the Lunatic Asylum, known as "Bedlam." It was a bright evening, and many of the patients were walking in the grounds or seated on benches, talking to their friends.

Mrs. Crosland is one of the most lovely, gifted, and genial women I have ever met. How radiant and joy-giving was her look of welcome. It needed no words from her sweet lips to say she greeted us as friends.

The guests had all assembled ere we arrived. Among them was Mr. Bennoch and his charming wife. Mr. B. is a poet, though he is a merchant. He is a man of progress; warm-hearted, liberal, frank, and cordial; a patron of the arts, and a friend to the stranger. Then there was Grace Greenwood, our American authoress, a graceful woman, bright and enchanting in conversation.

Delightfully passed the hours until near one o'clock, when we entered our carriage and drove homeward.

June 30th.—We have taken a long drive to-day to see the streets of London. *Regent* street is very wide and well paved. There are splendid shops on either side, where mag-

nificent goods are sold for most magnificent prices. *Piccadilly* is a fine and fashionable street. *Belgrave* street contains Belgravia, where stand many of the mansions of the nobility.

The *Strand* is the most thronged portion of the city. It passes from Charing Cross: this street is thus named from the cross raised there by Edward I. He was taking the remains of his queen to Westminster Abbey, and rested at the "little hamlet of Charing" for a time, hence its name. The statue of Charles I. is there. Nelson's column is of Portland stone. It is in Trafalgar Square.

Pall Mall is a handsome street, extending from St. James to Haymarket. It is thus named from a game played in England during the reign of Charles I. St. James street extends from the palace of St. James to Albemarle street. It is wide and handsome, and a fashionable drive. Sheridan says:—

"The Campus Martius of St. James's street,
Where the beaux's cavalry pace to and fro
Before they take the field in Rotten Row."

Fleet street is an extension of the Strand; Temple Bar is over this street. This is a quaint old wall, with gates which appear useless. On state occasions the Queen cannot pass through without asking permission. Then the gates are fastened, and the officer knocks upon them, whereupon the Lord Mayor asks, "Who is there?" The answer comes, "The Queen;" then they fly open, and the sovereign enters the city amid many protestations of love from her loyal subjects.

There are multitudes of open squares in London, which add greatly to the comfort of its inhabitants. These are not large, but they are lovely, with their tall trees and flowers.

We have just "taken lodgings" in Portman street, Portman Square. The house is delightful. We have all the advantages of a private house, and none of the bustle of the hotel. Our table is quietly and nicely served as though we were at home.

After driving for hours through the thronged portions of the city, and the aristocratic streets of the West End, we came to Hyde Park, and entered it by the archway.

The park takes its name from "Hyde," the property once of the Monks of Westminster. Near the grand entrance is Apsley House, the residence of the "Iron Duke." In front of the mansion stands the monument in memory of his glorious achievements. The western windows are covered over with plates of iron. During the agitation of the Reform Bill the mob assembled before the house and broke in the windows. The Duke of Wellington had the wooden shutters replaced by sheets of iron, which he would never have removed. He was the Prime Minister then, but after that day's outrage gave up his power into the hands of the Queen.

Just within the park is a statue of *Achilles*, cast by Sir R. Westmacott from the cannon taken in Spain and at Waterloo. It was paid for by a subscription among the ladies, and inscribed "to Arthur, Duke of Wellington, and his brave companions in arms, by the women of England."

The park contains four hundred acres, and has many noble trees, and grass as fresh and green as the famous "Blue Grass" of Ashland, near Lexington, Kentucky. There are roads through it which are thronged at the fashionable hours with gorgeous equipages and horsemen.

Rotter Row (from the French "Route du Roi") is reserved for those on horseback. The Queen's carriage is alone

permitted in this exclusive place. From two o'clock until six it is filled with fair *equestriennes*.

We left our carriage and walked along Rotten Row. What a brilliant scene it was! There were multitudes of people walking upon the smooth cut grass, as soft and yielding as velvet, and hundreds and hundreds riding.

The English women look admirably well on horseback. There is a style and grace about them peculiarly adapted to this exercise. Their round hats and close-fitting amazones are exceedingly becoming. Many were attended by their grooms only, while others were riding side by side with some gallant cavalier. Some were dashing along in a rapid gallop, and others sauntering quietly and pleasantly in earnest talk.

In the park is the Serpentine River. There were many boats upon it, skimming over the waters like so many swallows. On the bank of the little river is a house built by a society, where persons are stationed constantly, to save the lives of those who may accidentally fall in, or purposely tumble, or plunge therein to rid themselves of the burden of life by this mode of suicide. Boats and drags are in readiness, and many are thus rescued from death. It was an evening of unusual loveliness, and the Queen, Prince Albert, and their royal guests; the King and Queen of Hanover, the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia, and their handsome young son, Prince Frederick William, were driving in Rotten Row, amid a throng of fine horsemen, and brilliant dashing *equestriennes*.

In the park were the gorgeous equipages of the aristocracy, and under the old trees groups of the people, with their children and wives.

Oh! what a blessing to life are these parks of London! They are indeed the "lungs" of the great city. They are indescribably beautiful, and the most enjoyable spots of earth.

We passed this evening with Miss Fanny Haworth at Brompton. She is a sweet poetess, an exceedingly accomplished woman, and an excellent artist. In her pleasant circle we met many agreeable persons. Among them Baron Marichetti, the sculptor, who has just sent over to America his statue of Washington. He is a noble, gallant-looking man.

We accompanied Col. L., of the American Legation, to the House of Lords, to hear the debates. This apartment, called the "House of Peers," is not of very great size. The ceiling is quite lofty; the frescoes are fine and the stained-glass windows superb. The light comes through them beautifully, casting a radiant glow upon the throne, which is gorgeously gilded. Near it are the chairs for the Prince of Wales, and for Prince Albert. The woolsack is in the centre of the house, upon which sits the Lord Chancellor. A richly gilded gallery runs around three sides of the room, called "the Gallery of the Peeresses of England."

The Duke of Newcastle was speaking when we entered. He was responded to by several noble lords. The Duke of Argyle has a strikingly interesting and intellectual face. He has long red hair, which he dashes from off his high white forehead in a most effective manner, while he speaks.

I saw Lord Aberdeen, the Prime Minister, Lord Lansdowne, and many other celebrated statesmen. I needed no one to point out Lord Brougham. I knew him at once, from the not flattering pictures of Punch. He is wonderfully like General Taylor, our military President.

The "House of Peers" has not the comfort or luxuries of our Senate Chamber. There are only seats covered with morocco. The clerks are seated at tables, in long gowns and wigs. The speakers did not strike me as either eloquent or ready in debate. There was no fire of a Chat-

ham, of a Burke, or a Pitt. However, the style and fashion of oratory are perfectly different from ours, and a certain hesitation of speech seems to a stranger like an affectation.

At eight we went to the Italian opera, Covent Garden. Mr. Peabody (our merchant-prince) sent us tickets to his box. When we entered it there were bouquets of exquisite beauty lying upon the cushion in front, a mute yet fragrant welcome to us. The theatre has six tiers of boxes. All were filled with the beauty, rank, and fashion of the London world. The ladies were in full dress, and diamonds were flashing like stars. It was a magnificent spectacle.

The opera was "I Puritani." Bosio sang delightfully, but she is not an actress. Then came Mario, the enchanting Mario! What a voice! It goes directly to the heart, without lingering on the way to enchain the attention by mere graces of execution. It is as clear as the tone of a glass bell, and electrical in its power. Like an atmosphere it surrounded me, while I scarcely breathed, so much I feared to lose the faintest tone.

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CHAPTER IV.

WHEN we reached England my kind and noble friend, Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, had left for Dover. But her charming family have been affectionately cordial to us. It is impossible to describe how excellent and attentive they constantly are. They have all called upon us, entertained us at their houses, and greeted us as dear friends. Oh! how gentle and precious to the stranger's heart, are these evidences of appreciation!

The Rutland family are among the noblest and highest of England. They are cultivated, elegant, and refined, and more hospitable people I have never met. We have just returned from a delightful party, to which we were invited by Lady John Manners, the lovely wife of Lord John, second son of the Duke of Rutland. The party was brilliant and magnificent, and we were enchanted by the charming manner in which we were received. A number of persons were presented to us, who welcomed us so kindly we felt no more as strangers.

Lady John Manners is very beautiful. She is tall and graceful; her complexion fair, her eyes "deeply, darkly blue," and her hair perfectly black. It was fastened around

her head in broad Grecian braids, and then encircled by a coronet of diamonds. Her manner is refreshingly natural and genial. As she stood by the side of her noble husband, I thought of the remark of the divine who married them: "I have never united in marriage a more handsome couple." They were indeed fitly mated, in youth, in intellect, and in high position.

Lord John Manners has a noble, high-bred air. He is an exceedingly handsome man, resembling very much the pictures of Lord Byron, to whom he is of kindred. His eyes are of singular beauty and eloquence of expression; his dark hair clusters in close curls around his lofty and poetic brow. He is said to be the original of D'Israeli's "Coningsby." He told me how affectionately his sister (Lady Emmeline) cherished the remembrance of her American friends.

There were a number of distinguished persons present, and I was highly gratified to meet D'Israeli, and to hear his bright and sparkling conversation. He has a strongly marked Hebrew face, with brilliant eyes, and intensely black hair.

The Misses Pyne and Mr. Harrison sang several concerted pieces, and many charming ballads. They are delightful vocalists, and will be warmly appreciated in America, where they are going shortly.

It was already daylight, when we reached our lodgings; in these northern climes, the nights of summer are not of long duration.

It is only one week since we reached London, and each hour has brought new emotions of pleasure. We had letters to many different circles of society, and all had greeted me with a kindness and warmth of cordiality inexpressibly gratifying. "The cold in clime" are not always "cold in heart," for hospitality more prompt, more generous and considerate, I

have never known even in the "Land of the South." The perfection of manner is found among the higher classes of the nobility. Unpretentious and elegant, they deem themselves sufficiently elevated in social position to be natural, and hence they are charming and genial.

We devoted this morning to visiting at the house of Lady Wharncliffe. We met Prince Czarstorisky, and his handsome young son. The prince is heir to the throne of Poland, could Poland ever again be numbered among the nations of earth. He strongly reminded me of Lafayette, not only in the expression of his face, but in his benevolent manner. When he knew I was from America, he asked eagerly about the country, and remarked, that in the first days of his exile he had thought of going there. I assured him, he would have met an earnest welcome, for America still gratefully cherished the memory of Kosciusko, who came to her aid in the dark days of trial.

Lord Wharncliffe is the great-grandson of Lady Mary Wortley Montague. His father wrote her Memoirs.

Lord and Lady Wharncliffe, and the Hon. Miss Wortley, had passed some months in America, and it was pleasant to hear them speak in terms of such true appreciation of our country. Every where we have heard English people express pride and gratification at the onward progress of the United States.

We had heard much ere we came, of the prejudice against us; but from our own experience it is a fiction. As a mother rejoices in the renown of her children, so does England look with satisfaction upon America. How can it be otherwise? English blood flows in our veins—their language is ours—their religion is ours—their poets and great men are also our treasures.

Meeting again with our dear kind friends, Col. and Mrs. Starr, has been a great happiness to me. We knew each other well, long years ago in America; and as soon as we reached London, they came to greet us with the warmest and most heart-winning welcome.

Col. Starr is now established in this city, at the head of an influential business-house, and has gathered around him a large circle of charming and appreciative friends. He is a noble man, gifted, refined, and intellectual. As an author he possesses great merit, and as a poet, his songs are sweetly expressive of the gentle and tender emotions of the soul.

Mrs. Starr is an elegant woman, belonging to one of the old and aristocratic families of New York. Her grandfather was Sir John Throgmorton, an English Governor of the province of New York, under royal-rule.

In their delightful family circle, consisting of four children, two lovely girls and two noble boys, we have spent a portion of every day since our arrival. It was like a pleasant home to us, in a foreign land, a "bit of America" in England; for, although Col. S. is an Englishman, his wife and children were all born in our own country.

We have been exceedingly pleased with our Minister, Mr. Ingersoll; he is a fine specimen of a frank, honest, agreeable and intelligent American gentleman. His niece, Miss Wilcocks, a handsome and interesting woman, dispenses the hospitality of his mansion in Portland Place, with a graceful cordiality, very captivating to her country-people; and extremely admired by the distinguished circles of society, who often assemble there.

Americans are always warmly and graciously received by Mr. Ingersoll, and every favor and kindness in his power bestowed upon them.

Col. Lawrence (son of the former Minister) is still attached to the Legation. He came often to visit us, and we were truly grateful to him for many courteous attentions. He is a great favorite in the aristocratic circle in which he moves.

CHAPTER V.

July 2d.

ERE one ray of the splendor of that brilliant spectacle of the state ball has faded from memory, I will consecrate to the future its impressions upon me ; although I have just arisen from a few hours' sleep, and still feel quite weary from the varied pleasures of the last night.

At nine, our excellent Minister and his niece with the attachés of legation called for me, and in our respective carriages we drove through St. James's Park to Buckingham Palace. Long lines of soldiers were drawn up near the entrance, and gentlemen in elegant costumes ushered us into the cloak-room. We stood some time looking at the distinguished and royal personages as they entered ; only those, and the diplomatic corps, and the members of the Queen's household, passed that way. After a brief delay, we ascended the great staircase ; on each side of the marble steps, masses of flowers were placed, so arranged they formed immense beds of gorgeous hue.

Entering the state apartments, we tarried in the yellow drawing-room, until ten o'clock. Then the guests withdrew from the centre of the room, leaving a clear space like an avenue between the hedges of splendidly dressed women. As we thus stood in eager expectation, the plate-glass doors of the

saloon were thrown open; the Lord Chamberlain, with a golden rod in his hand, walked in backwards, the band struck up "God save the Queen," and Victoria, sovereign over many millions of people, entered.

By her side was the Queen of Hanover, then the Crown Princess of Prussia, and the Duchess of Gloucester. Next came the Duchess of Kent, and the Princess Mary of Cambridge; the Duchess of Cambridge, and the Princess of Hohenlohe, the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, and the Duchess of Sutherland; then all the maids of honor and ladies in waiting. After these came Prince Albert, and the King of Hanover; the Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, and the Duke of Coburg Gotha; the Duke of Mecklenburg Strelitz, and the Prince of Hohenlohe; the Duke of Cambridge, noble lords, gentlemen in waiting, foreign ambassadors and ministers.

Queen Victoria moved gracefully along, smiling and bowing in a kind, cordial manner, to the right and to the left. Reaching the throne-room, she ascended the canopied "haut pas," where she seated herself surrounded by her royal guests. The throne-room was a spacious and noble saloon, hung with crimson satin, the lofty ceiling supported by marble columns, and richly emblazoned; while around it was a frieze, (also of white marble,) representing the "wars of the roses." It was brightly illuminated by the light which came from crystal globes and golden candelabra.

Dazzling was the scene around me, resplendent as day with flashing diamonds and sparkling gems. There were more than two thousand guests; every lady in magnificent toilette, and every gentleman in court-dress, or in uniform. Soon delightful music from Jullien's band (led by the famous composer himself) filled the grand apartment with its exquisite strains. Then the Lord Chamberlain waved his

golden wand, the crowd drew back, and a large quadrille was formed, which consisted of her Majesty and all her royal visitors.

Queen Victoria is much handsomer than painters have represented her. She is not tall, but her form is of graceful symmetry ; and her bust, arms, and feet, are beautiful. A bright and beaming smile lights up her face. Then there is such an air of honest, earnest goodness about her—a genial manner, so lovely and lovable—“my heart was quickly won,” and sincerely could I have exclaimed, like her own loyal subjects, “God save the Queen.” Her dress was of white lace embroidered with straw, and green silk ; her hair parted on the forehead, and simply bound around her head, which was encircled with a wreath of poppies, the heart of each flower formed by a large diamond. Around the corsage was a band of diamonds of vast size, while a perfect river of light seemed to flow around her neck, and rest upon her bosom. She wore the blue ribbon (the Order of the Garter), with a clasp of radiant gems.

Prince Albert was in the uniform of the Rifles, (since the death of the Duke of Wellington he has been appointed colonel of that regiment.) It was of dark green cloth, and a short jacket, and a small paletôt hanging from the shoulder. Upon his breast were many glittering Orders. He is truly a handsome man ; with regular features, and a most benign and beautiful expression of countenance. His manner is elegant, and his movements in the dance were extremely graceful. He was always the *vis-à-vis* of her Majesty, and in passing each other they constantly interchanged words, and pleasant, happy glances.

The Duke of Cambridge is a tall, gallant, dashing-looking person. He was dressed in a splendid uniform. His sister, Princess Mary of Cambridge, although quite young, is an

uncommonly large woman. She has an amiable, pleasant face. The Prince of Saxe-Coburg Gotha is an elder brother of Prince Albert. Then there was Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, nephew of the Dowager Queen Adelaide and her heir. He is the son of the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, who went many years ago to America, and wrote a clever book about it.

The Queen of Hanover is not a handsome person, but her relative, the Crown Princess of Prussia, has a majestic and commanding air, and fine figure. Her husband (brother to the present King of Prussia) is a dignified and stately personage. Their son Frederick William, it is whispered in court circles, will probably marry, in a few years, the Princess Royal of England. His appearance is extremely prepossessing; he is a fine-looking, elegant, and well-mannered youth.

Besides these there were several other princes and princesses, all Germans,—none, however, remarkable for personal attractions.

The King of Hanover awakened my deepest interest; he is entirely blind. While they were dancing the quadrille, he sat talking to his *aid-de-camp*, and I earnestly watched his countenance. His features are handsome, and his poor eyes large and blue. They have quite a natural expression, but, alas! they are fixed for ever upon darkness. It was really touching to remark the eagerness with which the queen (his wife) would run to him the moment the dance was over, and seating herself by his side, would apparently describe the joyous scene to him. Smiles would steal like sunbeams over his face, and those sightless eyes were turned towards her with loving tenderness. It was pleasant, too, to see the kind attention paid him by Queen Victoria. She often conversed with him in a merry, cheerful way. When

another quadrille was played, and they all left him, a deep sadness fell like a veil over his features.

I was happy to meet the Marquis of Granby, the eldest brother of dear Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley. He is a noble and splendid man, graceful and charming in conversation. Two delightful persons were then presented to me, the Count and Countess Walewski. The Countess is a Florentine, a lovely and delicate creature, very like an American. Her complexion is fair, and a profusion of shining brown hair was twined around her well-shaped head in a most becoming manner. The Count has a wonderful resemblance to the portraits of Napoléon the Great. He is the son of a Polish countess of Warsaw, and is now the French Minister to the Court of St. James, where he is extremely popular as a refined gentleman and excellent diplomatist.

During the dancing of the second quadrille, the Lord Chamberlain was introduced to me, and, after some pleasant words were exchanged, he remarked: "As you are the only person here, not present at the last drawing-room, I will have the pleasure, Madame, of presenting you to her Majesty."

Of course I was delighted at this unexpected and unusual compliment, as presentations at a state-ball are not frequent. When the dance was over, and the Queen seated again, the Lord Chamberlain waved his wand of authority, and the company drew back, leaving a space vacant in front of the throne; then I approached, and was presented to her Majesty, who advanced and greeted me in the most gracious and kind manner, smiling sweetly as I courtesied low before her, and then passed on to the group of distinguished and royal personages who encircled her throne.

That presentation was a bright and enchanting incident to me, and my heart bounded with glad and gratified emo

tions, as I gazed upon the amiable and lovely Queen. She is indeed worthy of the almost adoring affection her people have for her.

The Duchess of Sutherland was quite near me, and I could well imagine she had most justly been styled the "Queen of Beauty." Although now of wonderful "embonpoint," she is a magnificent woman. Her dress was exquisite. It was a silver moire antique, with a tunique (short dress) of brown crape, embroidered thickly with sparkling gems. The front of the corsage resembled a parterre of precious jewels, while multitudes of diamond pins, formed like stars, were gleaming in her fair hair. Her two daughters the Duchess of Argyle and Lady Constance Grosvenor, were with her. They are both exceedingly handsome, and were attired in superb dresses, with a profusion of diamonds.

The foreign Ministers and attachés were all in their national costume; that of the Persian Minister was absolutely blazing with jewels. The Turkish ambassador was a most agreeable man. With the Greek, Spanish, and Italian Ministers I had a very gay and interesting conversation. They were all well-informed and intellectual persons.

Our kind friend Mrs. Marlay (the mother of Lady John Manners) presented me to many noble lords and ladies, and pointed out a number of remarkable people, among them Lady Rockingham, (I believe that is her title now, she was the great actress Miss O'Niel;) she still has traces of beauty, although her hair is snowy white.

The Countess of Jersey, and her daughter, Lady Clementina Villars, quite charmed me by their cordial greeting. Lady Clementina was certainly the most beautiful woman in the brilliant assemblage, although many contended that the Duchess of Wellington (a very lovely woman) surpassed her in personal charms. However, *Paris* himself might have

been puzzled to determine to which he should award the apple. The Countess of Jersey is called the "queen of London fashion," and she wields her sceptre with an admirable grace.

The Duke of Wellington I recognized at a glance, from the remarkable nose of the family, which strikes the beholder so forcibly in the statue of the Iron Duke in Hyde Park.

Although trains were dispensed with, the dresses of the ladies were rich, splendid, and costly. All the treasures of the mines of Golconda appeared to have been yielded up to adorn their fair bosoms, and to glitter as coronets upon their brows. Emeralds, rubies, pearls "from Oman's green waters," opals, and sapphires, were wrought into garlands and bouquets, imitating flowers, and sparkling as though touched by the morning dew.

The supper was delicious; served up on *sevres* China, each plate so beautiful it seemed fit for a place in a painter's studio. The goblets of glass were exquisitely cut, and the gold spoons and forks perfectly superb. One end of the banquet saloon was occupied by the Royal Buffet, where gorgeous treasures of golden plate were glittering in amazing splendor. There was every imaginable variety of viands and rich *patés*, rare tropical fruits from the Queen's conservatories, luscious grapes, peaches, and other fruits of the temperate zone; then, wines of the finest vintage from France, Italy, and the Rhine valley.

Her Majesty danced every quadrille with spirit and evident delight. She tripped gaily along with the joyous glee of a girl, and the simple, unaffected grace of a child. She looks exceedingly young. No one would suppose her to be the mother of eight children. Her partners in the dance were usually her royal visitors, although several times she

selected as such some noblemen of high rank. The Marquis of Granby was one of the persons thus honored.

About two o'clock in the morning the Queen bade adieu to her guests, passing between two living walls, which lined the picture-gallery. As in entering, she kindly bowed and smiled, as the great door, panelled with mirrors, closed upon her. Her sweet and genial manner was really charming, and a low murmur of praise and admiration was heard on every side. Her Majesty is truly an admirable womanly woman, or else she could not possess such an influence over the hearts of her people. She is at once their pride, their boast, and their example for all that is good and excellent in the various relations of life, as a wife, mother, and sovereign.

When Queen Victoria retired, one of the noblemen in waiting upon their Majesties most kindly became my guide around the sculpture and picture galleries, pointing out the fine paintings of St. Peter Lely, of Reynolds, Rembrandt, and Wilkie. He then conducted me to the landing of the grand stairway, where we stood some time looking down upon the scene below. There were hundreds and hundreds of ladies in bright crimson and blue cloaks waiting for their carriages, while near the door-way was a "band of yeomen" (the guard of honor) in their quaint costume of the time of Henry the Eighth. My agreeable chevalier presented me to many pleasant persons, and I was delighted with the cordial way in which they greeted me. One gallant old general, who had served long, and won many battles in India, pleased me especially. Although an aged man, he had all the enthusiasm of a young soldier. He spoke with warm admiration of our generals, Taylor and Scott, and of their glorious campaigns in Mexico. After talking awhile he invited me to go down to visit him at his country place, and we parted very earnest friends.

“How noiseless falls the foot of Time,
That only treads on flowers.”

Never did I realize so absolutely the truth of Shenstone's words, as when our courteous friends, Mr. Ingersoll and Col. Lawrence, came to seek me, and said it was nearly five o'clock ! Then we were at least an hour, ready cloaked in the antechamber, ere we departed. From the outer gate to the door of this room, the names of princes, foreign ambassadors, and ministers, dukes, lords, and ladies, were called out in every variety of tone. “The Duchess of Sutherland is coming,” in a weak treble—“The Duchess of Sutherland is coming,” in a deep bass. Thus her name was repeated until she stepped into her coach, and another was drawn up, and the same etiquette gone through with. Our turn came at last, with the oft-repeated announcement of our progress to the outward world. Leaving the glare of the bright chandeliers, we sprang into our carriage.

It was a bright, delightful morning. Numerous birds were singing amid the thick foliage of the trees, rejoicing in the early sunlight. The smoothly-cut lawn around the palace was like a velvet carpet, and the flowers fresh from their dewy bath of the past night. The air was so delicious and invigorating, that we drove entirely around the Park, over Constitution Hill, and along Piccadilly, to my lodgings in Portman Square. I ran to my chamber. Octavia was already awake, eager to hear the description of the magnificent ball ; but my weariness was so excessive, I fell asleep, with the words “glorious, enchanting,” upon my lips.

The Queen's Ball ! Like a beautiful picture, it shall hang within the brightest chamber of memory ; and when troublous cares oppress me, I will summon that entrancing scene to the “mind's eye,” and for a time forget them all.

CHAPTER VI.

July 3d.

WE went this morning (Sunday) to the Church of the Crusaders, to hear divine service. This is a very ancient edifice, near six hundred years old. In the time of Cromwell, the lofty dome and frescoed walls were covered with whitewash, to preserve them from the fanatics, it is supposed. Century after century passed away, until, by accident, a portion of the coating fell off, revealing the exquisite fresco. It has since been restored at an enormous expense, and now its fine mediæval decorations awaken the admiration of all beholders.

All the congregation joined in the responses, thus making the service exceedingly solemn and impressive. Encircled by an iron railing are the figures in bronze of the Knight Templars of Jerusalem. They are in complete armor, with shields, helmets, and spears, and are most interesting as works of art.

We dined at the villa of a distinguished artist at Old Brompton. The grounds were surrounded by a high wall, and are a portion of the farm of Oliver Cromwell. When we drove through the large gate, we found ourselves in a small forest of trees, amid which stands a cottage-house, and around it exquisite flowers and clustering vines. In a little dell, overshadowed by a great oak, is the spring, called to

this day "Cromwell's Spring." We were delightfully entertained, and returned home, with another pleasant remembrance of English hospitality.

July 4th.—This is the Fourth of July! In my own loved country, what a roar of cannon has ushered in this glorious day of our independence! What glowing speeches will be made—what floods of patriotism will pour over youthful souls—what quantities of powder will be burnt—what myriads of rockets will fill the air—and *to-morrow*, what fearful headaches will be endured!

After breakfast we drove to the Tower of London, a great fortress, enclosed by a wall and fosse. It takes its name from the immense square tower in the centre, which tradition says was built by Julius Cæsar. All antiquarians say it was erected by William the Conqueror.

We passed in by the Lion's Gate, and were conducted through the labyrinths of armories, halls, and prisons, by an old soldier in the yeoman dress of the guard of Henry the Eighth. He proved quite a character. He had served in the British army at New Orleans, had been in Spain, in India, and, lastly, at the battle of Waterloo, where a ball disabled him, and he was invalided. He inquired with great interest about New Orleans, and said, "Of course a grand monument has been erected to General Jackson on the battle-field."

We saw all the armor of the kings, from Edward the First to James the Second. There must have been giants in those days; for the suit of Francis Hastings is said to weigh one hundred pounds. The effigies of Leicester and Essex were particularly gorgeous. Along the walls are weapons and suits of ancient armor, and muskets, swords, and pistols, arranged like huge sun-flowers. There were also many cuirasses taken at Waterloo, pierced by grape-shot.

Queen Elizabeth's Armory is filled with strange weapons, battle-axes, pikes, halberds, and also with instruments of torture. My soul sickened as I looked upon them, and I thanked the good God that those dark days had vanished before the clear light of civilization. This room contains an equestrian statue of the "Virgin Queen," in the very costume which she wore when she visited St. Paul's, to return thanks for the destruction of the Spanish Armada.

Near Elizabeth's Armory is the dungeon of Sir Walter Raleigh. There he was confined twelve years, and within those dark walls he wrote his "History of the World." Gallant Raleigh! I crept into the cell, and touched with reverence the cold stones upon which that noble head had so often rested. And then our guide led me to the block upon which once lay the beautiful head of Anna Boleyn. The beheading axe is rusty, and seems even now to wear the stain of blood. Under the pavement of the church of St. Peter's were buried the bodies of Lady Jane Grey, of Essex, of Northumberland, of Anna Boleyn, and other victims of tyranny.

In the "White Tower," Hastings was impeached by Richard of Gloucester. In the "Bloody Tower," the young princes were murdered. In the "Bowyer Tower," Clarence was drowned in the Butt of Malmsey.

Many inscriptions yet remain upon the walls, traced by the hands long mouldering in the dust. Lady Jane Grey was confined in the "Brick Tower," and they pointed out the window through which she saw her husband led to execution, and exclaimed, "This day we meet in heaven."

The Regalia of England is superb, and of immense value, (four millions of pounds sterling.) There are several crowns. The most magnificent is that made for Victoria. It is covered with great diamonds, and other precious gems. There is also a crown for the Prince of Wales, which he

will wear when he accompanies her Majesty to Parliament. The staff of St. Edward is of gold, about four feet long. It is surmounted by an orb, which is said to contain a piece of the true cross. There are bracelets and spurs, diadems and coronets, swords of justice, and the ampulla for the holy oil, with which the Sovereign was anointed at the Coronation; the font for the christening of the royal children, and the silver wine-fountain given to Charles the Second.

We saw all the wonders of the Tower. A grand, old, gloomy place it is. My mind was full of the past, and constantly dwelt upon the bitter tears—the sighs of anguish wrung therein from the “strong man in his agony.” Our old soldier did not permit any thing to escape us; he insisted we should see the very spot where the rich life-blood of Anna Boleyn flowed over the square stones of the court-yard of the Tower; and lastly he made us follow him to the “Traitor’s Gate.” This opens from the Thames, and only admitted those accused of high treason, though many most innocent of that crime entered thereby.

At the gate we bade our veteran guide farewell, and walked along the river-bank through “Wapping,” so famed from the escapades of Charles the Second. There, for the first time, we saw the misery—the filth—the degradation of the great city. The wretched houses seemed overflowing with inhabitants, whose pale faces filled every window, and children blighted, ragged, and starved in appearance, were pitiable to look upon.

Passing through “Wapping,” we came to the docks of London. They are of an immense size, and very complete and perfect in arrangement.

The entrance to the Thames Tunnel is beyond the docks. We descended seventy-five steps, and found ourselves in a long, low archway, well lighted and neat. Within each

arch there were shops where women sell little articles, with Thames Tunnel stamped upon them. The atmosphere was damp, and a strange, earthy, uncomfortable feeling oppressed us as we passed along. Multitudes of people were walking through the archway. There were eating-houses, and exhibitions of dioramas and panoramas. An organ played by steam filled the moist air with music, to which many couples were gravely dancing the polka.

All this life, bustle, and confusion, was beneath the largest river in England. The women told us they suffered at first most dreadfully from the dampness, but after a time were inured to it, and remained there from nine in the morning till nine at night. Poor creatures! they looked so pale and wan, and so eagerly besought us to buy the little trifles in their shops. How glorious was the sunlight when we emerged from the tunnel! It is a stupendous work; but it has not answered the purpose for which it was designed. The necessity of ascending and descending the seventy-five steps is a barrier to its utility. Persons prefer going over the bridges, or crossing in the boats, to this subterranean passage, though it be well lighted, and music and eating and sight-seeing are the accompaniments.

It was intended to have a carriage-way alongside the foot-passage, but it was found too difficult of accomplishment. It now stands, a monument of the power and energy of human skill to surmount all obstacles. It was designed by Sir Isambard Brunel, and the cost was 614,000 pounds sterling. It belongs to a company.

After leaving the tunnel, we went on board one of those little steamers, of which there are hundreds upon the Thames, plying up and down. Whenever they approach a bridge, the chimney goes down, with a great bow, and rises again when it is passed. The river presented a busy aspect.

"Commerce is king," in those regions, most certainly. We landed and passed over the Hungerford Suspension Bridge, to the market of the same name. There we saw a vast display of fish, and baskets of snails. The arcades give it quite the look of an Eastern bazaar.

We dined with another of our charming friends, and then went to the Adelphi, where Madame Celeste had politely invited us, placing her private box at our disposal. The Adelphi is a very small theatre, but the appointments and acting are excellent. The play was "Genevieve, or the Reign of Terror," in which Madame Celeste has a most interesting part. She was charming in it. The earnestness, the feeling, the lifelike truth of her acting, were surpassingly good. She is still as young and handsome as when in my early days she first enchanted me. Mr. Webster is an admirable actor. His style is refined, quiet, and elegant. Paul Bedford, Mr. and Mrs. Keeley were very funny in a travestie of Norma, in which Bedford took the part of the Priestess, with a garland of vegetables around the head, and Mrs. Woolgar, a brilliant, well developed woman, the rôle of Pollio. She sang the music capitally, and acted the part in the most dashing, sparkling manner.

July 5th.—This has been a charming morning. Miss Fanny Haworth kindly accompanied me to visit Miss Westmacott, the daughter of Sir Richard Westmacott, the celebrated sculptor, many of whose works I had seen in the Westminster Abbey. She was a delightful person, and took us to her father's studio, where we saw many fine statues and models. She showed me a picture found in one of the ships of the Armada, representing the Virgin. There was also a painting in water-colors (said to be the largest of that description in the world). It represents the falling of the Towers of Babylon. Every square inch is a perfect study.

In the studio of the Baron Marochetti we spent some hours. This sculptor has just completed his statue of "Richard Cœur de Lion." It is magnificent. In the foundry I saw the statue of Sir Robert Peel in the fiery furnace. The Baron unwrapped the model in clay of his new work, called *Ireland*. It is a beautiful face, with a slight sadness resting upon it.

Statues of Prince Albert, of her Majesty, and of the royal children, both in bronze and marble, were shown me; also those of Lady Constance Grosvenor, and the Duchess of Argyll, the lovely daughters of the Duchess of Sutherland.

The Baron, a splendid-looking man, is quite a favorite sculptor of the English nobility; for multitudes of their busts and statues are seen in his rooms.

We next drove to the house of Signor Gambadello, an Italian artist. He showed me a very fine allegorical picture of *War* and *Peace*, which was splendidly painted, and also a portrait of Lady Morgan, the authoress.

At lunch at Miss Haworth's we met a gentleman who is a firm believer in the "Spirit Rappings." He was intellectual and agreeable, and has written a book on the subject of the "tables moving." Although coming from the home of the art, the science or the "humbug," I could give them no experiences, never having seen any manifestations of it. In consequence, I have been told, by those versed in the mysteries, of my being a sceptic.

We drove this afternoon with the Earl of Jermyn and his daughter, Lady Elizabeth Hervey, a most sweet and lovely young creature, through Hyde Park; then walked in the Kensington Gardens, where the band were playing, and multitudes of people wandering 'neath the trees. After listening a time we went on to the Westminster Palace.

In the House of Peers we heard a debate, in which

the Lord Chancellor, Earl Grey, Lord Derby, Duke of Newcastle, and several others joined. Of all the speakers, the Earl of Derby pleased me most. His manner is excellent, his appearance fine, and his speech, though severe, gave token of his great talent. Earl Grey is a remarkably noble-looking man, with a classic face and well-modulated voice. I was told he had great influence over the Peers. He has the air of a man born to command.

In the House of Commons they were discussing *Turkey* and *Russia*. The question was introduced by D'Israeli in a very pertinent speech, in which he spoke of the dispatch of Count Nesselrode, just received, on the subject of the occupation of the Black Sea, by the allied fleets.

D'Israeli is not a very eloquent or graceful speaker. There seems such an affluence of thought, he hesitates in the choice of words.

Lord John Russell answered him as the champion of the Government. His voice was good, and his manner dignified and quiet.

The style of debate was more conversational than oratorical. Courtesy and good breeding characterized all they said, but none of them possessed the quick nervous style of Calhoun, the massive grandeur of Webster, or the irresistible, God-like eloquence of Clay.

The House of Commons in point of comfort is immeasurably inferior to our Hall of Representatives. The Members have no desks. One table stands in the centre of the room, used for writing. Under a crimson canopy sits the Speaker, and near him several clerks in long gowns and white wigs. At one end of the room is a gallery enclosed with a gilded lattice-work, or grating, where women are permitted to *hear*, but not to be seen. It reminded me of the golden screens placed in the palaces of the Turkish Sultans, behind

which their slave-wives are allowed to listen to the music intended to delight their masters' ears. I inquired why there was such a lack of courtesy towards the fairer portion of creation, and was answered, that their presence was deemed by the ancient legislators of England, as of too absorbing an interest; hence they were wisely kept out of sight.

When the new Houses were constructed, Mr. Joseph Hume, and several others, most gallantly strove to do away with the restrictions upon female privileges; but the prejudice was too strong against the innovation. So it was rebuilt entirely after the fashion of the "olden time."

The library of the House of Commons is a splendid room opening upon the river. There are multitudes of committee-rooms, and the long corridors, panelled in oak, with carved arches overhead, are magnificent. During our interesting visit to the palace we were joined by Lord John Manners, who is certainly one of the most genial and delightful persons I have ever met. He left us to present some petitions from the manufacturers.

Upon the centre of Westminster Bridge, we stopped to take a good view of the Houses of Parliament. The exterior is beautiful. Every little tower is sculptured in the most tasteful manner. In reply to my question of how much did they cost, I was told the "amount was so great, it had never been reckoned up."

We next visited Chelsea—the home of the old soldiers, when they are no longer enabled to serve their country. We entered the room where the body of the Duke of Wellington lay in state for three days. During that time, it was visited by one million of people.

Our day ended by passing the evening and taking tea with the courtly Earl of Jermyn and his daughter. It

was a sweet, quiet, and pleasant time we spent with them. A true English home is delightful. Painting and sculpture embellish it. Music and poetry linger around it. Then the charm of the simple and cordial hospitality, so warm from the heart. Ah! little do they who call the English a cold, ceremonious people, know of their inner life!

The Earl showed me a picture of the Duchess of Rutland. What a gloriously beautiful woman she must have been! I also saw a portrait of the Duke of Bristol (the Earl's father), which was admirable.

July 6th.—I gave the morning to returning visits, and lunched at Lady Wharncliffe's, where I had the pleasure of being presented to the Dowager Lady Wharncliffe, a most noble, well-preserved old lady. Her manner was so graceful and elegant, so full of kindness. Age seemed not to have taken from her the charm of a warm heart. Her granddaughter, the Marchioness of Drogheda, is a brilliant *spirituelle* woman, enthusiastic and liberal in her opinions. She is the wife of an Irish peer, the Marquis of Drogheda; and mentioned she had remained in the prison-like gallery of the House of Commons, until four the night before, so much had she been interested in some measure under debate, concerning Ireland.

At eight we went to a grand state dinner at Mr. Joseph Hume's, where we met many distinguished people; among them Dr. Bowring, the linguist and poet. He has published many translations from the Persian, Armenian, and Chinese poets. He is British consul at Hong Kong, and gave us some amusing descriptions of the manners and literature of the Chinese. Although he looks an old man, he is sparkling in conversation, and has all the vivacity of youth.

Mr. Joseph Hume is the leader of the Reform party; and a most estimable and eloquent man. He is a Scotch-

man, who in early youth went as a physician to India, where he made a fortune; returned to England and entered Parliament, of which he has been a member now forty years. His daughters are gifted and intellectual women. One of them has written a most charming volume of poems. Mrs. Hume is a dear, kind old Scotch lady. Her goodness is as refreshing as the sunlight. They were such excellent friends to us, and never can I forget the many happy hours I have spent with them.

At the dinner, my seat was by the side of the Governor of Jamaica; he was a very elegant person, and interested us vastly by his graphic description of the Islands of the West Indies.

I admire exceedingly the style of the dinners in London; there is such a quiet manner in the arrangements: no bustle and confusion in changing the plates; no interruption in the conversation, in being called upon to take wine. One's glass is kept filled, and you drink it if you please. The dessert is beautiful—every variety of fruits, flowers, jellies, ices, and creams; but the fish and venison do not equal those of the New World.

After dinner, the guests all assembled in the drawing-rooms, where we were soon joined by others invited for the evening party. There was music and cards, and the favorite English racing game; and thus most pleasantly passed away the hours until one o'clock, when we retired.

CHAPTER VII.

July 7th.

WE visited Grosvenor House to-day, in company with the Hon. Mrs. Wortley. It is the residence of the Marquis of Westminster. It is a grand old building, with a screen of classic-looking pillars dividing it from the street.

We were invited to walk through the picture-gallery, which was a great delight to me. The walls were covered with a fine and rare collection, while many exquisite statues and vases of verde-antique were seen in the rooms. The paintings which particularly pleased me, were those by Rubens and by Guido. "Sarah dismissing Hagar" is admirable, also the four Scriptural paintings by Rubens, the "Marriage of Cana," by Paul Veronese, the "Infant Christ," by Guido, the "Tribute Money," by Titian, the "Holy Family," by Salvator Rosa, the "King of Spain," by Velasquez, the "Salutation of Elizabeth," by Rembrandt, and "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse," a splendid picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds. The original painting cost £1,760. There was a most touching picture of the "Death of General Wolfe," by Benjamin West. Many landscapes by Claude Lorraine were exquisite, also those by Poussin, by Teniers, by Gerard, by Vandervelde. The "Distressed Poet," by Hogarth, is excellent.

The drawing-rooms opened upon most lovely grounds, where old trees o'ershadowed the greensward, fresh and smooth as emerald-hued velvet. No sound of the great city reached us there.

At three we went to Greenwich, accompanied by Sir Frederick Adam, an old veteran of Waterloo, whose acquaintance I had made at her Majesty's ball. He was a delightful *cicerone*, and a most pleasant man. He pointed out to us all the objects of interest *en route*. His brother was Governor of Greenwich, and we thus had permission to see every portion of the building. This hospital is for disabled sailors. It was founded by William and Mary, and is built upon the site of the old manor house, where Mary and Elizabeth were born.

The great hall by Wren is magnificent. The portraits of the Royal family are mingled in an allegorical picture upon the ceiling. The walls are hung with the portraits of naval and military heroes. The Battle of Trafalgar, by Turner, is a fine, spirited painting. We saw the coat worn by Nelson when he received his death-wound. It is preserved as a precious relic.

There are a number of statues erected by Parliament, which one of the "Ancient Mariners" explained to us. There are two thousand old sailors in this hospital. Many never leave their beds. The institution is very rich, having an income of 130,000 pounds sterling a year.

Numbers of the old pensioners were seated on benches, with their friends, or children, or grandchildren around them. They seemed happy and contented, and are permitted to receive visitors at stated hours.

In all directions about London are Asylums for the afflicted. The public charities are noble. Enormous sums must be yearly spent in the relief of the poor.

In Brompton there is an institution for consumptive patients, where only maladies of the lungs are treated. Jenny Lind gave largely to this charity.

We made a long and agreeable visit to Greenwich, and, parting with regret from Sir Frederick, we drove over Black Heath. This is a great waste, or common, where cricket is played, and where women hire out donkeys for a ride across the Heath. Midway of the plain there is an excellent view of London, and afar off the Crystal Palace of Sydenham, now building, was gleaming in the sunlight.

We went to dine with our cordial friend, Mr. Bennoch. His cottage is a sweet spot, encircled by trees, and with a lovely garden of bright-hued flowers. Every where the eyes are blest by beautiful flowers. Much more do these northern people seem to prize them than we of the south. Nearly all the houses, it matters not how humble, have their little gardens, and even in the most thronged and tumultuous portions of the city flowers are in the windows. Even in the wretched dwellings of the poor they are seen growing in broken cups and old boxes. Whenever I looked upon them I could but feel there were still refined emotions in these victims of toil. There was still a love for the beautiful which not even poverty could destroy.

Mr. Bennoch had kindly assembled a charming company to meet us,—our delightful Grace Greenwood, and lovely Camilla Crosland; then the German poet, Ferdinand Freiligrath, who is a handsome man, with a wondrous fine head, and a face glowing with soul and honest feeling.

Sir Henry Bishop was among the guests. He is a tall, cold, stern-looking man; his face however lighted up when he seated himself at the piano-forte and played "Home," and various other songs, which have become as household words. His touch of the instrument was exquisite; such grace and

melody flowed from it, we constantly entreated "yet another, yet another."

It was here, too, I came to know Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. They are both authors and poets, and genial, warm-hearted, intelligent people. Mrs. Hall was the friend of Kate Hayes, the Irish vocalist, and the first to encourage her. I was glad I could tell how vividly impressed upon the grateful heart of Katy was her every act of kindness and protection.

Another chord of sympathy drew me to Mrs. Hall. She was also the friend of Miss Bremer, and we sat in long and earnest talk concerning this much-loved philanthropist and cherished friend.

As we were to return by the railway to London, we left our kind host and his sweet wife about one o'clock, and, accompanied by the German poet and Sir Henry, were soon *en route*.

How much I enjoyed that short journey. It passed in conversation with Freiligrath. In my own country he seemed to feel the deepest interest, and spoke with high appreciation of Longfellow, whom he had met in Germany. He is truly republican in sentiment, and remarked with wonder upon our progress, and the energy of Americans. In speaking of his own country he was most eloquent and inspiring. He has been twice exiled from Prussia, his native land. Both times he has found a home in England. I believe it was his fine poem, "The Living to the Dead," which was chanted by the students in Dusseldorf, thereby causing his arrest, trial, and exile. He still evinces a most heroic devotion to freedom.

When we left the railway, we walked across London Bridge, and took a cab into the city. It was a bright, clear night, and the great dome of St. Paul's seemed like a mighty giant, watching over the slumbers of the inhabitants.

The moonlight fell softly upon the sculptured turrets of Westminster Palace. The hum of commerce was silent, and, of London,

“All that mighty heart was lying still.”

July 8th.—We went this morning with Lady Wharncliffe to visit the Duchess of Sutherland’s splendid mansion, “Stafford House,” which was commenced by the Duke of York. It belongs to the Crown, but is leased by the Duke of Sutherland, who has greatly enlarged it.

Although the exterior is not very striking, within all is regal splendor. The great hall is magnificent. It occupies the centre of the building, and is roofed over by a lofty dome. Along three sides of the hall extends a gallery, sustained by pillars. On the fourth is the staircase; half-way up there is a landing, whence diverge two flights of steps. Upon this landing is a statue of the Sybil, by *Rinaldi*. The stairs are covered with scarlet cloth, and many fine works of art adorn this wonderful hall. Among them I saw an exquisite marble bust of Lady Constance Grosvenor, by the Baron Marochetti, and a bust in plaster of Mrs. Beecher Stowe, the authoress of “Uncle Tom’s Cabin.”

It is almost impossible to describe the gorgeousness and beautiful arrangements of this noble mansion. There is an elegance, an adaptativeness in all the combinations, manifesting clearly the inspiration of feminine taste. There is such a perfect tone and keeping in the hangings of the rooms, and in the furniture adapted to each. All is so luxurious and so unique.

The walls of the Green Drawing-room were hung with green satin, and the furniture of green and gold. Then we came to the room with crimson hangings, and furniture of the same color. Then to the Blue and to the Yellow Draw-

ing-room, with silver adornments in place of the golden. The ceilings are carved and gilded, and many of the walls adorned with frescoes. The chandeliers were of quaint, curious forms. One, of great water-lilies, was uncommonly beautiful.

The furniture in many of the apartments was of antique form, inlaid with gold, silver and ivory. There was a dazzling profusion of objects of *virtu*, exquisite statues by famous sculptors, all arranged in the most artistic manner. Pictures of Queen Victoria, of Prince Albert, and of the Royal children, were seen in several rooms.

The picture-gallery is very spacious, and contains many rare paintings. There, for the first time, I saw the pictures of Murillo. What ripe and fervid beauty glows upon the canvas! The breath of life seems to issue from those rich lips; and its light to irradiate those liquid, melting eyes. Then there were Titians, Guercinos, Raphaels, Tintoretos, Rubens; and Sir Thomas Lawrence's picture of the Duchess of Sutherland and her child, which I have so often seen engraved in America. The resemblance is still striking. As the poet said of Cleopatra, in the ancient time, we of the modern may express of this beauteous woman, "Age cannot wither her." A picture, by Landseer, of Lord Stafford and Lady Evelyn Gower, was exceedingly fine, also that of Paul de la Roche, representing Lord Strafford, on his way to the scaffold, receiving the blessing of Archbishop Laud.

In the picture-gallery is a divan of crimson and gold, upon which her Majesty is seated when she visits Stafford House. The Queen occasionally visits the Duchess, who is an especial favorite, I was told. But it is not etiquette for the sovereign to enter the houses of her subjects, although she has visited Belvoir Castle, the seat of the Duke of Rutland. The Duchess of Sutherland belongs to this noble family, being niece to the Duchess of Rutland.

The ball-room and the dining-room are superb in size and in decorations. Around the house are gardens, with green bowers, radiant flower-beds, and tall trees. The balcony has a fine view of Hyde Park, and its brilliant equipages and dashing horsemen. While I was looking out upon the animated scene, my eyes fell upon a miserable woman in the side-street, just under the wall. Scanty rags hung about her withered form, and two children, as wretched as herself in appearance, clung to her. Their eyes, with that fearful look of starvation in them, were fixed upon the balcony, and their hands clasped as in supplication. It was indeed the beggar at the rich man's door. I felt I could read the starving mother's thoughts, as she gazed upon the grandeur before her, and was famished for one crust of bread. It must be more terrible to endure poverty, when plenty is around us, and yet never within the grasp. Save in this instance and a few others, I have never seen beggars in the West End of London. In the city I have met them, sad, blighted, and horrid objects.

But again we entered the great drawing-room, with its treasures of art and its matchless adornments, and thus on through the magnificent hall to the carriage, quite enchanted with our visit.

At night we went to a delightful party at the American Minister's. Many distinguished persons were there; among them the Duchess of Somerset, blazing with diamonds, the Armenian Minister, and several attachés of the Persian Legation in gorgeous dresses. The noble old Prince Czar-torisky, and his wife, son, and daughter, were among the guests.

Mr. Ingersoll is extremely hospitable to his countrymen and countrywomen, and numerous Americans were present. We gladly met many of our *compagnons du voyage* across

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the Atlantic. They had already been over Ireland, Scotland, and England, while we had tarried in London. But so enrapturing have my friends made the city to us, it has been impossible to tear ourselves from them. We came just at the most fortunate period, in the midst of the "season," and like the realization of a happy dream, has life been to me for weeks past.

At Mr. Ingersoll's I met Rossiter and his lovely young bride. Rossiter, the celebrated artist, is a wonderfully handsome man. He has a perfectly classic face, with the fire of genius and the glow of a noble heart beaming in every feature. His wife (Miss Parmley) was radiant in her loveliness, with the "light of the honeymoon yet lingering on her brow." She is a bright, enthusiastic creature, with infinite talent as an artist. I have rarely seen a couple in which there seemed such sympathy of taste and feeling. They were just going to Egypt, to the East, and then to Italy, to pass several years. We may look for some glorious pictures from them. How beautiful life was to them—"young, loving, and beloved."

July 10th.—We attended a charming and novel entertainment (at least to me) this morning. It was the Floral Fête, given in the Botanical Gardens of Chiswick. The rarest fruits and finest flowers were exhibited under immense tents. It was a gay scene, indeed; banners were flying, music playing, and gaily-dressed people wandering amid the flowers and trees.

Near by the gardens, is the villa of the Duke of Devonshire, who had given permission to the Botanical Society to continue the festival in his grounds. Thus, after viewing the fruits and flowers for a time, we passed into his domains.

How lovely was the scene! Lakes, groves, arbors, avenues, and grand old fir trees, perfect giants! They ap-

peared the original trees beneath whose shelter the Druids celebrated their rites. The villa is very ancient, and is seldom visited by the Duke. Its surroundings are exquisite. In a miniature lake, there were several black swans. More than 50,000 persons were in the grounds during the day. In all this throng there was the most entire decorum and courtesy manifested. Of course, they were of the better class of people, mingled with multitudes of the nobility.

We wandered with delight through the leafy labyrinths, and over the smoothly-clipt meadows. Suddenly down came the rain. We sheltered ourselves beneath a great yew tree, and were secure from every drop; but others were not thus happy, for more wilted-looking creatures were never seen. The delicate gauzy bonnets were hanging down like the leaves of a blighted lily. The stiff petticoats were crushed out of their round proportions, and the long skirts trailed on the wet grass in a most languishing way. What a change from the gay flaunting morning!

We quietly waited until the rain had ceased, then passed again into the Botanical Gardens, where we visited the different conservatories, and saw many curious plants of the cactus family.

At night, we crossed the London Bridge, and went to the Surrey Theatre to hear "Robert the Devil;" and the part of Bertram the Fiend was played by Henry Drayton, a young American. To hear him, was the especial purpose of our visit to that distant theatre. He has a grand, deep basso, and rendered the music in a most effective manner.

July 11th.—We visited this morning the Cathedral of St. Paul. It is so closely surrounded by houses, half the effect of its grandeur is lost when one approaches near it. An excellent view is obtained from Black Friars Bridge over the Thames; in truth, from all points, the magnificent

dome rises far above all other objects, like a giant sentinel watching over the city.

It is of the classic style, and was built upon the site of the former church destroyed by the great fire of London; it is in the form of a Latin cross; Sir C. Wren was the architect. The cathedral is five hundred feet long, one hundred in width, and four hundred from the street to the summit of the dome.

Near the entrance is a statue of Queen Ann, and the pediment has the statues of St. Paul, St. Peter, and St. James. The interior is cold, gloomy, and austere; the numerous pillars so occupy the attention, it requires some time before one becomes fully impressed with its wonderful size.

There are many noble monuments within its sacred walls, and in the crypt below the bodies of illustrious men "sleep their last sleep." Of course, we looked first at the monument of Nelson by Flaxman; in the vault his body lies in a sarcophagus, which was intended by Cardinal Woolsey for Henry VIII. Nelson was an idol with the English people; constantly have we seen statues to his memory, and memorials of his valor; yet the only woman he ever loved, and whom with his last breath of life he bequeathed to his country, entreating protection for her, was left to suffer and to die in the greatest poverty, and his child cast forth to struggle with misery and wretchedness. Active benevolence to the being in whose veins flowed the hero's blood, would much more avail than these cold trophies to his glory.

The monument to Sir John Moore, who was killed at Corunna, is most touching in its impression upon the beholder

"He lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him."

These lines have immortalized the dying scene of that brave soldier.

Then near by is the statue of Bishop Heber, the "Soldier of the Cross," whose victories, though bloodless, were as worthy of immortality. It is a kneeling figure by Chantrey.

There is a statue of Howard the philanthropist, by Bacon. The expression of the face is beautiful. Then statues to military and naval heroes, to great scholars, surgeons, physicians, and historians.

Standing beneath the great dome, the effect of the light is admirable. It seems as though the glorious heavens roofed over the Cathedral. The dome is the finest in the world, it is said, save that of St. Peter's, which I shall some day see.

At night we accompanied a party of pleasant friends to the Princess's Theatre. The play was "Sardanapalus," written by Lord Byron, and put upon the stage by Kean. Until after the discoveries in Nineveh and Babylon by Layard, it had been deemed impossible to adapt this remarkable drama to the stage. After great study of the drapery of the sculpture and statuary brought thence, Kean arranged the tragedy as an acting play, having all the dresses made precisely like those represented in the frescoes. The actors then studied the *pose* and attitudes of these figures. It really seemed as though life had suddenly entered the pictured forms of the "olden time," and they had stepped forth from their immobility, and mingled again in the brilliant pageant of existence. The banquet scene, where the *almes* (or dancing girls) were introduced, was exceedingly gorgeous. Then their dress and mode of dancing were unique and picturesque. The conflagration at the finale was singularly grand and fearful. Kean and his wife filled the principal parts. The Princess's Theatre is the finest I have seen except the Opera House.

CHAPTER VIII.

July 12th.

I HAVE been truly happy for the last two days. Dear Lady Emmeline has spent them with me.

When we reached London she had already gone to Dover, *en route* for Norway and Sweden; but the steamer being delayed, she ran up to the city, expressly to see me. Ah! what a joy it was again to meet her! Kind, affectionate, and precious friend that she has been to me for long, long years. Once more to see her had been the greatest inducement to visit England. I gave up every engagement, that we might pass all the hours of her sojourn together. She drove us in her fine equipage through the parks, around the environs of London, and with her we revisited many of the monuments of the great city.

She brought me a kind invitation from her father to spend the month of December at Belvoir Castle, but I could not accept it, for by that period we shall be in our own home. I, however, promised her to make a short visit there ere we left for the Continent.

Lady Emmeline had been a great wanderer since we parted by the "shores of the Mexican sea." She had travelled through Mexico, had crossed the Isthmus of Panama, had been upon the Andes, in the Islands of the West Indies,

in Madeira, in Portugal, and Spain. Her descriptions of all these countries were most graphic and eloquent, and for hours I listened in wrapt attention to her vivid delineations of character and portrayal of scenery.

What a woman of genius she is! What enthusiasm and energy she possesses! Her heart is the home of every noble virtue, of every refined sentiment. How sweetly she talked of my mother and my child! How appreciatively she spoke of America—above all, of the United States. With what pride she dwelt upon the onward progress of the Anglo-Saxon race in the New World. Although belonging to the highest rank of the English aristocracy, she is free from all prejudice towards our institutions. She is liberal, frank, and generous in opinion. Victoria, her sweet young daughter, accompanied her, now grown to be a lovely woman, gifted, well educated, artless and unaffected in manner. She possesses a great talent for painting, and her sketch-book, containing views from many lands, is a treasure.

I lingered with this dearly loved friend until the hour of her departure. Although our separation was to be brief (as we proposed meeting in six weeks), I parted from her with deepest regret and sad emotion. Most truly kind has she been, and from her cordial mention of me, all her family have united in bestowing a welcome, delightful as it has been flattering and gratifying.

CHAPTER IX.

July 14th.

WE had a delightful ride, at early morning, to Windsor. This castellated palace is massive and majestic. It has all the elegance of modern life, and the hallowed associations of antiquity.

William the Conqueror began the erection of this noble edifice, leaving its completion, however, to the sovereigns who succeeded him.

After ascending a multitude of stone steps, we found ourselves in the court of the Castle, and entered thence into St. George's Chapel, built in the Gothic style, with lofty windows. It contains the tombs of the three last kings of England, and many celebrated personages are buried within little chapels, separated from the aisles by iron railings. At our request, the guide opened for us that of the Rutland family. There we saw two effigies, representing *Lord and Lady Manners de Ross*, the first of the family who came over with William the Conqueror. The date upon the tomb was 1500. Immediately opposite to this monument, was that of the Wharnccliffe family.

In the St. George Chapel is the cenotaph of Princess Charlotte. It is a very singular monument. The body of

the Princess is presented at the moment life has left it. A covering is thrown over it, through which is seen the relaxation of death, without its rigidity. Several forms are bending around it, in the muteness of despair, while above them rises a form, with wings; springing upwards to heaven. The face has a mingled expression of joy and triumph. Two angels are hovering around. One holds, fast folded to its bosom, the infant of the Princess; the other, with clasped hands, seems to lead the way to realms above.

In the choir are the stalls of the Knights of the Garter, with their names on plates on the carved chairs, and their banners hanging above them.

We next proceeded to the State apartments, which are splendid, from their wealth of pictures. There were many by Rembrandt, Corregio, Rubens, Van Dyke, Holbein, Claude Lorraine, and Poussin.

The Audience Chamber was panelled with gobelin tapestry, portraying Scriptural scenes in the history of Mordecai, of Esther and Haman. In this room is also a picture of *Mary Queen of Scots*, said to be the most perfect resemblance of her in existence. There is also a small painting representing the beheading of the hapless queen.

In another room the entire tragedy of *Medea* is woven in tapestry, from the moment of cutting down the Golden Fleece by Jason, to the last scene, where the infuriated Medea bears away the bodies of her children, murdered by her own hand, to revenge the infidelity of Jason. The expression of these pictures is spirited and life-like.

We passed through a number of picture-galleries, each bearing the name of the painter to whose pictures it was devoted. The Van Dyke gallery was filled with his works—many pictures of Charles the First, and his queen, Maria Henrietta, then the beauties of that reign. The “Zucca-

relli Gallery " has beautiful landscapes by this painter. In the centre of the room is a curious bed, sent to the Queen by the Grand Mogul. It has a mosquito net over it, of the finest lace, embroidered with gold.

The ball-room is superb, the walls gilded, and hung with crimson satin.

The grand dining-room, called the " Waterloo Room," is hung around with portraits of the kings of England, of Nicholas of Russia, of Richelieu, of Humboldt, of Wellington, of Metternich, of Blucher, of Walter Scott. Many of these paintings are by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

One of our kind friends had obtained permission for us to visit the private apartments of the Queen. These are delightful rooms, luxuriously and tastefully furnished, with that charming home-look of comfort which seemed to pervade all English houses, from the palace of the sovereign to the humble abode of the artisan. In one of the corridors, amid many objects of *vertú*, I was exceedingly interested by the pictures of Canaletto. Venice appeared absolutely before us, with its palaces, bridges, churches, and gondolas. The coloring is peculiar and exquisite. In these apartments we saw the painting which represents the Coronation of Queen Victoria, and other scenes illustrative of great events in her life. There were two immense vases, presented by the Emperor of Russia; one of Malachite, and the other of China. The breakfast room was hung with tapestry, and was a most sunny, pleasant room.

After seeing the kitchen, and the royal plate for the table, we went to the stables, where numerous horses were neatly housed, and particularly cared for. A true Arabian, called *Azor*, sent to her Majesty by the Pasha of Egypt, was a perfect beauty. There were carriages and sleds, from various crowned heads, and vast curiosities in horse decorations.

From the Great Round Tower, or Keep, there is a view of unusual loveliness. The Thames is-seen, winding among towns and villages, farm-houses and elegant mansions. An excellent view is also obtained of the Castle itself, of the parks, the gardens, and of Windsor forest, once so famous. Then there is the Long Walk, an avenue of trees, several miles in length. These trees are mostly of oak, and appear many centuries old.

From the Terrace there is likewise an entrancing view. I no longer wondered that her Majesty preferred a residence here to Buckingham Palace.

A short drive brought us through the great park to beautiful Virginia Water. The artillery from the camp of Cobham were crossing it upon *pontoons*. These were afterwards arranged as rafts for the passage of the foot-soldiers. It was a scene of gay and animated life. The camp of Cobham was a barren, brown plain, with multitudes of tents, and soldiers in all varieties of uniforms.

Near Windsor Castle is "Eton Hall," long a celebrated College. And not far off is a church entirely o'ershadowed by immense elms and yew trees, where we were told Gray wrote his "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." This elegy, always touching to the heart, is particularly so to us Americans, as the last words uttered by our great Webster were taken from this poem—

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

We returned by the railway to London, and joined a most charming party at Virey's in Regent street, where we dined; thence drove to the Opera House, to hear Grisi in *Norma*.

It was a gala night; for the Queen was present, accompanied by the King and Queen of Hanover, the Crown

Prince and Princess of Prussia. The boxes were thronged with the aristocracy of the land—the ladies in full dress, sparkling with jewels, and the gentlemen in ball costume. Every portion of this immense theatre was filled, and rarely have I beheld a more magnificent spectacle.

For the first time I saw Grisi. Were she not a singer, she would be one of the greatest tragic actresses of the age. Nature seems to have made her for the part of Norma. Her face is full of classic beauty, with wondrous eyes, so large, so lustrous—she speaks with them. I thought of the words of the old Spanish poet—

“Lend me thine eyes, Inez,
That I may strike him dead.”

When the truth of Pollio's abandonment first possesses her soul, and she turns upon him a look of such intense scorn, he absolutely appeared to wither beneath it. She was grand and superb. The whole house was electrified by her irresistible power, her peerless acting, and loud applause rang out again and again.

In the opening scene, where she sings “Casta Diva,” I was disappointed in her voice. There seemed a veil cast over it by the hand of Time, which one would fain remove. But when she became the loving and the jealous woman, when her proud heart swelled with the certainty of her lover's faithlessness, the tones of her voice were clear, thrilling, and delicious.

Mario was admirable, and Castellan, as Adelgisa, most charming. She has a delightfully pure and sweet voice.

After Norma we heard “Rigoletto,” a new opera, by Verdi. Many portions of the music are exquisite. There is a strain of melody which runs through it like a golden thread through a silken woof. The opera, in point of plot,

is one of those dark and painful dramas, leaving a sad feeling upon the heart.

July 15th.—We have enjoyed the satisfaction of making the acquaintance of Mrs. Mary Howitt and her daughter. I brought them a letter from a dear American friend, and have been most cordially received. They reside at the Hermitage, Highgate, and our drive there was very pleasant.

Mary Howitt, as the friend and translator of the works of dear Miss Bremer, possessed for me at our first meeting great attraction, and afterwards, for herself, I truly admired her. She is a delightful, frank, genial woman; quiet and graceful in manner, and exceedingly interesting in conversation.

Her daughter, Anna Mary, is a lovely girl, an authoress, and an excellent artist. She has a sweet lisping voice, and most endearing ways, which captivate one immediately. William Howitt is in Australia with his sons.

We drove to Alpha Road to visit Kossuth. After much difficulty we found his house, but he was absent seeking a physician, as Madame Kossuth was dangerously ill. He seems to live in the plainest and most humble manner. How unjustly false were all those stories told of him—that he had appropriated the means raised for the cause of Hungary to himself, and was living in luxury. All the money was left in America, with or in the hands of a committee. Kossuth supports himself and his family entirely by the use of his pen. Pulzky and his gifted wife also live in London.

A charming friend accompanied me this morning to call upon Lady Morgan, who, as the authoress of the “Wild Irish Girl,” had been long my especial admiration. We found her *en grande toilette*, just departing for a “matinée musi-

cale." She kindly tarried awhile, and we made a most pleasant visit. She is a remarkable woman, preserving still the vivacity of youth.

Last night we were again at the opera to hear the same admirable artists in "Lucia di Lammermuir," and thence to the mansion of the Countess of Jersey to a brilliant ball. It was a superb assemblage of the beautiful and high-born women of England.

The Countess of Jersey has a noble presence and most commanding air. She is graceful and elegant in manner and gesture; the loveliest of all here, as at Buckingham Palace, at the ball, was Lady Clementina Villars. Her features are as perfect as those of "the statue that doth enchant the world;" and, although she is pale, she is strikingly handsome.

Even with the fear of Mrs. Malaprop before me, I must say there is more beauty among American women than I have seen in the Old World. I have met many indeed who are of great loveliness, but generally they have not the delicacy of form and feature seen with us. Upon entering a room in London, the first exclamation will be, "what fine, robust, healthy women these are!" They seem to enjoy life much more than our women, and are capable of greater exertion in the pursuits of literature and of art. They spend many hours in the open air, walking and riding, or driving. They have an independent, self-poised manner, which is absolutely delightful. They are excellently well educated, and yet the most unpretentious persons I ever saw. They are always ready to be useful, to be hospitable, and to be kind.

But to return to the ball. It was splendid. The supper was magnificent, and the hours passed most charmingly to

us; for we met numerous pleasant friends, and were presented to many distinguished persons, whose names are historic in England—to many literary people, whose works are as “household words” to us in the New World.

CHAPTER X.

July 18th.

WE have just returned from a brief visit to Belvoir Castle. Our sojourn there was really enchanting. We went down by the Great Western Railway to Grantham, passing through a finely cultivated country.

At Grantham the carriage met us, and we soon drove through the neat little town, and entered the "green lanes of England." Trees were planted on each side of the road, and beneath them were hedges of the eglantine, mingled with jessamine and honeysuckle. The air was filled with perfume, as it came to us over the green hill-tops. Hay-makers were abroad in the fields, and women and children tossing the hay into great wagons.

The day was of unusual brightness. The sky was dotted here and there with light fleecy clouds, serving as a delicate veil to the too intense radiance of the sun. I realized the true and graphic pictures of English scenery, so sweetly described by Wordsworth. There was a soft serenity about them, imparting to the mind a gentle calmness. For five miles we drove through these scenes of rural life, until we perceived the turrets of Belvoir Castle, and soon after came to the domains of the Duke of Rutland. Passing through

a large gate, we entered a deep forest. For the moment we seemed in America, for the forests of the Adirondack or of the Alleghany mountains are not more wild and thick. The old trees, with their spreading branches, were like sentinels watching over the spot. We drove for some time through the deep, dark woods, and then emerged in the fertile farm lands of the Castle. About mid-day we reached the foot of a very high hill, upon which stands Belvoir Castle. We ascended a road winding along from terrace to terrace. The immense trees met over head, and formed a Gothic arch. At last we came out into the sunlight, and found ourselves at the gate of the Castle; a noble old baronial structure, built by the first Lord Manners de Ross, and called "Belvoir," signifying "beautiful view," from the glorious prospect beheld from the summit of the demi-mountain. The first Castle was built in 1500; the present one, however, is of more recent date.

From the great door-way we passed into the entrance saloon, or grand vestibule, around which are figures of knights in the armor worn by members of the family in the "ancient times." Upon the walls are hung the trophies of war taken by them in battle. From thence we were ushered into the reception room, which is exceedingly magnificent. It has Buhl furniture of antique form, inlaid with precious stones, with gold, with silver and ivory. The carpet is like a bank of fresh roses. The ceiling, painted in fresco, has the portraits of all the Rutland family, and also those of royal personages who were friends of the Duke. In this room there is a painting of the Duchess, and one of the Duke, taken shortly after their marriage. How wondrously handsome they both must have been! There is likewise a marble statue of the Duchess of Rutland by Wyatt—an exquisite specimen of female beauty.

This visit to Belvoir Castle was a perfect delight to me, and with what happiness did I follow my kind friends through all the gorgeous rooms and picture-galleries. At last I begged they would take me to Lady Emmeline's apartments, those occupied by her when she makes Belvoir her home; and there I seated myself to think of her, surrounded by the memorials of her elegant taste. How often had she spoken to me of these rooms, how often described the Castle to me; and now I was within its walls, but she was in the far north land. Blessings upon her, dear and precious friend!

Every thing about the Castle is grandly superb. Most gorgeous is the banquet-room, the green drawing-room, the crimson drawing-room, the Prince Regent's gallery, built by the present Duke to receive George IV. in when he came down to Belvoir to stand godfather for the first Marquis of Granby. The library is panelled in oak and hung with green velvet. The shelves contain many American books, among them the writings of Longfellow, and of Willis, and the speeches of Webster, Clay, and Everett. The ball-room is splendid, with rows of marble pillars, and a floor made of small pieces of wood, like a Mosaic. A long gallery extends around for those who do not care to mingle in the dance. There are immense mirrors, so arranged as to reflect and multiply the pillars in such a manner, one seems to look through a long colonnade. The ceiling is gilded and painted in fresco.

There are several picture-galleries, filled with the creations of the old masters, and of those of the more modern school. There are several rare and beautiful Murillos, Guidos, Correggios, Titians, Velasquez; paintings of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Thomas Lawrence, and of Lely; many landscapes by Zuccarelli, by Claude Lorraine, by Poussin; and gorgeous pictures by Rembrandt, by Rubens, and Van Dyke.

One gallery is devoted to the full-length portraits of the lords, earls, and dukes of the family.

The apartments occupied by Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, when they visited the Castle, are magnificent. The furniture is satin, embroidered with gold, and the hangings of the chambers white satin, decorated with heavy gold fringe. The bedroom occupied by George IV. when he visited the Castle, remains furnished in the same style as then. It is very gorgeous.

At evening we ascended the turrets of the Castle. The view thence was most beautiful. Twenty-seven villages were visible amid the rich waving fields of grain and wooded slopes of the hills. One town was pointed out to me, called "Walton." Our ancestors came from Middle England, and perhaps from this very region. Of course I looked upon it with deep interest. It is a fine picturesque village; with a population of five thousand inhabitants.

The hill upon which the Castle stands is terraced on every side save one, about a hundred feet. Then begins the forest, extending like a sea of green far below its base.

In the morning we drove to the village of Woodstock, where the tenants live. It was "Rent-Day," and multitudes of them were gathered in merry groups under the trees. They were dancing, and playing many games. The girls had the most lovely complexions and rosy health. The men were tall, strong, and stalwart. They seemed the very "bone and sinew of the land." The old men and women were seated beneath the elms, watching the sports of their children's children. It was a charming picture of rural life—there appeared such happiness, contentment, and plenty. The houses were all neat and comfortably furnished, each one with its little garden around it, while the honeysuckle and rose-vines climbed up over the "front porch." The people of these

agricultural counties are evidently a more happy race than those who inhabit the cities or the manufacturing districts. An honest old farmer took us through his farm, and through the house, and into the kitchen, to show us the mode of life of an English peasant.

We were much interested by a visit to the private apartments of the Duchess of Rutland. She has been dead twenty-seven years; still her memory is fondly cherished by the Duke and by her children. The rooms remain just as they were when death claimed her. One old servant has charge of them. They are a kind of Mecca to her children, and her husband never fails to visit them on the anniversary of her death. How sweet is this cherished memory of the "loved and lost!" A solemn feeling crept over my heart, as I stood by the bed upon which she slept her last sleep of life, and looked upon the Bible, opened where she had read her last chapter. In every portion of the Castle we saw pictures and busts of her. She was not only beautiful, but gifted as a painter, a sculptor, and a poetess.

The mausoleum where the Duchess is buried, is on a hill in front of the Castle. We passed through a deep forest to reach it. The mausoleum is of Gothic form, without windows. At one end is the statue of the Duchess, enveloped in light drapery, with the hands raised, the face beaming with holy joy, and the form springing, as it were, heavenward. Above the statue, resting amid the clouds, are her four angel-children, holding forth their hands to welcome the mother. One holds a crown, which is just near her brow. The light comes from above, and through rose-colored, or some other warm-tinted glass, giving the figures the look of life. It is indescribably beautiful, and so touching, tears came to my eyes as I looked upon them. The design of this "temple of the dead," was found among the papers of the

Duchess, and the Duke at once had it built precisely after the original drawing. In front of the building is a grove of ancient yew trees, supposed to have been planted long ere the family possessed these lands. The trees are of enormous size, and are absolutely gray with age.

From the mausoleum we passed on to the “Duke’s Walk,”—a long avenue or lofty corridor cut through the trees of the forest, extending three or four miles. Not a sunbeam can penetrate the deep shade. The most delicious coolness pervades these green arcades, and it was really an effort to leave them.

Belvoir Castle is one of the grandest of the princely residences of England, and I shall never forget my brief sojourn there; or the kindness, the cordiality, and genial greeting of the Rutland family. I deeply regretted I could not accept the invitation to pass the autumn months in the Castle, when there is a gay and distinguished company assembled.

When we returned to London from Belvoir, we found a friend from our far-away home awaiting us. Oh! how our hearts and thoughts flew back over the vast Atlantic, to that dear spot of earth, where dwell the loved ones! All was forgotten in the delightful emotions awakened by the spell-like charm of Home, and of our own country.

CHAPTER XI.

July 19th.

LAST night we attended the "conversazione" of the Lord and Lady Mayoress, at the Mansion House, in the midst of the old city of London. These parties are given several times during the year, and all the notabilities, foreign and native-born, are invited. The assemblage was aristocratic, democratic, artistic, and literary. The Lord Mayor stood in the centre of the reception-room, while a person in splendid uniform announced the names of the guests as they approached. The Lord Mayor shook them cordially by the hand, and presented them to the Lady Mayoress. It reminded me very much of the levées at the President's House in Washington.

We lingered for a time near the host and hostess, to watch the *entrée* of the guests. There were many thousands present, and of course among them distinguished and famous personages. Our excellent friends, the Bennochs and Crosslands, introduced us to numerous literary and artistic persons, with whom we were really delighted. Martin F. Tupper we found a most pleasant, charming man. He spoke with great appreciation of America, where he had passed some months. The handsome young Oriental, Risk Allah, the Secretary of the Turkish Embassy, received much atten-

tion. As he speaks English, he seemed a wonderful favorite with the gentler sex, whom he evidently magnetized by the glances of his lustrous and eloquent eyes. Albert Smith was full of jest and merriment; a laughing throng were always around him. Then there was Cruikshank, a queer, wild-looking person, with a nervous, quick manner, and most mirth-provoking words. Miss Pardoe and Miss Strickland were standing together, when we were presented to them. I could but think their faces and forms were types of their writings. Miss Pardoe is fresh, bright-eyed, merry and talkative. Miss Strickland is tall, formal, and stately, but with an earnest and kind manner. I was charmed with Mackay, the "Poet of the People." He has a fine face, lighted up with noble emotions of the soul.

Many foreign Ministers were present; among the most conspicuous were the Turkish Ambassador and the Greek Ambassador, in their beautiful costumes; the Bishops of Salisbury and St. David's, and several high dignitaries of the law. Many of the leading men of England, Earl Grey, Duke of Newcastle, Sir Charles Wood, Mr. Joseph Hume, and D'Israeli. The Duchess of Sutherland, most superbly attired, accompanied by her son-in-law, the Duke of Argyll, attracted much admiration. There were, besides, many elegant women of the aristocracy.

Among the distinguished painters were Sir Charles Eastlake, Sir Edward Landseer, and Martin; Freiligrath, the German poet, whom I had met before, and Dr. Kinkel, the German patriot; then Harrison Ainsworth and Jordan, Dr. Bowring, the indomitable traveller, and Monckton Milnes, the poet and Member of Parliament—he has a beautiful forehead, and most expressive eyes; Tennyson, too, with his poetic face, over which lingers a soft shade of sadness; Dr. Southwood Smith, the philanthropist, who has done so much

to ameliorate the condition of the poor of London; Sir George Head, author of the capital book, "A Bundle of French Faggots," and Mrs. Cowden Clarke, whose work upon Shakspeare is so much valued. Earl de Grey wore the blue ribbon and the garter at the knee. Spohr, the composer, was one of the guests, and Sir Peter Laurie and Douglass Jerrold.

In truth, it is quite impossible to enumerate all the celebrities. Mr. Wire, (one of the Aldermen,) a most agreeable person, became kindly my cicerone, and guided me through the numerous rooms, pointing out the valuable paintings of Maclise and other artists. The Egyptian Hall is a magnificent room, with columns of white and gold, adorned with many fine statues. In this room the Band of the Coldstream Guard was playing. Above stairs, the educational models filled a suite of rooms, and here were the works of the pupils who are receiving instruction in the "Schools for the Blind." Many of the pupils were present; they sang several concerted pieces, feeling the notes with their fingers. There were supper rooms well served; there was dancing, too, but conversation was the chief amusement of the evening.

I was happy again to meet the Halls, and Mrs. Howitt, who mentioned that she was translating Miss Bremer's new book, "Homes in the New World."

We were delighted with the "conversazione," though regret was mingled with our pleasure, for our farewell was spoken to the dear friends who have made London so enrapturing. Most kindly did they greet us, not as strangers, or as those commended to their civility, but with a warm, generous, frank friendliness, which won our gratitude, while it captivated our hearts. At this parting hour, earnestly do we exclaim, "Blessings upon our Mother-Land." "The bright stars were fading" before the light of day, ere we

reached Portman Square, and little time had we for rest, for at ten o'clock we were to leave England. Our noble friend who first welcomed me to the Old World, came even at that early hour to say, "God bless you."

The trunks are packed—the carriage is at the door—my last words of England are written—and we must away to other scenes. But none can ever be more dear, more precious to my soul, than those which have filled the happy hours of my sojourn in delightful London.

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CHAPTER XII.

July 21.

THE railway from London to Dover passes within full view of Sydenham Crystal Palace. This building is of immense size, many hundred feet larger than the original in Hyde Park. It is upon the summit of a hill, and the grounds are to be terraced, forming hanging gardens, like those of Babylon. It was like a great mountain of glass, and all the sunlight of England seemed glittering upon its roof, concentrated there by some giant lens.

At Dover we tarried some hours, and visited the castle, overlooking the town. From the turrets, there is an extensive prospect over land and sea; the Chalk cliffs loom up like great spectres, and the "Downs of Dover" (famed for their mutton) stretch far away in the dim distance. A blue cloud resting as it were upon the waters, they told me, was the shores of France.

Dover is not an inviting-looking town, though it is quite large. We dined at the "King's Head," and soon after went on board the steamer; the wind was strong and cold: thus we were forced to seek the cabin, which was about the length and breadth of a good-sized dinner-table. Upon two settees we threw ourselves, and in a few moments the little steamer was rolling, rocking, tumbling, and pitching into the sea. O! what hours of anguish, and of inexpressible torture

were those! Women mourning—children screaming—men groaning. All calling for “aid and comfort” from the wretched steward, who rushed “hither and thither,” in voiceless despair. At last, the long and horrible hours ended in daylight and Calais. With feeble steps we walked up to the station house, had our luggage “visited,” drank an excellent cup of coffee, seated ourselves in a well-cushioned and neat railway carriage, and were soon away to Paris.

When the mists of the morning gave place to the sunlight, I was struck with its wonderful radiance. It was painful at first to the eyes. There was not, as in England, a light fleecy veil of clouds to soften its intensity. The country was not beautiful, the houses were small, the trees of diminutive growth, and planted in a formal manner around the fields. There were no fences, and but few hedges. The grass had not the rich green hue so remarkable in the “Seagirt Isle.” But here, as every where in England, I saw the corn poppies, called by the French *coquelicot*. All the fields are covered with them, and for miles along the railway they grow so thickly, as to seem like a broad red ribbon. They are of a dazzlingly bright crimson, and give a cheerful look to even a barren waste. As we rushed along by acres of these glowing flowers, we often quoted the lines of Burns,

“Pleasures are like poppies spread ;
You seize the flower,—its bloom is shed.”

At the stations I often gathered them, but at the slightest touch the beautiful petals fell to the earth.

At eleven o'clock the domes and spires of Paris were visible, and the great wind-mills upon *Montmartre*. Then we entered an immense hall, roofed with glass, and were commanded to remain without the railway, while our trunks were

opened and examined. They were shut down, and we were permitted to depart.

The environs of Paris reminded me much of some of the Faubourgs of New Orleans. We drove to the *Hôtel Maurice, Rue Rivoli*, just fronting the gardens of the Tuileries. We found pleasant rooms prepared for us, and most comfortable beds. I cast myself upon one, soft and yielding, with a sensation of delight, and my weary limbs lay softly in sweet repose, while my spirit wandered off into dream-land, there to meet the loved ones of home.

It was late in the afternoon when we awoke. We were dressed just in time for the most appetizing dinner at the table d'hôte of the hotel. As soon as we had finished our coffee, we joined a party of agreeable Americans, and drove up the Boulevards to the "Gymnase" to see the Spanish Dancers from Madrid, who are just now making a furore in Paris. *Petra Camera* is very wonderful for her agility. She rushed upon the stage like a wild *bacchante*, throwing herself in the most peculiar attitudes, one foot often higher than her head, and then bending back, until her head and feet seemed meeting. Then in came a throng with castanets, making most strange contortions and twistings of the form, quite worthy of an Eastern juggler. The applause was rapturous, but I must confess, grace was lacking in their movements. The play was "Love at Twenty," and most admirably acted by Rose Cheri. All the appointments of the stage were perfect, and the performers seemed ignorant of the presence of the audience. They acted as though they were in a parlor. The theatre is small, but well arranged. A balcony runs around the front of the boxes. The women all wore bonnets, and were not very stylish in their appearance.

By one o'clock we were again in our parlor, and thus ended our first day in Paris.

Sunday Night.—Seeing in the morning journal an announcement that the “waters would play” at Versailles, we determined to go thither. It was an exquisite morning, and thousands in their holiday garb were hastening to the station. We seated ourselves in the car, and soon came in a party of the *bourgeoise*. They were a merry set, and it was really diverting to hear them relate the incidents of the preceding fête: they seemed so full of enjoyment and life. Had they been princesses, they could not have appeared more content.

Soon after we left Paris we saw the *vinobles* or vineyards. The vines are all tied to sticks, and are not permitted to grow more than two or three feet high. The railway passes along an embankment, and thence the view was very extended, and most charming. One of our travelling companions pointed out the deep ravine (through which passes the railway) where so many persons perished by burning a few years ago, in consequence of the doors of the carriages all being locked. This custom is very general throughout Europe. It had been a fête day at Versailles, and multitudes were returning to Paris. The fire burst out in the foremost car, and soon burnt the connecting link between that and the locomotive, which dashed on to the station, leaving the long train of passenger cars in this ravine (cut through an immense hill). The persons within the carriages could not escape, for the doors were all locked, and they thus lost their lives in the most frightful manner. Admiral d’Urville, and many high dignitaries of the land, women, children, and valuable citizens were destroyed in the cars.

At Versailles we left the railway. This city once had a population of one hundred thousand people. In the days of Louis XIV. it was in its full splendor. Now there are only thirty thousand inhabitants. As we entered the court of the

palace, we read in large golden letters, upon the frieze of the imposing building, "*A toutes les gloires de la France.*" This inscription was placed there by Louis Philippe, who restored Versailles to its former glory. Louis XIII. first built at Versailles a hunting lodge, which Louis XIV. converted into a palace in 1660. To the architect Levan, he gave the execution of his design, while to Le Nôtre he entrusted the arrangement of the gardens and parks. Miles of land were purchased, and thousands and thousands of soldiers, (when not engaged in warfare,) were employed in making terraces. The cost of these improvements was said to have equalled two hundred millions of dollars. It is therefore no wonder that a palace, gorgeous as the descriptions of the Arabian Nights, should have risen up at the summons of the enchanter's wand—for *gold* is the enchanter's wand of real life.

We passed through the basement of the palace and went into the gardens, whence the vastness of the immense edifice is fully realized. The centre building has a façade of three hundred feet, while each wing is six hundred in length, thus presenting a front of almost two thousand feet, decorated with Ionic pilasters, and multitudes of allegorical statues of the months, the seasons, of the arts, and of the sciences. Each parterre of the flower-garden is encased in white marble, which forms a lovely contrast to the bright hues of the flowers. The noble trees of the parks are left to the grace of nature. They are, however, all surrounded by high hedges. Immense avenues are formed by giant trees, the branches meeting overhead, and clipt within, until they make glorious Gothic arches. Just in front of the palace is a great basin, whence arise shining columns of water. The basin of Neptune is the finest of all the fountains. There are vases around its edge, and in the centre Neptune and Amphitrite, seated in a shell, while sea monsters, nymphs, and tritons, encircle

them. In the basin of Apollo, the god of day is seen rising from the waters in a chariot, drawn by four horses. Apollo is again presented in a cool grove, where he comes to repose in the arms of the goddess Thetis. The nymphs are exquisitely sculptured. They encircle the god, some braiding his hair, and others offering him perfumes. Near this group are the horses of the sun, watered by the tritons. They are all of white marble, and of rare excellence. They stand near an enormous rock, in the depths of a grove, and as we were looking upon them, the water came rushing down the rock in sheets of foam, and formed a little lake at the foot. The effect was startling and delightful. In a few moments we heard the cry, "the great waters are going to play," so we ran back to the terrace fronting the palace, and seated ourselves upon a balustrade, where we watched the play of the fountains. It was a sight of rare and strange beauty, and seemed to me like an enormous picture, set in a green frame. There were columns of every size rising from the basins, and falling in feathery spray. Touched by the sunlight, each drop had the semblance of a diamond, or an emerald, or a ruby. As far as the eye could reach the waters were rushing upward from the basins, or pouring down over ledges of rock, or from the mouths of sea monsters, or falling in snowy foam over lovely groups of sea nymphs. Often I turned from the fountains to look upon the happy, homely faces of the thousands who had gathered to see "the waters play;" their look of intense delight and their expression of admiration were so heart-felt. The expense of bringing the water to the fountains is so enormous, they only play a few times during the summer, and then it is a great fête day, and merry crowds hasten to pass all the day within the gardens, or in wandering about the palace.

After walking for several hours in the grounds and parks,

every where adorned with statues and colossal figures, representing the kings and queens of France, we entered the palace. The magnificence of the interior is inconceivable; the ceilings are carved and gilded, or superbly painted in fresco; the galleries are filled with statues, with busts, with portraits, and with historical paintings. All the battle scenes, from *Clovis* to the war of Algeria, are here portrayed upon miles of canvas. Never was I more convinced of the wisdom of the kings of France in consecrating their triumphs by magnificent pictures, than when I looked upon the people standing before them, and viewing with exultation the history of their glory. Thus has the love of war become the leading passion of the French nation.

In long galleries are paintings illustrative of the historical events of every reign. Battles upon land and on the sea; all the victories of the Republic; all the campaigns of Napoléon; the revolution of 1830; in truth, every great event of French history. Then there are the portraits or busts of all the great men of France, both of the good and of the bad.

There are numerous rooms named from the frescoes on the ceiling, or from paintings on the walls. In the "Saloon of Venus" is a lovely group of the Three Graces, by Pradier; in that of "Diana," a portrait of Marie Therèse, of Austria; and thus in each room are wonderful works of art and trophies of the past. The "Gallerie des Glaces" is said to be the finest in the world. It has numerous large arched windows, and opposite to each is a great mirror. There are Corinthian pilasters of red marble, with the base and the capitals of gilt bronze. The ceiling was painted by Le Brun, and represents the events during the reign of Louis XIV. The bed-chamber of Louis is also a splendid room. The ceiling is decorated with the "Titans" of Paul Veronese, which Napoléon brought from Venice. The bed in which

the king died is still there. It has never been occupied since that time.

We passed on from room to room until we came to the "apartments of *Marie Antoinette*." Here I seemed encircled by a spell of magic power, and lingered long within them. The furniture is gilt, covered with brocade or tapestry; the tables are of buhl, and mosaic of marble. The guide, perceiving the interest I manifested, showed me every relic still existing of the heroic and unfortunate queen. The spot was pointed out to us where she stood when the Revolutionists surrounded the palace, and when she showed herself to them, disarming the infuriated mob by the dignity and grace of her bearing. It was there, too, La Fayette kissed her hand to testify his loyalty and devotion. Her saloon, or card-room, is exquisitely painted in fresco by Le Brun. From this opens the sleeping-room of the hapless queen, whence she escaped October 6th, 1789, when the rabble forced open the palace doors. In these rooms are pictures of Mme. Pompadour, of Mme. Maintenon, of Mme. Montespan, and of Mme. Du Barri. From these apartments we came to the "Staircase of Marble," very famous in France; it is composed of marble of various colors. Thence we entered the "Salle du Sacré," containing the paintings of David, "The Coronation of Napoléon," and the "Distribution of the Eagles." These are most wonderful and eloquent pictures; the portrait of Josephine in the "Coronation" is beautiful. In the *Galerie des Batailles*, amid paintings of immense size, is one representing Rochambeau and Washington before Yorktown. Thus, in the palaces of kings, has our great and good Washington an historic place; the picture is an admirable one. Many of the paintings are by Vernet, Paul Delaroche, David, and Gérard.

We spent many hours in the palace, and again returned

to the green arcades of the Park, and wandered amid the flower-gardens. From the Camp of Tartary near by there were thousands of soldiers, accompanied by their "Vivandieres," or soldier-women, dressed in a perfect Bloomer dress. Then there were multitudes of persons from the Provinces in their national costumes. The evening was delightful, and the throng seemed increased during the hours we spent in the palace. Every one appeared so happy; the children were rolling on the grass, and screaming with delight, while the parents laughed merrily at their sports.

Amid hundreds of orange trees, we were pointed out the "Historical Tree;" it was planted 1421, in the time of *François Premier*, and has flourished under twelve reigns; the branches have rings of iron around them to sustain their weight.

At the end of the Park of Versailles, is *Le Grand Trianon*, once occupied by Madame Maintenon; it is only one story, in the style of an Italian villa. There are many fine paintings and objects of *vertú*, and lovely gardens. *Le Petit Trianon* is a kind of pavilion, decorated with fluted columns; the garden is exquisite, and on the banks of a little lake is a Swiss cottage, which Marie Antoinette caused to be built. She was exceedingly fond of the retirement of these beautiful grounds, filled with rare plants and noble trees.

It is to Louis Philippe that France is indebted for the restoration of these palaces to their original splendor. In one of the corridors, or statue galleries, is the sculptured form of Jean d'Arc, the "Maid of Orleans." It was the work of the Princess Marie, daughter of Louis Philippe. It is an exquisite figure; the head leans forward, as though the heart were oppressed by the breastplate; the face is noble, and the utmost purity, repose, and determination, are mingled in the expression: there were also several portraits of her. The

gallery of Louis Philippe contains the history of the revolution of July in immense pictures.

I could not tear myself away from "The Enchanted Gardens," until night came and shut them from my view; then I consented to return to Paris.

We have just taken our first promenade in the "Imperial City." We passed down the *Rue Castiglione* into the Place Vendome, a great square paved with flat stones, and surrounded with handsome buildings. In the centre is the "Column of Napoléon;" it is of great height, and upon the top is the statue of the immortal Corsican. The figure is of bronze; the costume, a military overcoat and cocked hat: the attitude is very natural. The column was built by the orders of the emperor, to perpetuate the memory of his campaigns in Germany, and bears the inscription, "*Monument erected to the glory of the Grand Army by Napoléon the Great.*" From the pedestal to the summit it is covered with *bas reliefs*, in bronze, made from the twelve hundred cannon taken in the campaigns in Russia and Austria; they represent all the battles from the first to that of Austerlitz. There is a stairway within the column, and near the top is a balustrade, whence a splendid view of the city is obtained. An old soldier walked in front to and fro. There is a railing around and upon it, and at the door of entrance are hung hundreds of wreaths of *immortelles*, and bouquets of flowers, thus showing the undying adoration for the most wonderful of men, save our own Washington.

From the Place Vendome we walked through the elegant street of *La Paix*, thence into the Boulevards. The Boulevards are a great feature in Parisian life; the bulwarks or ramparts of the city once occupied these streets. When Paris ceased to be a fortified city in the times of Louis XIV. the walls were hurled down, and the ditches filled up and

planted with trees. They run nearly round the city, bearing different names at various points. The street is immensely wide, with a broad pavement, and beyond that rows of trees. It may well be said the Boulevards are "the heart of Paris." The most fashionable is the *Boulevard des Italiens*. There one sees magnificent houses and dazzlingly decorated shops, gorgeously embellished restaurants and cafés. Upon the pavement, or side walk, were seated hundreds of persons, talking and drinking *eau sucrée*, or coffee. The street was thronged with carriages, and a régiment of soldiers were marching through it. All was life and enjoyment, mingled so charmingly, I could have tarried there for hours. The Boulevards are especially chosen for shops and for hotels.

We drove up the gay Boulevards to the church of *La Madeleine*. Ah! with what joy my eyes rested upon this "magnificent temple to the true God." The architecture is noble and symmetrical. It is built after the style of the Parthenon, at Athens, but is much larger. The building stands upon a platform, about ten feet high, and is entirely encircled by a peristyle of Corinthian columns, sixty feet high, and six in diameter. Along the walls are niches, wherein are placed colossal statues of the saints. Through the great bronze doors we entered the church. The floor is of marble, and paintings and statuary bewilder one with their beauty. Over the high altar is the exquisite statue of the Virgin, guarded by two angels. The light comes from three cupolas. There are six chapels; each has a statue of its patron saint. The high altar has a group, in which the Magdalene is represented as ascending to heaven, borne up by the wings of angels. It is lovely in design and execution, and is by Marochetti. The Madeleine was commenced in 1763. In consequence of the revolution, the building was stopt. In 1808, Napoléon determined to change its destina-

tion, and make it a "*temple of glory to the grand army.*" Upon the restoration of the Bourbons, it was dedicated to St. Madeleine, and the work commenced. It was, however, finished by Louis Philippe, to whom Paris owes many of its fine monuments.

CHAPTER XIII.

July 22d.

A most agreeable and polite gentleman, to whom we brought a letter, accompanied us last night to the *Opera Comique*. The Opera was *Haidée*, the music by Auber. Two acts occur on ship-board, and so perfect were all the appointments, we seemed really looking upon a ship. Although the voices were none of them remarkable, yet the *ensemble* produced a fine effect. The acting was admirable. The orchestra, consisting of one hundred musicians, was delightful.

The house is a handsome one. Nearly all the boxes have a small saloon attached, where one can call for ices by ringing a little bell. There is a "Foyer," or large saloon, decorated with Corinthian pillars, and well furnished, where persons promenade between the acts. This is a most charming arrangement. We met there a number of our English acquaintances, who, now that the season in London is over, are coming by hundreds to Paris.

This has been a glorious day. We began it by a walk in the Gardens of the Tuileries, just in front of our hotel. They are of immense size, and laid out by Le Nôtre in the reign of Louis XIV. There are multitudes of trees growing so near each other that not one ray of sunlight invades the

deep shade. There are broad walks and lovely flower parterres, great circular basins from whose centre spring up shining pillars of water. There are fine statues and antiques and vases. Every portion of the ground is filled, and perfect taste and harmony prevail in all the arrangements of fountains, of flower-beds and of statuary. These gardens are directly in front of the Palace of the Tuileries, and are open to all the world. They are constantly filled. There are children with their nurses, young women and old ones with their pet dogs carefully muzzled, well-dressed ladies, and dandified-looking men, small soldiers and tall grenadiers. Chairs are placed under the trees, and rented for a few sous. Thus many poor working-women spend all the day here, embroidering or knitting. The open air seems the special delight of the French people. Oh! how enjoyable are these public gardens, free alike to the rich and the poor.

From the Gardens of the Tuileries we passed on to *La Place de la Concorde*, once called *Place de la Revolution*, where the lovely Marie Antoinette perished by the guillotine—where Louis XVI., Madame Elizabeth, and many of the nobles of France met the fate of the hapless queen. Swiftly through my mind were wafted the scenes of those terrible days. But now, how magnificent is the view! The wide world has not, I am sure, its equal. On every side splendid monuments meet the eyes: the noble Palace of the Kings, to the east, rising above the groves of the garden; on the west the Champs Elysées, and beyond them the graceful outline of the Triumphal Arch. Terminating the *Rue Royale* was the classic and majestic Madeleine, while across the River Seine the marble palace, called the Chamber of Deputies, was visible.

In the centre of “*La Place de la Concorde*” is the grand obelisk of Luxor. It is of red granite, and was brought from

Egypt during the reign of Louis Philippe. It stood before the Temple at Thebes, where it was placed fifteen hundred and fifty years before the birth of our Saviour, by the great Sesostris. The difficulty and expense of fetching it to France were incredible. "Cleopatra's Needle" was also given to the French Government by the Viceroy of Egypt, but it still remains there. The two fountains, dedicated to the sea and river navigation, are of vast circumference. They are surrounded by tritons and nereids, who hold large dolphins, whence gush streams of water, falling in feathery spray. At intervals around the "Place de la Concorde," are figures representing the important cities of France. Then there are columns, and groups of statuary, all uniting to form a picture of unparalleled magnificence.

At the Rond Pont, a fountain just at the beginning of the Champs Elysées, we took a carriage and drove along the avenue of those "Elysian Fields." We passed the Palace of Industry, now rising to its second story. It will be an enormous structure. It is in the midst of a grove. We wandered for some time amid the trees of the Champs Elysées, and then, gradually ascending one mile, we came to the *Arc de Triumphe de l'Etoile*. This is indeed one of the grandest monuments of Paris. It is worthy of Napoléon, who laid the foundation, though it was completed by Louis Philippe. It is a single arch, ninety-six feet in height, while the entire structure rises one hundred and sixty-two feet. The pediment, the frieze, and the panels, are covered by immense figures in *bas relief*, representing great events in the history of France. There is one of War, calling the people to battle; another of Victory, crowning Napoléon; another of Fame, sounding forth his warlike deeds to all nations. Within the arch are recorded all his victories, and the names of his generals. We ascended two hundred and eighty steps to the sum-

mit of the arch, and thence the view was grandly magnificent. Paris was spread out beneath us like a chess-board, with all its columns of triumph, its noble churches, its winding streets, its narrow alleys, the Seine (the shadow of a river), with its bridges, and beyond it the great dome of the Invalids; far away, Montmartre and the City of the Tombs, *Père la Chaise*. Then the forts and encircling walls, along the Champs Elysées, the gay equipages *en route* for the *Bois de Boulogne*.

After leaving the Arch of Triumph, we went to the Chapel of St. Ferdinand, built upon the spot where the Duke of Orleans was killed by a fall from his carriage. It is a small building, very like a mausoleum. The Prince was taken into the house of the grocer Lecordier, where he expired in a few hours. The property was bought by the family, and this chapel erected. Near the altar is a marble group. It represents the Duke just as life is departing, while, kneeling at his head, is an angel, with the hands raised to heaven, and a divine expression of supplication in the beautiful face. This angel was the work of his sister, the Princess Marie, who died some years before her brother. Little did she imagine, when her hands were moulding this figure, that it would give a touching grace to his tomb. In a room near by there are two clocks; one was stopped at the hour he fell, and the other at the moment of his death. On another altar is an exquisite statue of the Virgin and Child, and a Descent from the Cross, by Triqueti. In the rear of the altar is the very room in which he died. There is in it one of the most pathetic pictures I ever beheld. The painting represents the last moments of the Duke. He is lying on the kitchen-floor, his breast uncovered, and the pallor of death stealing over his features. His father and family are kneeling around him, while Marshals Gerard and Soult, and

several others, stand around in deep despair. One figure of the mourning group touched my very heart. It was that of the Queen Amelie. Her face was buried in her handkerchief; but the form, the hands, the attitude, were so precisely like my own dear mother's, I could not restrain my tears. Thus had I seen her, bowed in the anguish of her stricken soul, beside the dying-bed of her own noble and gifted son. In the yard we saw a tree, planted by the Count de Paris. It was brought from Lebanon by the Duke, and is one of the cedars famed in sacred history.

From the *Barrière de l'Etoile* we drove to Neuilly, once the summer-palace of Louis Philippe. It is now an entire ruin, having been destroyed during the revolution which made the Orleans family exiles from their native land. Their dead only remain.

From mournful Neuilly we continued our drive to the Wood of Boulogne. There, amid green avenues and shady walks, we passed some hours. It was a bright afternoon, and thousands of persons were out in handsome equipages, or on horseback. All had a smiling, happy, and contented look, as though the air were champagne, and they had been drinking in deep draughts. There is really a most exhilarating effect in the atmosphere of Paris. One feels so buoyant and gay-spirited—so free from care. Bulwer has said, "There is nothing so contagious as enthusiasm;" well can I paraphrase the expression and exclaim, "There is nothing more contagious than happiness." Thus the sunny light upon every face seemed reflected within our own hearts.

Returning to Paris quite late, we dined with a dear, kind friend at the *Trois Frères*. The dinner was sumptuous and exquisite, the wines delicious, and the fruits most excellent. Thence we went to the *Français* near by (also in the Palais Royal). This theatre has been the scene of the great tri-

umphs of Rachel. In the graceful, elegant, and natural acting of Madeleine Brohan, we ceased to remember the weariness of a long day of "sight-seeing." It was midnight, and the Boulevards were losing their merry throngs, as we passed through them to our hotel.

July 24th.—All this day have we spent in the Louvre. Its architectural beauty is very great, and worthy of the gems it encloses. In historic as well as artistic interest, the Louvre is without a parallel. During the reign of Francis I. this palace was built, from the designs of Pierre Lescot. It was said Titian, the great painter, gave many suggestions to the monarch and to the architect. For centuries it was the home of the sovereigns of France. There lived the cruel Catherine de Medici, and the beautiful Diana de Poitiers, the lovely Mary, queen of Scotland, then the happy wife of the French King. At one of the windows stood Charles IX. during the massacre of St. Bartholomew, when the blood of the Huguenots flowed like a dark stream beneath it. Numberless hands have toiled, and untold wealth has been lavished upon it; but unto the present Emperor, the energetic, the wise, and bold ruler of the nation, has fallen the happy privilege of its completion. It is a gorgeous structure, grand and imposing.

The Museums of the *Antiques* are on the ground-floor. There we saw the Venus de Milo, which, although mutilated, is still of exceeding beauty. It is supposed to be the work of Phidias. Passing through these rooms of the statuary of many countries, we came to the grand marble staircase, and thence proceeded along the Gallery of Apollo, to the square room called, I think, the "Murillo Room," from the masterpiece of that artist. In the centre of the apartment is a large velvet divan. Upon this I seated myself, and was soon lost in the contemplation of that most admirable of all pic-

tures, "The Conception," by Murillo. The Virgin is rising with clasped hands to heaven. The crescent moon is at her feet, while the air around seems filled with angel-children. But, ah ! the loveliness of the face is beyond the words of description. It filled my whole soul with its beauty, touching a chord of memory which vibrated through my heart with a mournful cadence. The face of my child, now among the angels of God, was like this. The picture was brought to France by Marshal Soult, and, although the Spanish Government offered to buy it at any price, it still remains the gem of the gallery.

In this *Salon Carré* are the most rare and precious paintings. "The Marriage of Cana," by Paul Veronese, is magnificent ; it fills an entire side of the room. The "Virgin and Child," by Carlo Dolce, the "Sleeping Venus and Cupid," the paintings of Titian, of Raphael, of Correggio, of Guido René, and of many other of the great masters.

From this room of treasures, we passed into the grand gallery, uniting the Louvre to the Tuileries ; it is more than thirteen hundred feet in length, and is well lighted. The walls are entirely covered with pictures of all centuries since the art was known, until the present time. There are many of Rubens and Rembrandt, of Salvator Rosa and Claude Lorraine ; in truth, the creations of the artists of all nations are here to be seen. There were many artists taking copies of the great pictures, among them were a number of young girls, graceful and pretty. Some were perched midway between the floor and ceiling on large step-ladders, and as we passed, looked down upon us with their loving dark eyes, in a most attractive manner.

There are several large rooms filled entirely with the works of the French masters. David is there in his full perfection ; Napoléon is the presiding genius of all his pictures.

He portrays him always grand, majestic, and unequalled. There were two exquisite pictures of Horace Vernet, "The Departure," and "The Return." The "Psyche" of Gérard was beautiful, so chaste and pure in conception, and perfect in execution.

Paul Delaroche is eminently an historical painter; his picture of the "Death-bed scene of Queen Elizabeth" is very striking, although I preferred the Saint Cecilia playing upon an organ held before her by an angel. The expression of the face is calm and seraphic, and the drapery falls around the form in folds of delicate grace.

Eugene de la Croix is a bold and original artist; his "Cleopatra" is an admirable painting, also his "Dante and Virgil crossing the lake which encircles the Infernal City."

There was a splendid portrait of Napoléon the Great by the Baron Gros; his Battle of Eylau is magnificent. There is a wild, strange story told of the daughter of Baron Gros, who absolutely worshiped the Apollo Belvidere. It was during the period of its sojourn in the gallery of the Louvre. She was a dreamy and enthusiastic girl, and would sit for hours gazing upon the peerless statue, as though she could vitalize that marble bosom by the influence of her own burning and impassioned love. Each day she came with wreaths of flowers, which she laid at its feet. One evening she did not return, and when they sought her, she was leaning against the pedestal, her face hidden by her hands; she made no answer to the repeated calls, and at last, upon touching her, they found her dead; utterly lifeless and cold, as the marble god of her adoration. Years passed by, and her father, honored, rich, and beloved, threw himself into the Seine. Thus madly perished both daughter and father.

"The Wreck of the *Médusa*," by Géricault, is a fearful picture of suffering and despair.

We wandered through gallery after gallery, the ceilings arched and painted in fresco, and perfect treasures of once buried art within them; the Etruscan vases, and adornments, Egyptian, Assyrian, Grecian, and Roman statuettes, images of gods, and objects of *vertú*. In the centre of each room is a railing, and within it an immense vase, either of porcelain or of Sevres china, of malachite, or of lapis lazuli. There are also rooms containing paintings upon china. In the "hall of jewels," are glass vases of precious stones, and the silver and gold cups used by the church even in the time of Charlemagne; then the toilet mirror sent by the republic of Venice to Marie de Medici.

Our friend P., who had so often told me of the glories of the Louvre in our far-away home, was my cicerone to the Imperial Museum, recently established by the order of Louis Napoléon. It contains many articles which were once worn by the different sovereigns; of the great Napoléon there are many relics; his swords, his camp-bed, his writing-desk, his chair, the hat he wore at St. Helena, the cradle of the King of Rome, the handkerchief taken from the death-bed; his shoes, his clothes, his service of silver, used in his campaigns; all these articles are preserved as sacred in glass cases. There were fans of Marie Antoinette, jewels of Marie Louise; indeed some articles of personal use belonging to nearly all the sovereigns of France. But among them all, there was not one relic of the good and gracious Josephine. These treasures of sculpture, of painting, and of art, are open to all strangers; by showing one's passport, free admission is given.

After leaving the Louvre, we went into the "Place du Carrousel," which takes its name from the tournament held here by Louis XIV. in 1662. In the centre is a triumphal arch raised by Napoléon in 1806. It is in imitation of the arch of Septimus Severus at Rome. The bronze horses from

the Piazza of St. Mark, were once placed upon this arch, but restored to Venice by the allies. Within this great square or place, it is said more than one hundred thousand soldiers can manœuvre. It is magnificent; and the vast structure which surrounds this area, seems as impenetrable as a fortress.

The improvements progressing in Paris are wonderful in extent and variety; in almost every direction houses are being torn down to widen the streets; thousands and thousands of men are at work in the employment of the government; they are well-fed, and have no time for revolutions. Never was France more prosperous, and Louis Napoléon will soon be as dear to the French nation as was the great Napoléon. An old countess relating to me the horrors of the republic, the instability of all possessions, and the languor of commerce, exclaimed as though from her soul, "Thank God, the republic has ended, and we now have the strong arm of an Emperor to sustain us." Of course, there are many turbulent spirits still at work, but so truly does Louis Napoléon seem to know the interests of France and to advance them, that he will yet make her the greatest power of Europe.

In the afternoon we visited the "Palais Royal," once the property of Louis Philippe. It was first called the "Palais Cardinal," and was built by Richelieu, and by him given to Louis XIII. Anne of Austria and her infant son Louis XIV. lived there. It came into the hands of the Orleans family through Mademoiselle de Blois, who married the Duke of Orleans; it was given her as a dowry by her father Louis XIV. Philip Egalité changed the vast gardens into shops and cafés. It was for a long period the home of Louis Philippe and his family. The portion called the "Palace" is now occupied by Prince Jerome Bonaparte and his son Prince Napoléon.

The garden of the "Palais Royal" is surrounded by

galleries, and planted with trees; in the centre is a fountain, and many fine statues around it; the houses are all of uniform architecture. There is a broad gallery under the lofty arcades, and from it one looks into shops of glittering brightness, filled with *imitation* jewels so radiant, the true can scarcely be told from the false. Then there are shops where the fruit is piled up into mimic mountains, most luscious and beautiful; then fishes of all descriptions, and giant lobsters, and their miniatures, craw-fish, stupendous crabs, like those seen in the fossil remains of the antediluvian world. Beyond this gallery, hundreds of chairs are placed, and tables, where groups are sitting taking ices or coffee. The band was playing, and crowds of people were thronging in, some to dine, (for in the "Palais Royal" are the most famous restaurants,) some on "pleasure bent," and many to watch the gambols of their children, who were rolling hoops or jumping the rope. There was an air of enjoyment, of self-content about every one, which was delightful.

Galleries roofed over with glass are very numerous. They are well paved with square stones, and have small shops on each side, tended by neatly dressed shopwomen, very smiling and attractive. These galleries are a charming promenade in wet weather, and in winter are warmed, thereby affording comfort to thousands of poor wretches, who are without firewood at home. When all the lamps were lighted the effect was brilliant.

The gardens and the cafés have been for many ages the favorite resort of politicians. The Club of Jacobins were wont to meet here; likewise those of the Girondists, and the Dantonists. We ended our day by a dinner at Very's.

CHAPTER XIV.

July 25th.

WE spent some hours in the grand and magnificent Cathedral of "Notre Dame de Paris," whose history is interwoven with the greatest events of Parisian life, since the days of Julius Cæsar. "The Parisiaci" were supposed to have erected upon this spot an altar to Jupiter, which was cast down by the early Christians in the reign of Valentinian I. St. Stephen built a church here about 365.

Victor Hugo, in his "Notre Dame de Paris," has given an admirable description of the sculptured figures on the Grand Portal. There are two towers of great height. The architecture is Gothic, and its size stupendous. The view upon first entering the Cathedral is surpassingly fine. The vaulted roof is sustained by numerous pillars, and a perfect harmony of effect pervades the whole sanctuary. Beneath the side aisles the ceiling is of azure, studded with golden stars. There are fine paintings and noble statues. Near the grand altar are twelve pictures representing scenes in the life of our Saviour. They are said to be of great value. In front of the altar is a star in the marble pavement. It marks the spot where stood Napoléon and Josephine at their coronation. The walls of "Notre Dame" then

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resounded with the song of triumph, and never before had Paris beheld a spectacle of such matchless splendor. For ten centuries no monarch had ever been crowned by the Pope of Rome. Even Charlemagne went to Rome to receive the crown. But, for Napoléon, (whose will was as resistless as the inevitable,) his Holiness came to Paris. At the same altar too, only a few months ago, was the marriage ceremony of Louis Napoléon and the lovely Eugénie.

In one of the side chapels are preserved the coronation robes of Napoléon the Great, also those worn upon that occasion by the Pope. They showed us likewise the robes and decorations of the Cardinals and Bishops when the body of the Emperor was brought from St. Helena, and laid in the chapel of the "Hôtel des Invalids." They are all of black velvet, most gorgeously embroidered with silver.

Near the Cathedral we were pointed out the site of the Bishop's Palace, which was destroyed in 1848, soon after the mob had murdered the Bishop of Paris in the streets. The "Hôtel Dieu," the most ancient hospital in the city, is just across the river. Philip Augustus endowed this institution, and gave it the name of "House of God."

As we drove away we passed the "Morgue," a dark, plain edifice, near the bank of the Seine. Sad emotions possessed us as we looked upon this dread and last refuge of the guilty, the broken-hearted, and the betrayed. Upon stone tables the bodies are laid, and a small stream of water, like a bright thread, constantly falls upon them. The clothes are hung near them, by which means they are often recognized. There were at our visit three victims to "inexorable fate." One was a woman, whose thin, meagre form told of poverty and despair—another a strong man, with his death-wound upon the broad breast. The other was a youth, with delicate limbs and small hands. All had been

fished out of the Seine that morning, and none had yet come to seek or to claim them. They told me seven or eight were the usual number brought there each day. A feeling of such deep gloom hung around me for hours afterwards, that I truly regretted having made this fearful "Morgue" one of the "sights of Paris."

We crossed the "Pont Neuf," a splendid bridge over the Seine. Upon it is the statue of Henry IV. This statue is deemed the finest in Paris. It is fourteen feet high, and is adorned on the sides of the pedestal with bas reliefs. These portray events in the life of the King. The view of Paris from this bridge is very remarkable. Great stone embankments are built up to the level of the city, between which flows the diminutive river. On each side of the banks are paved "quays." Then in every direction are the "monuments" of the city; the green forests of the Tuileries; the beautiful "Champs Elysées," and the glorious "Place de la Concorde."

The Pont Neuf passes over the end of an island in the Seine, called "Ile de la Cité." This is a quiet, quaint old portion of Paris. Along the quays we drove past the "Halle aux Vins," (the wine market,) where all wines are kept. It is divided into streets, named after the various wines. The buildings are very numerous, and are surrounded by an iron railing, within which are the offices and counting-rooms of the merchants. Beyond these markets we came to the

Jardin des Plantes.—Louis XIII. established this garden, in 1635. It is of vast dimensions, and is planted with trees, in great avenues. There is a "Ménagerie," containing animals from the four quarters of the globe. There are dens for the lions, and other ferocious beasts, small huts for the more gentle species, surrounded with an enclosure of wire, wherein are planted shrubs and trees. There is a large

stone building for the monkeys, with a circular space in front, covered over with a network of wire. Around this hundreds of people (for it was a fête day) were gathered, laughing with delight at the gambols of the monkeys, who went through a variety of curious performances. One more gifted than the rest, after looking very cunningly upon the audience, climbed to the top of the pavilion and rang a bell, whereupon shouts rent the air, and fruit was held out to reward him, when he sprang down and accepted it in a dignified manner.

In a large circular building are the elephants, giraffes, and the enormous hippopotamus from the Nile. Although he was in his bath, he came forth at the call of the keeper, and displayed himself to us. There were several majestic lions and lionesses, many fearful-looking tigers and hyenas, South and North American eagles, gentle gazelles, and timid deer. Of birds, there were endless varieties—of snakes, of turtles and tortoise. In a deep pit, surmounted by an iron railing, were polar bears, pacing to and fro incessantly; they seemed less content than the other animals. In a small enclosure, overshadowed by noble trees, were a number of ostriches, seemingly as content as though in their own sandy deserts.

The Botanical Gardens are exceedingly fine, and the conservatories of vast dimensions, and filled with exquisite tropical flowers and plants; among them the palm trees, as luxuriant as those of Cuba.

We merely glanced at the Gallery of Comparative Anatomy, rendered so celebrated by the labor of Cuvier, then on through the rooms with the preserved specimens of zoölogy, to those containing the specimens of mineralogy and geology. The quartz crystal, presented by Napoléon, while he was with the army in Italy, is beautiful.

The Library is very extensive and rich, not only in books, but in original drawings upon vellum.

After seeing all the wonders of the gardens, we walked for some time beneath the great avenues, and lingered near the "Cedar of Lebanon," which was planted here in 1734. It has great wide-spreading branches, making a deep shade beneath them.

At night we went to a concert at the "Jardin d'Hiver," (the Winter Garden.) This is an immense structure of glass and iron, most tastefully arranged. There is a perfect forest of tropical trees and flowers. Large orange trees, in full blossom, gave out a delicious perfume, while the broad-leaved banana, the cactus, the yucca, and the palm tree, were greenly luxuriant. There were grottoes, and fountains, cool lakelets, and aviaries filled with bright-hued birds. Where wood-work was necessary in the formation of the building, it was hidden by giant mirrors, whose frames were covered by creeping plants. Throughout the garden, there was a soft, subdued light, though the concert-room was blazing with multitudes of fantastically-shaped gas-burners.

The music was not very charming, so we preferred wandering amid the rich and rare exotics.

July 26th.—At early morning we entered the "city of the dead," *Père la Chaise*, with its streets, squares, and avenues. For one mile ere we reached it, the way was lined on either side by shops, with wreaths of "Immortelles," and small plaster figures to place on the tombs. The cemetery takes its name from *Père la Chaise*, who was Confessor to Louis XIV., and occupied a religious house of the Jesuits, built upon the summit of the hill. By the order of Napoléon it was converted into a burial-place, and the grounds laid out by Brongniart. It is planted with cypress trees, and flowering shrubs. Many of the tombs are like miniature

chapels. There are altars, and within them paintings, lamps, and sacred relics. A grated door reveals the interior. Then there are obelisks, urns, columns, mausoleums, and temples. An iron railing encircles them, wherein are growing beautiful flowers.

Leaving the principal avenue, we came to the tomb of "Abélard and Heloise," formed out of the ruins of the "Abbey Paraclete," where Abélard was abbot. It is an arched roof, sustained by pillars. Under it the forms of the two lovers are lying, side by side, more happy in that sculptured repose, than in their burning and tumultuous life. Wreaths and flowers were in abundance upon their resting-place. How truly does this manifest that love, of all passions, awakens the deepest sympathy in every heart, and is thus held sacred through all the "changes and chances of time."

A long walk, almost like a gallery of statuary, contains the monuments of Napoléon's brave generals—Cambeceres, Massena, Suchet, Junot, Decres, Monge, Foy, Le Febvre; but for the gallant and ill-fated Ney there was no urn or column to mark *his* resting-place on earth,—the spot is enclosed, and a few flowers are blooming within it.

Passing on, we came to the tombs of La Fontaine and of Molière, then of Talma, of Racine, of Mme. de Genlis, of Bellini, of Casimir Perier, and of Bernardin St. Pierre. At every step we looked upon the tomb of some poet, warrior, orator, or historian. There is a magnificent mausoleum of the Princess Demidoff. Although so grand, it had a lonely look about it, for not one wreath or flower was placed upon the marble columns.

We were especially interested in a nameless monument, of faultless grace and execution. Around it was an exquisite little garden of rare flowers, and wreaths and crowns

of *immortelles* were hanging within it. Whose was it? None could tell. No name revealed who slept beneath. The flowers were tended, and the wreaths brought there by the gardener, who was liberally paid for his services.

From the summit of the hill, near the chapel, is a glorious view of Paris, with its domes, its spires, its arches, its columns of triumph, stretching far away, till lost in the dim distance.

From the gorgeous monuments of the rich, the gifted, and the noble, we came to the burial-place of the poor. It was on the side of the hill, and so thronged was this last resting-place, that only a few inches were permitted between each grave. Here I was far more touched by the simple memorials of affection, than amid the almost regal magnificence above. There was one grave of a child; the little marble slab, containing its name, was covered with a glass case, as though the fond mother would guard her darling's tomb even from the dews of heaven. Within that glass enclosure were many of its play-things and toys. These were the parent's most cherished relics, and as such she had placed them there. Fast fell my tears as I looked upon it, and memory wandered to that far-distant land, where sleep my own precious treasures, in the cold security of the grave.

To the French may well be awarded the honor of being the first to embellish and idealize, with beautiful tokens of love, the place where the "wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." Although "Père la Chaise" is rich in mausoleums, in obelisks, and grand columns, it has not the beauty of "Mount Auburn" or of "Greenwood." There are no deep woods, where the mourner can seek the luxury of solitary grief; no quiet dells, where the troubled spirit can sigh to rest forever. These, and many other charms of nature, both "Greenwood" and "Mount Auburn" possess,

but in this "Necropolis" are the pride and the glory of the world, lingering even in the "valley of death."

The long visit to "Père la Chaise" rendered me quite unsuited to the gay tumult of Paris life, so we spent the evening quietly and sadly in our own apartments.

"Ever and anon, of griefs subdued
There comes a token"—

and to-night, the fountain of sorrow is welling up its bitter waters; wave after wave of anguish is sweeping over my soul.

'Grief treads heavily, and leaves behind
A deep impression, e'en when it departs;
While joy trips by, with steps as light as wind,
And scarcely makes one trace upon our hearts."

We went this morning to the "Hôtel de Cluny," and the "Musée des Thermes," which are now united into one institution. The "Palais des Thermes" was once the residence of the Emperor Julian, and the "Hôtel de Cluny" was built near it, by an abbot of that name, in 1480. It has been variously occupied, once by King James, of Scotland, then by the Cardinal of Lorraine. Afterwards a troupe of comedians purchased it. Marat held his meetings there; and at last it became the property of Sommerard, an enthusiastic antiquarian, who formed a valuable collection of the objects of art in the middle ages. The government bought it from his heirs, and made it a "Museum of National Antiquities." There were wonderful curiosities in elaborate carving, of ebony: The buffets and wardrobes were numerous, and most exquisitely wrought. Many articles of furniture, used in those ages, have been gathered here. We saw the bed of Francis I. It is not a repose-inviting couch. Then we also saw the beds of many great cardinals, and of

princes. There are paintings, religious ornaments, and tapestry portraying the history of David and Bathsheba; also many objects belonging to the toilette. Under the "Palais des Thermes," is the oldest monument of Paris. It is the "*frigidarium*," or the chamber for the cold baths. There is a curious chapel in the Hotel of Cluny. The ceiling is sustained by a round pillar. Crosses and altar pieces are seen there.

From this turreted old building we drove to *La Bourse*. This is a magnificent edifice for the meeting of merchants, and for the transactions in the funds. It is almost square, and is entirely surrounded by Corinthian columns. The "Salle de la Bourse" is an immense room; the stockbrokers and merchants assemble there. We went up in the gallery above, and looked down upon the vast throng. Every one seemed to be speaking and gesticulating at once, and the roar of the voices in that vaulted room was like the rushing sound of some great cataract. Far beyond "La Bourse" we heard it. Fortunes are made and lost within its walls. When the affairs of the day are ended, the result is struck off, and men walk through the streets, screaming out "Cours de la Bourse," "Cours de la Bourse."

CHAPTER XV.

FROM the noisy and tumultuous "Bourse," we passed over the Seine to the Palace of the Luxembourg, which bears upon a marble tablet this inscription: "*Palais de la Chambre des Pairs.*"

The Luxembourg was built by the orders of Marie de Medici, to resemble as much as possible the Pitti Palace of her native Florence. It is a noble and magnificent edifice and rich within from its picture-galleries, its statues, and its frescoes. The rooms are lofty and gorgeously gilded specimens of the "Renaissance" style. Rubens painted scenes descriptive of the entire life of Marie de Medici, at least of her life of triumph; (for the last closing scene, in the dim, dark garret, is not recorded.) These pictures, however, were removed to the Louvre. But in the bedchamber of Marie de Medici, there is a painting upon the ceiling by Rubens, of the Queen. This chamber is superbly decorated. Near it is a chapel, remarkable only for a statue of Fénélon.

The "Salle de Séances," or the Chamber of Peers, (when France possessed them) is a splendid room. The galleries of pictures of the modern school, by Vernet, by Delaroche, by Roqueplan, and others, are effective and brilliant. Those of Vernet revel in all the glories of the campaigns of Napo-

l on. An admirable writer has styled his era the "Modern Iliad."

The Luxembourg awakened many historical memories, most pleasant to dwell upon. It was there the brave Mme. Roland uttered many a solemn truth; there Mme. Tallien, in whose faultless form and face neither sculptor nor painter could find one defect, was wont to hold her court; and Mme. Josephine de Beauharnais often wandered amid these lovely gardens, where the fountains threw up sparkling columns, and the graceful statues seem to play "hide and seek" amid the luxuriant trees.

From the Luxembourg we went to the Panth on. This building was intended to be a kind of "Westminster Abbey," a place for the burial of the illustrious dead; hence the inscription, beneath the figure of France, "A grateful Country to its Great Men." The interior is very fine. The dome was painted by Baron Gros. It represents the monarchs of France rendering homage to Saint Genevieve, the patron saint of Paris. In the crypt, or vaults beneath, are the tombs of *Voltaire* and *Rousseau*, and of many other distinguished men.

In our drives we often passed the tower of "St. Jacques de la Boncherie." Upon that spot there was once a church of the same name. It was destroyed in the days of the revolution. The tower is very high, and of elegant proportions. Not far from this relic of Gothic architecture, is the H tel de Ville. This is the Mansion House, or Municipal Hall of Paris, where the "Prefect de la Seine" resides, and where the authorities give their grand entertainments. It is upon the "Place de la Gi ve," famous in the "Reign of Terror" for the cruel murders committed there.

The "H tel de Ville" is a large building with towers and turrets; the exterior is not striking, but the interior is

splendid. There are several courts, or vestibules; that of Louis XIV. is magnificent. The staircases are of marble, and many of the rooms are exceedingly gorgeous—above all, the ball-room; it has Corinthian pillars, with gilt capitals and cornices; the ceiling is painted in fresco, and the furniture is exceedingly rich. Then the “Throne-Room” is immense, and superbly decorated; there Robespierre held his court, and at one of its windows the good La Fayette presented Louis Philippe to the people in 1830. Poor Louis XVI., too, was compelled to appear at another window with a liberty cap upon his head, in the days of the Revolution. Thus this noble apartment may be styled “The Historical Chamber.” There are a great number of rooms, all spacious, and ornamented with paintings, rich hangings, and statuary.

Among the many delightful “specialités” of Paris is the Flower-Market, in the Place de la Madeleine, just near the noble church. In our walks and drives, we often stopped to admire the variety of flowers. The merchants were all women, seated near their fragrant wealth, and urging every one to buy. There were quantities of flowers growing in jars and vases, and multitudes of bouquets, which the vendors were twining and tying up most tastefully.

The *finale* of our day was a visit, with a party of friends, to the Opera Comique, to hear “L’Ambassadrice.” Caroline Duprès sustained the principal rôle. She has a sweet though not a powerful voice. But the *mise en scene*, the appointments of the piece, were admirable. The instant the curtain falls, numerous criers of the evening journals scream out in the most ear-piercing tones, “La Presse!” “La Patrie!” “L’Entre-Acte.” Those who remain in their seats purchase a paper, and quietly read it. The others seek the “Foyer,” where they meet groups of friends, eat ices, or drink *eau sucrés*, until the warning bell recalls them to the music.

There they seem perfectly absorbed in it; for not a whisper is heard during the performance.

July 27th.—We spent some hours of the morning in the Palace of the Tuileries, which was begun by Catherine de Medici, in 1564, but never completed, in consequence of the prediction of an astrologer, who bade her “Beware of that portion of Paris.”

Henry IV. continued the building. All the kings who came after him made additions and improvements. During the Revolution fearful scenes were enacted there. The Palace is more remarkable for its great length and breadth, than for any peculiar architectural beauty. The roofs and chimneys are very high.

We entered by the Pavilion of Flora, and passed entirely through the various saloons and private apartments. There were many fine paintings of the modern style, curious ornaments, mosaic tables, immense clocks, lustres of rock-crystal, and exquisite vases of Sevres china. The “Pavilion de l’Horloge” is exceedingly spacious. Within it is the *Salle des Marechaux*. From this we came to the “Gallery of Louis Philippe,” which is used as a ball-room. It is very elegant, and gorgeously furnished. The mirrors are of wondrous size. There is a handsome theatre in the Palace. The “throne room” is hung with crimson and gold, and contains many trophies and fine pictures. The view of the gardens of the Tuileries from the front windows of the Palace is charming. A broad avenue leads up to the *Place de la Concorde*, while lovely parterres of flowers are directly in front. On every side are groups of statuary, in bronze and in marble. Many of them are copies of the world-renowned creations of the old sculptors. The grounds are divided from the *Rue Rivoli* by an iron railing. As we lived near the Tuileries, I went every day to walk in the beautiful

gardens. It was a delight to watch the throng of happy children, playing beneath the leafy shades. From early morning until the night came, there was always a crowd.

From the "Palace of the Kings" we drove to the "Hôtel des Invalides," where we saw multitudes of war-worn veterans seated on the long stone benches in the terrace, near which were the cannon taken in battle. This admirable institution was founded by Louis XIV., in 1670. It is of vast length, and covers many acres of ground. A one-armed soldier was our guide through the Hôtel. In the Library we saw the painting of "Napoléon crossing the Mont St. Bernard." It is a splendid picture, awakening emotions of intense admiration for the heroic general.

As we had a special permission, we were enabled to visit the Tomb of Napoléon. This is immediately under the great dome. It is a crypt, in which will be placed the sarcophagus containing his body. The crypt is circular, with a gallery surrounding it, paved with marble. There are twelve colossal *Caryatides*, which support it. They represent War, the Arts and Sciences, and Legislation. Directly around the tomb of red porphyry are *bas reliefs*, portraying the most important events in the life of the Emperor. Just beyond this is a magnificent altar of black marble. Then comes the church, filled with the banners taken from the enemy. There are also within it many monuments.

We passed around the gallery overlooking the porphyry sarcophagus, until we came to a small grated door, where an old maimed soldier was standing. Upon raising a curtain we saw a dimly-lighted room, in whose centre was the coffin containing the body of Napoléon. It was covered by a black velvet pall, upon which were placed his sword and hat; around the walls hung many other articles made sacred from once having been his. The remains are kept here,

and carefully guarded by his old soldiers, until the tomb shall be finished. No Roman Emperor had ever a more magnificent sepulchre; it will be worthy of the great Napoléon, and equal to the adoration with which the French nation regard this wonderful man. The old veteran told us he had been with the Emperor in nearly all his battles. In one he had lost a leg, in another an arm. How radiant grew his aged face as he related some of the thrilling scenes of those days.

From the "Hôtel des Invalides," we drove to the "Place de la Bastille." Upon the site of that awe-inspiring prison has arisen the "Column of July," erected by Louis Philippe to the memory of those who fell during the three days of July, 1830. Its height is about a hundred and sixty feet; upon the summit is a gilt globe, and on it stands a most graceful figure with wings expanded, a torch in one hand, and a broken chain in the other. It represents the "Genius of Liberty;" the broken chain is symbolic of the destruction of tyranny, and the torch signifies "light to the whole world."

As it was a fête day, we went down to Saint Cloud, by the railway, and spent a few hours amid the beautiful grounds which encircle this delightful palace. Its situation is charming, on a high hill, overlooking Paris, and the surrounding country, for many miles. It was the much-loved residence of Josephine, also of the ill-fated Marie Antoinette. It was there Henry III. was killed by Clement in 1589. Various historical events of importance have occurred within its walls. The crowd was immense; the avenues and walks were filled with a happy, merry people: they seemed charmed with trifles, and in ecstasies with a party of tumblers, who had improvised a theatre beneath the lofty trees.

Returning to Paris, we dined at the Maison Dorée, in

the Boulevard des Italiens. This is a most gorgeously decorated restaurant. Our dinner was the perfection of the French *cuisine*. After it we had a long walk upon the Champs Elysées, which were brilliant with the splendid equipages of the nobility, and the gay toilettes of the women. It is impossible to imagine a more bright and joyous scene, than these promenades of a Sunday or of a fête day. We lingered until deep night, but there was no darkness, the illuminations were so numerous, all was so radiant with light. There were theatres *al fresco*, where the singers were rendering the music of the opera; then a kind of giant windmill or *merry-go-round*, where persons were seated in cars, and many riding wooden horses; they were whirling round and round at a furious pace, seemingly as much enchanted as though mounted upon an Arabian steed. There were, too, impromptu ball-rooms, and concert-rooms; panoramas of great battles, and restaurants "as thick as the leaves in Vallambrosa." The general enjoyment was so contagious, I found myself laughing as merrily as the crowd, at the performance of a clown on the little stage just in front of us.

Paris is certainly wonderful, and mirth-provoking; it is entirely *unique*, and every inhabitant is a study. Not far from us were seated two workmen by a little table, upon which was placed a piece of dark bread, and a bottle of claret; there was such an air of self-content about them, that we watched their movements; no Emperor of Rome could have appeared more satisfied with existence than these two laborers. When they had finished their repast, one called for his bill with a loud voice, and opening a package, took out a few *sous*, and paid them to the waiter; then lighted his pipe and walked away with the look of most entire happiness.

Beyond the gay tumult of the Champs Elysées (which

is particularly great near the avenues), there are more quiet and lovely walks, where one never meets a throng. Gardens and lofty trees, and open squares, with a rich greensward—elegant houses and arbors 'mid the clustering vines, “invite a long delay.” The delicious fountains of the “Rond Pont” were throwing up their sparkling waters as we passed into the “Place de la Concorde.” I never crossed it, and looked upon its splendor, that the thought of Marie Antoinette did not come between me and its brightness, and Charlotte Corday too, that brave enthusiast, was often in my mind.

Now, we have passed through the gardens of the Tuileries, and are once more in our own parlor, not to rest, but to prepare for a “pleasure trip” through Belgium, and up the Rhine. We have been near two weeks in Paris. As those persons to whom we brought letters were absent from the city, at their chateaux, or at the watering places, we determined to devote our time to seeing all the monuments of Paris—to visiting the galleries, gardens, and theatres. Incessantly have we been occupied—delightfully so, however. At dawn we shall away to other scenes of interest, and as the numerous clocks (every room has one) have long ago chimed out the midnight, I must throw aside my pen, and seek a short repose.

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CHAPTER XVI.

BRUSSELS, *August 1st.*

AT six we left Paris. The morning was serenely bright, and the country through which we passed, fertile and flourishing. We soon came to Pontoise, where *Blanche*, of *Castile*, was buried in 1252; then to *Ile Adam*, famed as the dwelling-place of the *Fleur de Marie* of the "Mysteries of Paris." After entering the valley of the Oise, we saw the long village of *Champagne*, a name so well known to the entire world from its wine. The vines are suffered to climb up the trees; thence they wave in great festoons. They are not clipt as in all the other vineyards of the valley. Next we saw *Creil*, which once contained the prison of Charles VI., and *Clermont*, with its church, built in the tenth century; then *Amiens*, with its grand old cathedral, and its memories of the "Peace of Amiens;" and successively *Arras*, the birth-place of Robespierre; *Douai*, with its immense church and lofty tower; *Valenciennes*, celebrated for its exquisite lace; *Lille*, renowned for its *Palace of Richebourg*, built in 1430; and *Tournay*, for its ancient cathedral. There we crossed the Scheldt, and by five o'clock were at Brussels, in most delightful apartments in the "Belle Vue."

As soon as we dined we walked out to see the city, which is really worthy of being called "a second Paris"—a minia-

ture resemblance of the enchanting original. The houses are built in the same style. The elegant shops are furnished alike, and the French language spoken every where, although Flemish is the native tongue.

The Park is a lovely spot, shaded by immense trees, said to be a portion of the virgin forest. There are avenues and green banks of turf—sheltered walks and fountains. A band of music was playing in a pavilion, and throngs of gayly drest women and robust-looking men were sauntering beneath the “leafy shades.”

The “Hotel de Ville” is a fine specimen of the Gothic architecture. The statue of the bold crusader, Godfrey de Bouillon, ornaments the “Place Royale.” The “Hall of Deputies” has a great staircase of Belgian marble, and a handsome saloon for the meetings of the Representatives. The “King’s Palace” is a spacious building, superbly furnished. We found our promenade so agreeable, that dark night was around us, ere we returned to our hotel.

At the Inn, on the Field of Waterloo, August 2d.—In the early morning light we left Brussels, and drove rapidly in a stage-coach along the highway made by Napoléon. We passed the forest of Soignés, and were soon accompanied by an escort of beggars, who, to attract our special attention, made wheels of their hands and feet, and rolled around like a velocipede. We were thus followed when in motion, but at the stopping places a circle of frightful objects, “lame, maimed, and blind,” beset us with their pitiable entreaties for charity.

Once upon the “Field of Waterloo,” we could not escape a horde of guides, English and French. The former insisted they alone could give a true history of the battle, while the latter protested the English were too boastful to do justice to the great Emperor. They almost came to blows who

should possess our important patronage. We were absolutely compelled to compromise the matter by taking *two*, thus hearing the version of each side.

The plain is very level, and is covered with rich, waving fields of grain. The growth of wheat, the guide told me, was particularly luxuriant over the places where the bodies of the soldiers were buried. The "Chateau of Hougoumont" still remains in a shattered condition, and the farm of "La Haye Sainte." Several other houses, bearing the impress of the bullets, are yet preserved. The mound of the "Belgic Lion" is a pyramid of earth raised over the remains of friends and foes. It is about two hundred feet high, and has a flight of steps leading to the summit, upon which is placed an enormous lion.

After walking for several miles over the fields, and listening to the description of the battle from both guides, of which we must confess we understood but little, not being especially versed in military tactics, we sought the shelter of a small dwelling, wherein the owner had gathered many relics of the fight. In the quiet little porch, shaded by rose-vines and fragrant honeysuckles, I am now writing, while the rest of the party are examining rusty swords and death-dealing bullets. It was a balmy, delicious day, and the wind came over the fields of grain, giving them the undulating wave of the great ocean. A deep calmness and silence prevailed.

"Gentle nature still pursued
Her quiet course, as if she took no care
For what her noblest work had suffered there."

As soon as the carriage came, and our purchases of eagles buttons, and other relics from the venders, who clustered around us like bees, were completed, we left the battle-field attended by the same human whirligigs, and entreated

wherever we changed horses, by the same plaintive voices, "For the love of the blessed Virgin, charity." Returning to Brussels, we dined at a most sumptuous table d'hôte at the *Belle Vue*, and then proceeded to the church of Saint Gudule, built in 1435. The painted glass of the windows is very beautiful. Several are by *Weyde*, done in the *sixteenth century*. There are monuments, paintings on canvas, and tapestry, woven most exquisitely. The pulpit is a great curiosity. It is entirely of oak, carved in an elaborate manner. It is sustained by the figures of Adam and Eve, and the angel with the flaming sword. The serpent supports the canopy, while above its head is the Virgin Mary, holding the infant Christ, and bruising the serpent's head with the cross.

We visited several galleries of pictures, where we saw many fine paintings by Rubens, Rembrandt, and Jan Steen. In a private palace belonging to one of the descendants of the Spanish Princes, we were delighted with a Murillo, rich, and glowing with the peculiar light he ever throws around his pictures. Then there was an admirable Velasquez. The walls of some of the rooms were covered with Spanish leather, gorgeously gilt. Nearly all the windows upon the streets have small mirrors hanging out. They are so arranged that those within can see reflected all passing without, while they are perfectly invisible. The library founded by the Duke of Burgundy contains manuscripts of great value.

In the Palace of Justice we saw the room where Charles the Fifth abdicated in favor of Philip the Second; and, crossing the square, we looked upon the spot where Horn and Egmont were beheaded by the cruel Duke of Alba.

We next visited the manufactory of lace, for which Brussels is so remarkable. It is made in large rooms by the hands of women, who form each sprig, tendril, bud, and leaf separately, and then they are sewed on to the plain net,

In one room there were about twenty females, with large cushions on their knees, over which they were bending. Upon these were multitudes of small needles, to which they fastened the thread, as they wove it into leaves or flowers. It is a most difficult and tedious labor, excessively painful from the constrained attitude the women are compelled to maintain. Poor creatures, how we pitied them! They all had an unhealthy, pallid appearance. In the show-room we saw some wonders of delicate workmanship. One *founce* alone was worth one thousand dollars, and a *bridal veil* was valued at fifteen hundred. As I looked at the beautiful tracery upon the lace, like the spider's web when the morning dew has left its embroidery of minute pearls, I thought of the weary fingers and the aching eyes which had toiled over it.

From the manufactory we drove to the "Allée Verte," a most delightful road, very wide, with large trees overhanging it with their spreading branches. It runs just along the bank of the canal which leads to Meeklin. This is the "Hyde Park" or "Bois de Boulogne" of Brussels, where all the fashion of the Belgian capital take their evening drives. This charming "Allée Verte" was spared by Marshal Saxe when he besieged the city in 1746. The women of Brussels all joined in supplications that it might not be destroyed, and Saxe most gallantly granted their request. Rarely have I spent two more enchanting hours than during our pleasant drive. As we were returning we passed the Botanic Gardens. They are extensive and tastefully arranged. At night the Park was illuminated for some fête, and a merry crowd filled it until a late hour.

August 3d.—At dawn we were up and away for Cologne. As we drove to the station we saw the house where the Duchess of Richmond gave her grand ball on the eve of the

Battle of Waterloo. Wellington and many of his officers were present. What a contrast was the succeeding night of carnage and death!

A few miles from Brussels we passed the Palace of Laeken. The gardens and parks are of vast extent. In the cemetery of Laeken, Madame Malibran is buried. Her body was brought from Manchester. There is on the tomb, or near it, a marble statue of her.

The first important town near which the railway passed after leaving Brussels was Malines, or Meeklin. It has many historical associations, as there Charles the Bold founded the Imperial Chamber in 1473. But a more touching interest lingers about it from Bulwer's "Story of the Heart." Malines was the home of the faithful Lucille.

At Fesche we were drawn up by a stationary engine to the summit of a hill, whence we had a most exquisite view. The valley of the Mense is exceedingly picturesque, and the city of Liege, with its cupolas, domes, and towers, presents a fine picture of commerce and prosperity. In Liege, Walter Scott lays the scenes of *Quentin Durward*. It appears to be a great manufacturing town.

From thence we passed many flourishing villages, and stopped at *Aix-la-Chapelle*, in Prussia, the birth-place of Charlemagne, and also containing his tomb. It is celebrated for its springs, and crowds flock thither each year. The Cathedral has many precious relics, which are exhibited only once in seven years, when pilgrims by thousands assemble to look upon them. Among the most sacred are a lock of the Virgin's hair, and a nail from the true cross.

The railway continues through a fertile country, passing many tunnels cut through the hills. About five we reached Cologne, or *Köln*, a fortified city on the Rhine. We drove through the narrow streets to the *Hotel Disch*, a splendid

hotel. We did not tarry long within it, however, but started out to see the Dom Kirche, or Cathedral, which was commenced in 1248, and is not yet completed. It was intended to be the grandest of churches. The plan is admirable and majestic, but the ruined state it now presents is quite mournful. The stained glass windows are beautiful. There are several monuments and paintings; but the glory of all is the choir, of immense height, with pillars and arches so far above one, they seem like the branches of great trees interlaced. The sacristan showed us the shrine of the "Three Kings of Cologne," or the Magi, who presented the offerings to the infant Saviour. Their skulls are preserved in cases, and each has the name inscribed upon it. The Emperor Frederick Barbarossa gave them to Cologne, and this Cathedral was built to contain them.

The Church of "St. Ursula and of the Eleven Thousand Virgins," who, returning from a pilgrimage to Rome to their native Brittany, were murdered at Cologne by the Huns, is a curious old place, filled with bones. They meet the eye in all directions. There are many other churches with valuable paintings and relics.

Cologne is of great antiquity. It was built upon the site of the Roman camp of "Marcus Agrippa." The mother of Nero was born there in the tent of her father Germanicus. When she became Empress she sent a colony thither, who called the city "Colonia Agrippina." Between the twelfth and fifteenth centuries Cologne was styled the "Rome of the North." Caxton lived there in 1470, and learned the art of printing. The "Cologne Water" of "Jean Farina" is known to the whole world; there are, at least, forty houses all claiming to be the "Original Manufactory." The Mumm Champagne is also made here, and just *vis-à-vis* to my window is

an immense building containing thousands and thousands of bottles.

The river is crossed here by a bridge of boats, as no other can resist the rapidity of the current.

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CHAPTER XVII.

August 4th.

At six we were on board the little steamer *König*; the river—the Rhine—was broad, swift, and deep; thus we slowly ascended the “legendary stream.” It was not until the “*Siebengebirge*” or Seven Mountains rose to view, that the glories of the Rhine were revealed in all their matchless grandeur. No description I have ever read approaches the reality, save the verses of the most impassioned of poets. How wonderfully, how truthfully, has Byron pictured in glowing words the beauty of scenery which meets the eye on every side. First :

“The castled crag of *Drachenfels*
Frowns o’er the wide and winding Rhine
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine.
And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scattered cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine.”

Then comes the ruined tower of *Rolandseck*, crowning the summit of a lofty mountain; just below is the Island of *Nonnenwarth*, with its convent half hidden amid the trees. Faithful love has consecrated these ruins, and through long

centuries has preserved, fresh and pure, its touching legend of the noble knight, who, returning to claim his promised bride, finds her the inmate of the island convent. False tidings of his death had reached her, and in despair she had cast herself within this living tomb. She was lost to him for ever; and he built the tower from whence he could look down upon the green isle: gazing upon those white walls, which enshrined all that life possessed most dear to him, he spent the weary years, till death summoned him away.

After passing the Drachenfels, the river spreads out into a lake, entirely bounded every where by mountains and hills. But a sudden turn brought us around a rocky parapet, and onward

“The noble river foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round.”

The Gothic church and convent of Apollinarisburg came next in the moving panorama, and the basaltic rocks rising abruptly from the river many hundred feet. They bear the impress of volcanic origin, and are dark and stern; but even to their summit, amid the crevices, are placed baskets containing earth, in which the vines are planted. As they require infinite care and attention, those who tend them are compelled to climb upon long ladders from cliff to cliff; we saw the peasants thus engaged, hanging, as it were, over the water. Upon a high rock were the *Ruins of Hammerstein*, the refuge of the Emperor Henry IV. in 1105, and not far distant the towers of *Andernach* and the village of Namedy, with its green lanes, near the rushing river. Then came a gently undulating country until we reached the “Banks of the Blue Moselle,” which flows into the Rhine at Coblenz, (the Confluentes of the Romans,) a handsome walled city of

great antiquity, where the grandsons of Charlemagne, assembled to divide his mighty empire into France, Germany, and Italy. A bridge of boats unites it to *Ehrenbreitstein*, "the Gibraltar of the Rhine." Dark and massive arose the towers of this magnificent fortress; it was a castle built by the Romans, and in later days often besieged by the French, who finally conquered it in 1799, after starvation had forced a capitulation. They blew up the fortifications, but since that period, the Prussians have rebuilt it stronger than before. Of its ruined state, Byron writes most exquisitely :

"Ehrenbreitstein with her shattered wall
Black with the miner's blast upon her height,
Yet shows of what she was, when shells and ball
Rebounding idly on her strength did light.
A tower of victory! from whence the flight
Of baffled foes was watched along the plain;
But peace destroyed what war could never blight,
And laid those proud walls bare to summer's rain,
On which the iron shower had poured in vain."

The fortress was never destroyed until after the peace of Luneville.

Ehrenbreitstein signifies "honor's broad stone," which has been so often bathed in the warm life-blood of noble hearts. Long we gazed upon the impregnable fortress, and fully realized Bulwer's description: "Still, as we look on that lofty rock, we recall the famine and the siege; and own that the more daring crimes of men have a strange privilege in hallowing the very spot which they devastated."

After leaving Coblenz, we seemed to enter a region of enchantment; every mountain-top was crowned with a picturesque ruin, rendered sacred by some wild legend of the past, or some memory of the chivalric age. It was as though we were "passing back adown the river of time," and every

steep rock and gray tower had its own thrilling history. I drew away from the crowd, and, seated upon the prow of the steamer, gave up my soul to enthusiastic enjoyment of the scene. As mountain, castle, village, and vineyard glided past me, I lovingly gazed upon them, as though they were beautiful pictures whose remembrance I would fain stamp upon my mind for ever.

“And if reluctantly the eyes resign
Their cherished gaze upon thee, lovely Rhine,
’Tis with the thankful glance of parting praise.”

Not far above Coblenz is the Castle of Stolzenfels, (the proud rock.) It is one of the oldest feudal fortresses; built by the Archbishop of Treves, and occupied in 1235, by the bride of Frederick II. It has been entirely restored by the King of Prussia, (for after its capture by the French it was left in ruins,) and was used in 1845, as the reception castle for Queen Victoria, when she ascended the “King Rhine,” as the Germans often call this river. Then came the islands of Oberwerth and Hocheim, where grow the *ruby grape* from whose juice is made the famous wine *Hocheimer*. Next, on a lofty parapet of rock, was the tower of Marksburg. This castle is remarkable, as being the only one preserved from destruction, and still revealing all the horrors of terrible dungeons cut in the living rock, of chambers of torture, and of the “*Hundloch*,” where the victim was cast upon sharp swords and pikes. The mountains are covered to the very summit with vineyards; at intervals there are fields of grain of a golden hue, making a rich contrast with the deep green of the vine.

At Boppard, an old town built by the Romans, there are many relics of the ancient kings. I sought eagerly for the “Star Inn,” which is spoken of in “Hyperion,” and fancied

I saw the "fair boatwoman" sitting upon its steps. Not far above this old town are two mountain peaks, with their "traditionary castles" of *Liebenstein* and *Sternsfels*. The ruins are massive and grand, and the "Legend of the Brothers," so eloquently told by Bulwer, threw a halo around them; we could picture their glory and magnificence in those days of chivalry, and the gentle beauty of *Leoline*, the rude grace of *Warbeck*, and the wild gaiety of *Otho*. Then came the castles called "*the Cat*" and "*the Mouse*," on two high mountains near each other. Tradition tells of the long enmity of the fierce lords or barons, who owned them, and of their constant warfare.

On a lofty rock, just above the handsome town of St. Goar, was the grand old ruin of Rheinfels, the most extensive fortress, in its days of power, of any upon the river. It was the Castle of the *Count of Katzenelnbogen*, where in 1245 he exacted toll from all passing up or down. His injustice so enraged the people, that the German and Rhenish cities formed the "Confederation of the Rhine," which eventually destroyed the strongholds of these chieftains. In 1794 it was blown up by the French, and has never been rebuilt. Its shattered battlements and its broken arches still speak of the grandeur of the feudal times. Near the town of St. Goar lived the hermit from whom comes its name. There he dwelt, in utter solitude, save when he came forth to preach the "Religion of the Cross."

We passed St. Goarhausen, where a long valley opened between the mountains, filled with many waterfalls. Then the scenery became more wild and majestic. The river was hemmed in by high walls, six hundred feet in height; they were bold and desolate, and there was the *Lurlei Berg*, where the "Nymph of the Lurlei" enchanted the boatman by her voice, while the *Gewirr* (or whirlpool) engulfed his

frail bark. There is a remarkable echo along these colossal cliffs, which is repeated twelve times. A man lives in a grotto on the mountain-side, who sounds a bugle and fires a pistol as the steamer passes, thus awakening the "Echo of Lurlei." When they had all died away, we found ourselves at the town of Obermesel, (once the Vesalia of the Romans.) Above it are the ruins of Schönberg, (beautiful hill.) This was the home of the ancestors of the illustrious family of the hero of Boyne. In the river below it are seven rocks which tradition says were the seven lovely daughters of the ancient baron. They won all the hearts of the neighboring knights, then spurned them with bitter scorn; whereupon they were changed into rock, as flinty and cold as their own bosoms—*(by whom, the legend does not say.)* A short distance above is the ruin of Gutenfels, renowned in love and glory. It bears the name of the beautiful woman beloved by an emperor; and there Gustavus Adolphus issued his command for the battle with the Spaniards, during the "Thirty Years' War."

In the centre of the river, we passed the queer old town of Pfalz. It was built for a toll-house; although in the olden time it was used as a place of security and refuge for women and children, in periods of wild and reckless warfare. To this little island "Louis le Debonnaire" came, in 840, worn out with cares and sorrows, and died there. On the bank near the Pfalz is the town of Caub, where Blücher's army crossed the river, in 1814. It is told of the soldiers, that when they came in sight of the stream, they fell upon their knees and cried out, "the Rhine! the Rhine!" A German with whom I was talking, as we glided along, related to me many stories of the adoration of the people for the Rhine. They seem to feel for it a warm and passionate love. As the Egyptian regards the Nile with worship—as the

Hindoo the sacred Ganges—thus do the Germans reverence the Rhine.

Bacharach, with its antique encircling walls, was our next point of interest. Just in front of the town is the rock called the *Bacchi Ara*, (the Altar of Bacchus.) When the season is a dry one, this rock is above the waters. Its appearance is a token the vintage will be a good one, hence there is great rejoicing among the peasants. Beyond the village were the ruins of Stahleeh, and of the Church of St. Werner. Only a portion of the lofty, pointed windows yet remain, like a scroll of delicate workmanship against the blue sky. The ancient Tower of Furstenberg, and the ruins of Nollengen, seemed to cling to the side of the bold precipice, while between them was the echoing vale of Rheindeibach.

At Lorch, the *Rheingau*, or Rhine Valley, begins. It is famous for its fertility, and the excellence of the wines made from the grapes of its vineyards, which are sheltered, from the north, by the Taunus Mountains. So admirable is deemed the exposure, that every foot of ground is planted. From the edge of the river to the summit of the hills, there are terraces, built up with heavy masonry; upon these the vines are growing. It is only by means of ladders the *vine dressers* can reach them, and we constantly saw men and women climbing up the precipices, like patient ants, with baskets on their shoulders, conveying earth or water to refresh the roots of the vines. Along this valley I was perfectly bewildered with the multitude of castles and ruined towers, built upon cliffs so steep and high, they appeared inaccessible to any but birds of the air.

The Castle of Rheinstien has been restored from a ruin, to a splendid residence for Prince Frederick of Prussia. Below it is a narrow pass, cut in the rock, called the "Jew's Toll," where the poor Hebrews were commanded to pass, and

yield up a certain amount of their treasure, or else to meet a terrible death in the foaming waters.

At the juncture of the Nahe and Rhine is the tower of Bishop Halto, where he was eaten up by the rats, "in punishment for his wicked deeds." Southey has made a ballad of this legend. Not far from the tower was the bridge, first built in 1011, by the Romans. It is said now to rest upon the old foundation of the original structure. When this was passed, the river spread itself out into a calm lake, bounded on all sides by the vine-clad hills, and gemmed with little green isles, from whose shores the willows drooped into the waters. It was an evening of uncommon beauty, and the sunlight fell brightly upon the ancient town of Bingen. It was a lovely spot, and to me it had an especial charm, not only from the gentle loveliness of its scenery, but from the memory of a sweet poem, repeated to me in "days long passed," by a dear and gifted friend. How well I remembered the intonations of that musical voice, which imparted a greater merit to the story of the Soldier of the Legion dying in Algiers, who, with his parting breath, charges his comrade watching over him, to take his words of love to the dear ones at "Bingen on the Rhine."

"A Soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers ;
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was lack of woman's tears ;
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed away,
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered, as he took his comrade's hand,
And he said, I never more shall see my own, my native land ;
Take a message and a token to some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen, at Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around,
To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done,
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale, beneath the setting sun ;
And 'midst the dead and dying, were some grown old in wars,
The death-wounds on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars ;
And some were young, and suddenly beheld life's noon decline,
And one had come from Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my Mother that her sons shall comfort her old age,
 And I was still a truant-bird, that thought his home a cage;
 For my Father was a soldier, and even as a child,
 My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;
 And when he died and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
 I let them take whate'er they would—but kept my father's sword,
 And with boyish love I hung it, where the bright light used to shine,
 On the cottage wall at Bingen—calm Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
 When the troops are marching home again, with gay and gallant tread;
 But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
 For her brother was a soldier, too, and not afraid to die;
 And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her, in my name
 To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame;
 And to hang the old sword in its place, (my father's sword and mine),
 For the honor of old Bingen—dear Bingen on the Rhine.

"There's another—not a sister—in the happy days gone by,
 You'd have known her, by the merriment that sparkled in her eye,
 Too innocent for coquetry—too fond for idle scorning—
 Oh! friend; I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning.
 Tell her the last night of my life, (for ere the sun be risen,
 My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison,)
 I dreamed I stood with *her*, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
 On the vine-clad hills of Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along,—I heard, or seemed to hear,
 The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear.
 And down the pleasant river, and up the pleasant hill,
 The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still.
 And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed with friendly talk,
 Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered walk;
 And her little hand lay lightly, confidently in mine—
 But we'll meet no more at Bingen—loved Bingen on the Rhine.

"His voice grew faint and hoarser, his grasp was childish weak,
 His eyes put on a dying look—he sighed, and ceased to speak.
 His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled,—
 The Soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was dead!
 And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
 On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses strown,
 Yea, calmly on that dreadful scene, her pale light seemed to shine,
 As it did in distant Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine."

From "Bingen—calm Bingen on the Rhine," we crossed
 the river to the village of *Assmanshausen*, celebrated for

its wine, which is made from the grapes grown upon terraces, in many places a thousand feet above the stream ; there also is the Bingerloch, filled with whirlpools, and the ruin of Ehrenfels, clinging, as it were, to the precipice, which rises abruptly from the water, like a great battlement.

Rüdesheim is also famous for its wine, and for the legend of the beautiful *Gisela*. She was commanded by her father to become a nun, in fulfilment of his vow made in Palestine, during the crusade against the Saracens. But in his absence the fair maiden had loved, and was beloved by a gallant knight. No entreaties could move the stern heart of her parent, and Gisela sprang from the tower into the rushing Rhine, thus ending life and misery. The boatmen say, her spirit still lingers about the Bingerloch, and her wailing cries often mingle with the "voices of the winds."

From Bingen to Bieberich the Rhine is exceedingly wide, with clusters of little islands, seeming in the distance as greenly enamelled as "the fairy isles of Calypso."

Upon an immense hill, whose slopes are terraced to the verge of the river, stood the *Chateau* of *Johannisberg*, belonging to *Count Metternich*. The finest of the Rheinisch wines is made there. The vines are planted up to the marble steps, and the vintage is many weeks later than elsewhere.

By villages and villas we passed on through the bridge of boats to Mainz (or Mayence), a city built upon the site of the Roman camp of Drusus. Our evening walk through the town was full of interest. We saw the vast cathedral, commenced in the tenth century, the theatre, and public gardens. Mainz will be ever memorable as the birth-place of *Gutenberg*, the inventor of printing. His statue, modelled by Thorwaldsen (the Danish sculptor), is in the open square, near the theatre. Then it was there, also, lived Walpoden, who first formed the Hanseatic League, for freeing commerce

from the exactions of the bold robbers, whose castles overspread all these fair domains.

We tarried all night * at an excellent inn by the water's edge, and at early morning embarked again for Manheim. The shores of the stream were no longer remarkable, and, save the city of Worms, there was nothing to attract the attention. At Manheim we left the "beautiful river."

"Adieu to thee, fair Rhine! How long, delighted,
The stranger fain would linger on *her* way!
Thine is a scene, alike, where souls united,
Or lonely contemplation thus might stray.

* * * * *

"Adieu to thee again! a vain adieu!
There can be no farewell to scenes like thine;
The mind is colored by thy every hue;
* * * * *
"More mighty spots may rise—more glaring shine;
But none unite in one attaching maze
The brilliant, fair, and soft—the glories of old days."

* The dates are purposely omitted in this description of my journey up the Rhine, in order to preserve the continuity of the narrative.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ALONG the "haunted Valley of the Neckar" the railway swiftly bore us to *Heidelberg*, so renowned for its great castle and its university, founded in 1386; by far the oldest in Germany. The ruins of the castle are immense. The massive walls and remains of the hanging-gardens yet speak most eloquently of its former grandeur. In spite of fire, and cannon-balls, and the blasting lightning, the outline of its magnificence yet is seen.

We had not time to visit the tomb of Olympia Morata, who, driven from her native Italy, sought refuge at Heidelberg, where her learning and wonderful talent assembled crowds to hear her lecture. She died and was buried there.

At Carlsruhe, a handsome town on a plain, we entered the Duchy of Baden. A long avenue, three miles in length, called the "Poplar Walk," ran parallel with the railway, which passed through an extremely fertile vale. There were great fields of tobacco, of maize, of hemp, and other grains. Every where the land was cultivated by women. Poor creatures! they were often without either shoes or covering for the head; and hard usage and unceasing toil had rendered them perfectly witch-like in appearance. Throughout France, Belgium, and Germany, I have remarked the hard lot of the female peasants. The men go as soldiers in the legions of

foreign lands, or serve in the armies at home; but upon the women falls all the labor of cultivating the soil. In Belgium I have seen a woman ploughing the field, fastened to the same plough with an ox, and often an aged female reaping the grain. It was always a sad spectacle to me, and I thanked the good God my destiny was cast in a land where woman was cherished as the "better portion of creation," loved and cared for in old age as well as youth.

On our right were the mountains of the Black Forest, covered with yew-trees to their summits. On the loftiest were watch-towers, erected in the time of the Romans, and afterwards used as castles for the robber chieftains, whence they made forays upon the valleys, laying them under contribution, which if not instantly paid, they were punished by the sword and fire. These towers are now either desolate or used as hunting-lodges of the German noblemen.

At Carlsruhe we entered the most splendid car I have ever seen. It was like a small parlor, with luxurious sofas, and ottomans, large mirrors, and paintings. While we were waiting the moment of departure, two well-dressed women came in, supporting in their arms an old woman, apparently of ninety. She was attired in India muslin and costly lace, with rich jewels and white satin slippers. She was a perfect mummy; for the yellow skin clung to the bones of her face, and, but for the restless wandering of her eyes, one would have declared her a corpse. Her attendants placed her upon a sofa, and forthwith she began talking in the most vivacious manner.

At twilight we reached *Baden-Baden*, and, after driving to several hotels, found lodgings at "the Victoria." The town was overflowing with visitors, and that night there was to be a ball at the *Conversationshaus*. We therefore made our *toilettes* quickly after dinner, and attended it. The

dancing-saloon is really magnificent. The lofty ceiling is supported by columns of white and gold; between each are enormous mirrors, and great vases of natural flowers. Along the wall were raised seats, upon which were seated hundreds of gaily-decked women. The music was exquisite, and multitudes were whirling around in a wild kind of dance, a mélange of the polka and mazurka.

Above the music and the voices, and the rushing sound of the dancers' feet, was constantly heard a sharp, ringing, metallic sound. Upon entering a grand saloon near by, we soon discovered the origin of it. From the gold and silver cast down by the eager gamblers it proceeded. At a large table were seated two or three statue-like men, with features as immovable as though cast in bronze. Before them were mountains of gold, and small Alps of silver. A crowd of persons, some seated at the table, and others leaning over them, were occupied in betting. Not a word was spoken by any one save the dealer, who called out, "*Le jeu est fait*," (the game is made.) With wondering eyes we gazed around upon the faces of the throng, and felt we had opened a new page in the book of life—never before having seen a gambling-table; and never did I behold human beings so entirely absorbed as these were. It seemed as though all the hopes of existence were merged in the turn of that terrible wheel. With anxious look they watched it, and, when the "silver rake" of the dealer drew in the gold, how the light appeared to desert those eyes, and the face grow haggard and pale. A painful feeling swelled at my heart, and yet a strange fascination kept me there, as much interested in the fate of the gamblers as though the game were my own.

There were many elegant-looking women and lovely girls betting more largely than even the men. Just in front of me, seated in an arm-chair, supported by her two com-

panions, was *our old woman of the railway*, casting down the gold coin in perfect showers. From a person near me, I found she was a Russian Princess, of great wealth, who had been long paralyzed, but who adored the excitement of a gambler's life. She had come to-night purposely to bet, and at two in the morning, when I looked in at the table, there she still was seated, still pouring out the gold. Although her face was like the face of the dead, her eyes were glowing like globes of flame.

It was only for a time the dancing engaged the attention ; soon the ball-room was deserted, and the throng all gathered around the different tables, where *Rouge et Noir* and *Roulette* were played. Finding myself quite near the table, by an impulse I could not control, I threw down some money ; but happily for me I lost, or else I might have joyed in the game as much as the fair young girl over whose chair I leaned. She had been there for long, long hours, and once she had won eight hundred dollars, but a turn of that fatal wheel, and the gold was all gathered to the dealer. She did not seem more than eighteen. She was superbly drest, and her delicate fingers were glittering with diamonds.

The *Conversationshaus* is rented to regular gamblers, who pay a fabulous price for it, and then are bound to expend hundreds of thousands of florins in the improvements of the walks and the houses. Their immense profits can well be imagined, when with all this expenditure they yet make colossal fortunes.

About three o'clock in the morning we left the dancing-room, now entirely desolate. The gambling-rooms, however, were still thronged with persons all eager to reach the tables, and to cast down their gold. As we passed down one of the avenues of tall trees we met a youth, whom I had remarked in the early portion of the evening betting very high, and

losing constantly. His handsome face was now pale, and a wild despair gleamed in his eyes as he leant in the abandonment of anguish against a tree. Ah! well could I imagine the bitterness of his soul; its history was written upon his haggard brow. He was very young, and when I first saw him at the table he was fresh and bright as a newly-blown flower. A few short hours of fierce passion had thus changed him. I no longer wondered at the frequent suicides which sadden this valley.

Among the guests we met several acquaintances, who presented us to their friends, and thus we heard wonderful stories of the losses and winnings of the *Conversationshaus*. Often the bank permits itself "*to be broken.*" These tidings go abroad, and thousands flock in to try their luck, where only hundreds came before; thus a richer harvest is reaped from this judicious *ruse*.

August 7th.—We spent some days at Baden-Baden, becoming each hour more enraptured with its picturesque beauty. The village is built in a small valley, encircled by the mountains of the Black Forest. A little stream flows through it, called the Oos. The Romans colonized these springs, and their Emperors often sought the "healing balm" of the waters. There are multitudes of elegant hotels and well-furnished lodging-houses. The *Conversationshaus* is a splendid building, with a row of Corinthian columns in front, and a garden of rare flowers. The *Trinkhalle* is near it; also a fine edifice, with a fountain in the centre, whence flows the smoking water. It has the taste of warm salt and water. The springs are very numerous, and all burst out just below the Castle terrace; thence they are conveyed to the different bath-houses. Their source is named "hell," as no snow ever remains there, even during the coldest winter.

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The *Trinkhalle* has a long gallery with fresco paintings of the legends of the Black Forest.

The mountains are terraced on each side of the valley, and the most delightful walks cut through the trees leading to their summits. Here and there are charming bowers, covered with rose-vines and honeysuckles. We spent a long Sunday morning wandering amid these green labyrinths, and climbing up to the old Castle, where are still to be seen the terrible dungeons of the "ancient days," whose doors were great rocks, turning on pivots, and whose "rack-chamber" still contains frightful instruments of torture. There was, too, the room of the "secret tribunal," where meetings were held of dark import to many a household. Above this Castle is another, the *Alte Schloss*, the first fortress of the Dukes of Baden. An avenue of oaks leads to the convent of *Lichten-thal*, where there are curious monuments of the Margraves, consisting of effigies in armor.

About three we returned to the village, and passing the *Conversationshaus*, looked in for a few moments. The gambling-rooms were filled, and the betting progressing with undiminished vigor.

In the afternoon the little valley presented the appearance of a grand dress-ball in the open air. All the people of the high nobility, which consisted of Russian princes and princesses, German barons and baronesses, Sardinian and Austrian counts and countesses, French marquises and marchionesses, English lords and ladies, *en grande toilette*, were promenading beneath the trees or in the superb saloons of the gambling-house; then multitudes of the peasants in their national costumes, and Bohemian gypsies, Swiss and Tyrolean women. All languages appeared to be spoken—all nations seemed met together for merriment and pleasure. There was no stiff formality; all were cordial and

talkative. When the night came the *Conversationshaus* was brightly illuminated, and two splendid bands of music stationed in the galleries of the dancing-room, played alternately the most exquisite portions of opera music. There were eight thousand visitors at Baden-Baden, and save the confirmed invalids, all were out that night I should certainly think; for the throng was wonderful, and the "hazard tables" lined twenty deep at least. This great crowd were all silent, with longing eyes, watching their opportunity to press forward to the table, where the gold was still piled up in mimic mountains.

Perceiving that I was eagerly looking forward, several persons made way for me to reach the much-desired point. I stood behind the chair of a lovely German baroness, to whom I had been presented, and saw her win and lose large sums. She endured both with perfect composure, and occasionally turned round and gave me some very piquant descriptions of persons near by, and related startling incidents of the life of Baden-Baden. *Our mummy of the railway* was there again in her rich attire. Her long skeleton-like fingers were grasping the gold (for *she was in luck*), and forming it into a small pyramid in front of her.

It was a painful occupation to watch the faces around. Many were so perfectly absorbed, they did not seem conscious of the presence of any human being but that of the dealer of the cards, upon whom they riveted their gaze. Still the wheel rolled round—the cards fell, and the sharp ring of the ball resounded through the rooms, but no laughter, no mirth; the only words uttered were the announcement of the result of the game—"red wins" or "black loses." When the baroness had lost all her money, she proposed we should leave and seek the gay throng in the saloons, or wander out upon the greensward. She did not appear in the slightest degree

annoyed at her losses, but said she made it a rule never to exceed the amount she determined to lose in the beginning of the sitting.

Gambling is a pet passion with the Germans ; it is to them an actual enjoyment. The agony of suspense—the near approach of ruin—the rapture of possession, are phases of existence wild and ecstatic. They stir the dull current of life—they swell it into fierce waves, which bear away on their tumultuous waters the stern realities of the present ; the future and the past are merged in the dark tide. It is a *Lethe* to the soul.

In the environs of Baden-Baden are charming drives and many interesting relics of the Romans. From the Castle of *Neu Eberstein*, once an old feudal ruin, but the residence now, at times, of the Duke of Baden, there is a splendid view of the valley of the Vosges Mountains. Baden-Baden has many attractions, not only from its society, but from its beautiful position, so calm and quiet amid its encircling hills, all crowned with dark fir trees. It would have been a sweet joy to me could I have spent weeks there ; but in the future loomed up the great fêtes of Paris of the fifteenth of August, and thus we hastened away to be in the “imperial city” to witness them.

August 8th.—A delightful ride on the railway brought us in a few hours to Kehl, where we took an omnibus and drove over the Bridge of Boats to *Strasbourg*, a strongly fortified city on the confines of Germany. It is garrisoned by many thousands of French soldiers, and is renowned for the wonderful spire of its cathedral, which rises four hundred and seventy-four feet from the ground. It is much higher than St. Paul's in London, or than the loftiest of the pyramids. It is of stone, so admirably cut it has the appearance of a delicate net-work when viewed from the street below. The de

sign of this tower was by *Erwin de Steinbach*, although it was finished in 1318 by his brother.

We drove through the narrow streets with their singular houses, (having dormer windows one above the other for many stories,) to the *Maison Rouge*. As it was near twelve o'clock, we went immediately to the cathedral to see the famous astronomical clock, and to hear it strike the hour. We entered a chapel where it stands; it is very large, and looks like a richly-ornamented shrine. There were two cherubs; above them the figure of Death, and below, an image of Christ. At twelve, Death struck the hour upon the bell. At that instant, the twelve apostles passed in front of the Saviour, whose hand was extended to bless them. As Judas went by, however, he made the sign of the cross. When they had all vanished, the figure held forth its hand as though blessing the people.

The cathedral is of vast size, but not magnificent within its walls. The exterior is covered with carving, and the sculptured forms of the angels and saints are exceedingly fine. The spire, however, is the great attraction of the city. It is said to be the highest in the world. Near the cathedral was the house of *Erwin de Steinbach*, in which we saw many curious models.

Next, we visited the church of St. Thomas, to look at the monument of Mareschal Saxe. It is very large, of white and black marble. In one of the chapels we were shown a glass case, in which were the bodies of one of the counts of Nassau, and of his daughter. They have been thus preserved more than three hundred years, and still have the look of life.

After dinner, we took the railway to Basle, or Basel, in Switzerland, passing many flourishing villages, and through a richly luxuriant country; the valleys all laid off into strips of ground, each belonging to different persons, and the

hills covered to their summits with vineyards. At night we reached Basle, on the Rhine, at the head of navigation, and drove to the *Three Kings*, on the bank of the rushing river. Our chamber was in front, and we sank into sleep with the music of the dashing waters resounding ever in our ears.

August 9th. At dawn we were up and away for the summit of a distant mountain, over which hung a gauzy veil of mist. We drove through a very picturesque country. The peasants were reaping the grain. The women wore immense straw hats, and large white sleeves. We stopped at a Swiss cottage, which, although very poetic without, was not inviting within. When the road became too steep for the carriage, we abandoned it, and walked several miles through cornfields, and beds of the Anisette plant. The toil of ascending the mountain under an August sky was rather fatiguing, but we were amply compensated upon reaching the little church on the topmost peak of Mount *Chrischona*, whence an enchanting view met our eyes, of the great valley, with Basle in the centre, and the dark blue Rhine, the Vosges Mountains, and the Jura chain; beyond them, the snowy Alps, the Bernese, and the Jungfrau. Quite near us were the Black Forest Mountains, their slopes filled with villages, fields of grain, and vineyards. As this Mount *Chrischona* is on the Swiss border, we looked into France, Switzerland, and Germany.

There is a legend attached to the church of Mount *Chrischona*, which tells of its being founded by a beautiful woman, whom the perfidy of man had driven to despair. She fled the world, and upon the lofty summit of this mountain made her dwelling-place, and with her wealth built this church. Her virtues and good deeds caused her to be adored almost as a saint.

The building is very ancient, and is inhabited by an old

priest, whom we found intelligent and communicative. I accompanied him to the tower of the church, up which we climbed upon a slender ladder. In it he had a fine collection of books, and there taught a school for the instruction of young men, who were to go as missionaries to Abyssinia. We were exceedingly interested in the aged man, and touched by his enthusiastic piety. His life was one of self-sacrifice, for not the slightest appearance of comfort existed in his miserable home; and yet I have never seen more perfect content and happiness expressed in a human face, or heard words more full of gratitude to God.

We passed several hours upon the Mount Chrischona, gazing upon the beautiful scenery, and then descended the steep mountain-path to our carriage. In returning we made a *détour*, which brought us to the *Swiss Thermopylæ*, the *Battle-Field of St. Jacob*, where sixteen hundred Swiss attacked just as many thousand French soldiers, under the command of the Dauphin (who was afterwards Louis Eleventh). Only ten Swiss survived the combat of ten hours, and they were disgraced in the eyes of their countrymen. Louis, deeply touched by the wondrous courage of the bold mountaineers, made peace with them, and selected a body-guard of Swiss soldiers. Hence has arisen the custom of many of the monarchs of Europe. They make choice of them as the most true and faithful people upon earth. They trust their lives with them when they fear their own subjects. I suppose, from this unfaltering truth comes the proverb, "As faithful as a Swiss."

Basle is a walled town, divided into two portions by the Rhine, which is crossed by a splendid bridge. It has an air of great bustle and commerce. German is much spoken. We met a person, who inquired if we knew *Seatsfield*, who wrote the "*Western Scenes of America*," descriptive of

pioneer life. He told us he now lived at the Falls of the Rhine, upon the fortune he made from those books. They were written in German, and translated into English, and I well remember years ago the pleasure I derived from reading them, and the oft-repeated question in the public journals, "Who is Seatsfield?" This friend of his told us he was a bold, wild young German, eager for adventure, who passed years on the borders of civilized life, among the Indians and the pioneers. When he wearied of the excitement he returned to Germany, and wrote out his experiences in the New World. They had the fresh ring of new and novel existence, and their success was wonderful. Translated into English and republished in America, they made a "decided sensation."

We left Basle at four o'clock, and passed along another railway to Strasbourg. The route lay between two chains of mountains, and was very lovely. There were thousands and thousands of vineyards almost to the summit of the mountains. At nine we were at the "Maison Rouge," where we tarried all night and until twelve the next day, when we started for Paris in "Train de Vitesse" (the express). The railway is excellent, so smoothly gliding, we felt no fatigue though the distance was three hundred and twelve miles, in ten hours. The country was highly picturesque, mountains succeeding mountains, covered to their topmost peaks by the luxuriant vines. Then we passed also many handsome cities and villages. We dined at *Nancy*, and stopped at *Epernay*, where the best Champagne is made; there are multitudes of long tunnels piercing the mountain's side and passing through dark caverns, hollowed out by art.

At ten o'clock we were at Paris. Then came the delay of visiting the baggage and examining the passports. Soon all was ended, and away through the radiant Boulevards to

Hotel Maurice. "No rooms," was the reply; so we were compelled to mount to the sixth story of the *Hotel Windsor*, near by. I fancied I was most terribly fatigued by this ascent until a package of letters was brought in. Oh! what a glow of joy ran like an electric thrill through all my frame, giving warmth and life to the weary limbs, and banishing all thought of sleep—all desire for repose. With hands trembling with eagerness, the seals were torn asunder, and no word spoken till the assurance met the eyes that *they*, our loved ones at home, were well. Ah! then how fervently from the deep heart came up the grateful "Thank God!" It is impossible to describe the delight of thus receiving tidings, after a long absence and long delay. Our letters had not followed us in our wanderings, but had been kept here waiting our return. Ere we had finished reading them it was almost morning. So we threw ourselves upon our beds, and sought the sweet repose we so much needed.

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CHAPTER XIX.

AGAIN we are in Paris—joy-inspiring Paris; more gay, more sparkling than ever. The city is thronged, for the fête day of Napoléon is near at hand, and thousands are already here to witness the wonders of the illumination.

The days since our return have been delightfully occupied, and the evenings spent at theatres, operas, or dinner parties. Then we have driven several times in the Bois de Boulogne with our handsome, dashing young countryman, de Yampert, who has an elegant equipage, with splendid horses. He is most cordially kind to his compatriots, and yesterday we all assisted (as the French say) at a magnificent dinner given by him to a circle of Americans at the *Café de Paris*. The appointments of the table were in perfect taste—the decorations of superb bouquets, most exquisite. Of the dinner, I need only say, it was worthy of the French *cuisine*. Around the festive board we all grew patriotic, and many glowing toasts to “those we love” in our far-away home, and to America, were drank in “brimming bumpers.” Among the guests was a young Italian, who, after we retired to the drawing-room, quite enchanted us with the delicious music of his native land, which he sang with a voice of rich melody. There was a shade of sadness in his manner which

won our sympathy; immensely increased when we learned from our gallant Southron friend that *Love* had made the lustrous-eyed singer a wanderer from his home and kindred.

Two Days in Paris.—For weeks Paris has seemed to have but one heart, beating in joyous anticipation of the coming fêtes. August the 15th was the Fête Day of Napoléon the Great, and also that of the present Emperor. To give greater *éclat* to the spectacle, it was determined there should be a grand review on the 14th, and thus usher in the "Day of the Illuminations." On Sunday morning (August 14th), we accompanied our charming friends, Mr. and Mrs. Pierpont, of New York, to a delightful parlor they had rented on the *Champs Elysées*, whence we commanded an admirable view of the grand avenue. Although the hour was very early, the streets were thronged, and presented from our windows the appearance of a vast ocean of human heads. By eleven, the cavalry, under the command of General Korte, formed a double line on either side of the *Champs Elysées*, beginning at the "Arch of Triumph," and extending to the "Gardens of the Tuileries." The soldiers were splendidly mounted and equipped; their uniforms were of gorgeous colors, and their drawn swords flashed brightly in the morning sunlight. At one, the Empress drove down the avenue; a guard of honor preceded her, while Marshal St. Arnaud rode by the side of the open caleche, in which she was seated with the Princess Matilde and the Duchess d'Albe. The Empress is a beautiful, fair, delicate woman, with an expression of exquisite sweetness and genial kindness. She was attired in a dress of India muslin covered with fleecy clouds of Brussels lace, and a bonnet of white adorned with roses and buds. She bowed most graciously as she passed along, and there was such a grace in her manner, I am sure there were but few who did not heartily exclaim, "Vive l'Imperatrice!"

When this attractive *cortège* had vanished, the drums and trumpets of the royal band announced the approach of the Emperor. He rode in advance of his *cuirassiers*, and was accompanied by a magnificent *suite* of generals and gallant-looking officers. After him came Prince Napoléon, Marshal Magnan, and the Minister of the Interior. The Emperor Napoléon is a perfectly graceful rider. He is not a handsome man, but there is a dashing character, a *stylé*, a self-possession in his appearance, which deeply impresses all beholders. He is of fair complexion, and has light brown hair and moustache. The soldiers all cried out, "Vive l'Empereur!" We were however amazed that there was no spontaneous burst of welcome and love from the people to greet the coming of one of Europe's greatest statesmen and wisest monarchs. In front of the palace, all the regiments passed in review before him.

We lingered in the parlor on the *Champs Elysées* until five o'clock, and during all that time there was a constant stream of soldiers in "serried ranks," marching by. First, all the infantry passed down; in the band of each regiment a hollow-toned drum played a conspicuous part. It was a splendid spectacle as squadron after squadron of the cavalry wheeled into line, and dashed down the avenue. "How irresistible they would prove upon the battle-field," we could not avoid exclaiming, as we watched their gallant bearing. There were more than one hundred thousand soldiers under arms that day.

The crowd followed the retiring soldiers, and we then walked down through the "Place de la Concorde" into the Gardens of the Tuileries, which were filled with happy, merry people. Multitudes of the peasants and the country gentry had come up from the provinces to see the fête; it was said one hundred thousand persons had arrived on Sun-

day morning. It was really a delight to hear their frank, good-humored expressions of pleasure at all they beheld. Restaurants, theatres, and public gardens were thronged to excess when night came on. About eleven o'clock we went out from a dinner-party to look at the preparations for the morrow's festivity. Arches, and skeleton-like eagles, to be filled up with lamps, arose in all directions; thousands of workmen were yet toiling to complete them.

From this busy scene we drove to the centre of one of the bridges across the Seine, and there tarried awhile. The sound of the great city came to us like the roar of a cataract. Long lines of light marked all the streets diverging from the *Place de la Concorde*. The small river, within its high granite embankments, flowed silently away.

At six on Monday morning the "Fête of Napoléon" commenced, by a salvo of one hundred and one guns from the *Hôtel des Invalides*. All the theatres, operas, circuses, and gardens, were thrown open to the people; the government paying a certain sum to the managers. The lowliest and the poorest were thus enabled to enjoy the admirable acting of Rachel, and to listen to the most famous Prima Donnas. "All the world" were out, and all on "pleasure bent."

During the morning we wandered through the Gardens of the Tuileries, the Place de la Concorde, and the Champs Elysées; every where we saw little shops (where all imaginable articles were sold), then theatres, French swings, and miniature circuses, with horses of wood, upon which were mounted old men, young women, middle-aged mothers, and small children. They all appeared as happy as though seated upon the fleetest of Franconi's steeds. Upon a given signal, around and around swung the wooden horses, while the riders gravely held on, exulting in their rapid speed, and gazing down triumphantly upon the waiting crowd. Beneath

the trees, on impromptu stages, were necromancers, jugglers, rope-dancers, tumbling-men, women, and children, dressed as satyrs, gods, and goddesses, as fairies and grim warriors. *Al fresco* theatres displayed comic actors and actresses, or female singers in scanty costume pouring forth in song their joys or their woes; groups were seated around them sipping *eau sucrée*, or drinking claret. All was gay and joyous life, and Napoléon on his throne was not more content than the humblest of his subjects. All the streets and avenues leading to the Champs Elysées were thronged, and we imagined all Paris were there, until we drove to the "Champs de Mars," where we found countless hosts of people, eagerly gazing upon the evolutions of soldiers. After the ascension of a balloon, the artists of the Hippodrome gave the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," and the storming of a fortress in Algiers. At two o'clock, all the foreign ambassadors, ministers, senators, and members of the diplomatic corps, called upon the Emperor at the Tuileries; their dresses and equipages were superb.

Just at twilight we passed again into the Gardens of the Tuileries; the lamps were already lighted. Along the façade of the Palace, extended a cordon of golden hue, while in the parterre in front were giant bouquets of tulips of light, and garlands and festoons, hanging from tree to tree. Around the basin of the great fountain were baskets of flowers of gorgeous colors, formed all of fire. The jets of the fountains seemed like snow-flakes falling amid the lights. From the centre of the Gardens to the arch at the entrance to Place de la Concorde, there was a perfect blaze of rainbow-hued flame. It seemed as though the Genii of the Earth had yielded up all their treasures of diamonds, of emeralds, topazes, rubies, and amethysts, for this glorious

spectacle. The picturesque beauty presented by the combination of colors, was indescribable.

Around the Place de la Concorde, and along the Champs Elysées, to the Arch of Triumph, were lofty frames of wood, imitating the arcades and colonnades of a Moorish palace; these were entirely covered with myriads of lamps of all colors, forming the base, shaft, and capital of every pilaster. It seemed as though a net-work of light were thrown over them.

At the termination of the Gardens of the Tuileries, stood an immense arch, from the centre of which hung an imperial crown; this arch was the *chef d'œuvre* of the night. It was magnificent, glittering with myriads of colored lamps, and realizing almost the description in Revelations of the "blazing gate of heaven." The throng were compelled to pass beneath the gorgeous archway; we quietly fell into the current, and were thus borne along to the Place de la Concorde, now glowing like some palace of enchantment roofed over by the deep blue skies; then on to the Champs Elysées. From arch to arch, across the avenue, were hung enormous chandeliers, lighting it up as though it were a grand ball-room.

The *Rond Pont* was covered with blue lights, to represent the firmament, while an eagle of white light seemed hovering over it. So dazzling was the sight, we could only look upon it for a few seconds at a time.

There were one million of people in the streets, and yet we experienced no inconvenience from the crowd; there was an effort, it seemed, on the part of every one to avoid rudeness to his neighbor. Good humor and merriment were blended in all the exclamations of delight and rapture at the spectacle.

Upon inquiring of a little *Gamin de Paris* (who was

busily lighting up a festoon of lamps), how they were arranged, he sprang down and explained the manner in which the small glass cups, filled with some inflammable substance, were fastened in meshes of dark-colored wire, thus seeming to hang in the air; we thanked him for the information, and he drew himself up with great importance, and said, "I am glad you are all so much pleased; this portion of the illumination was delegated to us."

From the *Rond Pont* we proceeded to the banks of the Seine, *vis-à-vis* to the *Hôtel des Invalides*; there we hired some chairs, and seated ourselves to wait the signal for the commencement of the "fireworks." In a few moments a blue-light shot up, and a flight of rockets quickly followed it; these burst into a shower of stars. Then came the Roman candles, and flowers of every variety and hue; some were in the form of bouquets, and others of one flower alone. When they vanished, suddenly the air appeared filled with fiery serpents. Next came an allegorical mosaic, representing the "Temple of Immortality;" fountains of fire darted forth from the porticoes, while the centre revealed the *Apotheosis of Napoléon the Great*, in the imperial costume. He stood upon a globe partially covered by the wings of an eagle, holding in its claw a scroll, on which were the words, "*15th of August.*" Many told us this was the greatest triumph of pyrotechnic skill ever exhibited; it was the work of Ruggieri. Balloons then ascended, showering down stars and flowers of light; the last bouquet filled the whole atmosphere with radiance. Then darkness returned, and instantly the dome of the *Invalides* was one blaze of crimson fire; the effect appeared electrical, for the great multitude of human beings burst forth into loud shouts of admiration.

We tarried on the banks of the river until all was quiet, and it was dark again; then we retraced our steps, passing

again through the Palace Gardens. The Emperor and Empress were standing upon the balcony gazing on the still glowing illumination. The crowd had departed, and the falling waters of the fountains were sweetly musical, in the stillness of the midnight. We walked around the parterres, and lingered near each statue; it was truly difficult to leave these scenes of enchantment. When we looked our last upon them, they were yet dazzling and bright, and now upon my memory is daguerreotyped the gorgeous spectacle of that brilliant night of August the fifteenth.

Fontainebleau.—In the ancient town of Fontainebleau, and in the palace of the kings of France, we spent two charming days. Our sojourn there was delightful, and the memory of the sweet hours we passed in the depths of the forest, wandering amid the rocks of Franchard or within the stately halls of the palace, can never leave my heart.

As we were exceedingly occupied all day in Paris, we could only leave for Fontainebleau by the night train. It was glorious moonlight, and the sky of cloudless blue. Our journey of forty miles was accomplished in two hours; then a carriage quickly conveyed us along an avenue of trees, to the neat and quaint old hotel of "the Black Eagle," where the bright-eyed hostess received us with much delight, as we came recommended by her father, Monsieur Paul. Although we had passed through many narrow streets, it was quite impossible to realize that we were in a city, such perfect silence prevailed. Our apartments opened upon a splendid garden, and myriads of flowers were giving out their fragrant breath to the moonlit night. Long we lingered at the windows: the calm beauty of the scene was a gentle contrast to the hurry, the confusion, the excitement, of our life for many weeks.

At day, dawn we were up and away to the forest of Fon-

tainebteau, thus named from the *Fontaine de belle eau*, (the fountain of fine water,) at which the Danish warrior, Bierra, often drank, and finally there made his camp, in 845. The forest is about twelve or thirteen leagues in circumference, and is said to be the largest in France. It has always been the favorite hunting-ground of the kings, and often of queens, who delighted in the sport. The road passed through the depths of the green shade, but to us it seemed little like a forest; for in all directions were evidences of the care bestowed upon the trees. The large ones were all named, and the smaller ones numbered. There was the "Oak of Molière," then the "Oak of Marie Antoinette," "The Bouquet of the King," "The Queen's Tree," and many other appellations, printed upon boards and attached to some lofty limb.

About the centre of the forest we came upon the ruins of a Convent, four centuries old. It is now called the "Hermitage of Franchard," from a hermit who lived there for many years. Around these ruins are great rocks; from one of them there flows a tiny stream of water, and hence its name, "The Weeping Rock." The "Grotto of Franchard" is near by, and a lily-covered lakelet, styled "The Hermit's Sea."

We spent many hours exploring the forest labyrinth, and when wearied of the "wild woods," we drove to the Palace of Fontainebleau, so rich in historical associations. We entered it by the "Court of the White Horse." It was there Napoléon bade adieu to the Old Guard, ere he left for Elba. The Palace is not remarkable in its architecture. Within it are many fine halls and frescoed galleries. We passed through the apartments of Catherine de Medici, of Marie Antoinette, and along the corridor where Mondaldeschi was murdered, by the command of the Queen Christina of Sweden.

We entered the room where Napoléon signed his abdication. The table upon which it was written is preserved, beneath a glass case. The apartments of the Duchess of Orleans, which she occupied upon her marriage, are those once used by the admirable Josephine. There is a throne-room, a chapel, and a théâtre. Many of the rooms are hung with gobelin tapestry, and there are also handsome paintings. A small apartment, containing multitudes of plates of Sevres china, was very curious. These plates were fastened in the wall by gilded frames, and the paintings upon them represented scenes around the palace and in the forest. There were also views of the monuments of Paris, and of Versailles. They were wonderful in their perfection of color, and were as beautiful as the finest pictures upon ivory.

We were shown the apartments occupied by the Pope Pius, during his forced sojourn in the palace; also "The Chamber of Anne of Austria," which is superbly furnished, in the fashion of her time.

The remembrances of Napoléon clustered more closely around us here than elsewhere in France, for the two great trials of his life were here enacted,—signing the bill which divorced him from his loving and faithful Josephine, and that of his abdication. His sleeping-room remains precisely as he left it; and upon the little island in the lake, is still preserved the summer-house, where he retired each day to spend long hours in meditation. The immense carp which fill the lake came at our call to be fed.

The gardens are lovely. There are fountains and waterfalls, cool grottoes and green arbors, groves of noble trees, and lawns of velvet-like smoothness. For hours we wandered amid the parterres, and by the calm lakelets, the only occupants and admirers of all this beauty. Although for centuries Fontainebleau was the especial resort of the monarchs

of France, it is now some years since it has been visited by the Emperor, though it is kept up with all the elegance of a royal residence. There was a great charm to us, in the quiet, pleasant old town; and with real regret we bade adieu to our pretty little hostess, and in the soft evening twilight departed for Paris.

CHAPTER XX.

WE only remained a few days in Paris, to bid adieu to dear friends, who were returning to America, and to prepare for our visit to Switzerland. At early morning, August 26th, we drove through the "Place de la Bastille," *en route* for Dijon. The sun's first rays fell gloriously upon the gilt Mercury of the Column of July, erected to the memory of those who died nobly fighting for the "glory of France."

We soon reached the station, and then away, with rapid speed, to Fontainebleau. The railway passed through a fertile country, filled with vineyards and waving fields of grain. We stopped at Montereau, at Sens, at Joigny, St. Florentine, Nuits, St. Ravier, Verrey, Plombieres, and ere night reached Dijon, the chief town of the Department of the Côte d'Or. The streets are narrow, and the houses of a quaint style of architecture. On the "Place d'Armes" is the ancient palace of the Dukes of Burgundy. There were several fine churches, and a large cathedral. Near the gates of Dijon is the *Chartreuse*, where many members of the royal family are buried. The famous wines of *Chambertin*, *Vougeot*, and *Romance*, are made from the grapes of the vineyards just without the walls.

We left Dijon at half-past three in the morning, in the

diligence. We were fortunate to get the coupé seats, which are in front, thus affording us a fine view on every side. We waited some time without the gates, for the express train from Paris. At length the shrill whistle was heard, and we were soon in motion, going at full gallop of fifteen miles the hour. It was still night, but by the star-light we saw many of the country people coming to market, with carts made of wicker work, precisely like giant baskets upon wheels.

When morning came, we looked over a flat country, highly cultivated, and covered with fields of wheat and of Indian corn, (which was not more than two feet high.) We passed through a number of towns, all built upon narrow, straggling streets, with sharp-roofed houses.

We breakfasted about eleven, at a post-house ; but such was the haste of our guard, that we had only time to scald our tongues with the boiling coffee, seize a piece of chicken in our fingers, and rush back to the diligence, leaving the luscious-looking pears, plums, and melons, upon the table. There was evidently a "combination," as we say in America, between the inn-keeper and the guard, for they exchanged significant glances, as we poor, hungry mortals, unwillingly left the room.

Now our *guard*, or *guardian*, was a decided character in his line, and accompanied us from Dijon to Geneva, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles. He was a stout Frenchman, with Napoléonic beard, and a blouse over his official coat. His manner was the very "attar of rose" of importance. The horses were changed every fifteen miles, with great despatch, (two minutes being the time allowed.) Every five minutes our guard sprang down from the top of the diligence, rushed around it, examined the wheels, touched the traces, pulled the reins, muttering all the while his favorite oath, "*Sacré nom de Dieu*," (giving the *r* in *sacré* the most

peculiar roll,) then looking up he would cry out, "en route ! en route !" in a loud tone, and spring like a tiger upon the iron step, and in one more second be standing upon the top of the lumbering diligence, which really seemed to have been built upon the model of the ark. There were twelve inside, and an indefinite number without, besides several dogs, whose masters paid full price for them in the Banquette. Whenever we stopped, a ladder was brought, that the occupants of the upper regions might descend in safety.

About mid-day we began the ascent of the Jura Mountains; so gradual it was, that the horses continued in a gallop until we were half-way up; then others were attached to the four already in the diligence. Around and around we passed. On all sides the view was charming; the valleys were green and quiet, save the "brawling brook," which rushed through each, turning mills, or falling in graceful waterfalls over ledges of gray rock. We often drove along the side of a mountain, while the opposite one, separated by a deep abyss, seemed so near that we could almost touch it. The road was admirable, as smooth as a parlor floor, as even as the macadamized road of Maysville, or the shell road of Spring Hill. At times a narrow shelf was cut down along the mountain-side, and upon this we passed. As a parapet was built towards the precipice, we felt quite secure, and, without an emotion of fear, looked down hundreds and hundreds of feet, into the lovely glen below, where nestled a little village, beneath the spreading branches of great old oaks.

As we advanced into the depths of the mountains the scenery became more wild, and all evidences of cultivation vanished. The fir trees of conical shape and the foliage of intense green covered the mountains to their summit, giving them a dark and gloomy aspect.

We often met men, women, and children, breaking up stones and placing them upon the road, and also encountered many carts of the peasantry on their way to the villages. We had before been told it was market-day, for in all the towns through which we had passed, we saw the country people buying and selling in the principal street. They are a homely race of human beings, and even the children have the look of old age, while the women are uglier than the men.

At three we commenced the ascent of the last high mountain of the Jura chain. Slowly we wound around the bold cliffs of "La Vattay," until we attained an immense elevation. The houses in the vale below appeared no larger than bird-cages, and the little river no wider than a silver ribbon, and yet it seemed we could throw a stone and strike either, we were so directly over them.

The gorges of the mountains were very narrow, and here and there were small chalets perched on a projection of the cliff, which it must have been impossible to reach except by ladders.

At last we reached the summit of "La Vattay," and I was looking back upon the winding road we had travelled, when Octavia cried out in an exulting voice, "There is Mont Blanc, and I was the first to see it!" There indeed was Mont Blanc!

"Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains,
They crowned him long ago,
On a throne of rocks, in robes of clouds,
With a diadem of snow."

There was a wonderful clearness in the atmosphere, rendering distant objects perfectly visible. The evening sun, hidden from us by "La Vattay," threw its rays directly upon the Mont Blanc chain of mountains, lighting them up with a roseate hue indescribably beautiful. The majestic Mont

Blanc, and the peaks around, appeared only a few miles away; and yet the distance was more than forty-five miles. We were peculiarly fortunate, for it is not often the "monarch mountain" is thus revealed in unclouded splendor. Near the summit were several great black rocks, never covered by snow, in consequence of the force of the wind. Between "The Needles" (the peaks around) were the glittering glaciers, of a deep blue color. Midway up the mountain was a belt of white clouds clustering around it like flocks of snow-winged birds.

With emotions of intense delight we gazed upon this scene of grand yet quiet loveliness. At our feet was the valley of Geneva, entirely shut in by the lofty mountains on every side. In the centre were the lake and the city, and around it numerous villages, handsome villas, well cultivated farms and country-houses. Far away were sailing-boats like graceful swans cleaving the dark blue waters. It seemed to us the realization of the "Happy Valley of Rasselas." The lake is of a crescent shape, and fifty-five miles long. It was called by the Romans "Lacus Lemanus," and is styled "Lake Lemman," by Byron, in his graphic description of the lake in a "calm:"

"Clear, placid Lemman! thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwell in, is a thing
Which warns me with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring."

Then his spirited picture of a "storm:"

"Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his way between
Heights, which appear as lovers who have parted
In hate, whose mining depths so intervene
They can meet no more, though broken-hearted."

We were two hours descending the mountain, with Mont Blanc constantly in view, at each turn of the road seeming more majestic. The diligence drew up at a spring, and the guard showed us a marble tablet, which marks the spot where Napoléon stopped to look upon Geneva, as he was entering it as conqueror. What a wondrous power still exists even in the remembrance of Napoléon ! it encircles the Continent like an atmosphere ; and yet he perished a captive on that lonely isle in mid-ocean. Every where in Europe have we seen tributes to him in cities, in valleys, on plains, and even in the depths of the mountains the inscription of his name rendered almost sacred the wild pass.

We would fain have lingered longer with the glorious landscape before us, but the diligence, like Time, " waits for no man," (much less for woman,) and soon we drove rapidly to the city, being delayed at the gates some time by the troublesome passports, the greatest bore of European travel. We had been told, ere we left Paris, that passports would not be needed in Switzerland ; imagine therefore our amazement when they were examined three times before we reached Geneva, and there the Prefect of Police took possession of them, giving us a written permission to remain a certain number of days.

CHAPTER XXI.

Geneva.—The city contains thirty-two thousand inhabitants. It is divided into two portions by the Rhone, over which are many bridges. In the centre of the rushing river is the “Island of Jean Jacques Rousseau,” built there by the Government to contain his monument, which is of bronze, in the midst of immense poplar trees. The view from this island is exquisite. Rousseau was a native of Geneva, son of a watchmaker. One night he reached the gates after they were closed, and fearing the anger of the stern master to whom he was apprenticed, he fled to France.

Geneva is singularly interesting from its associations. It has exercised the most powerful influence over Europe by the religious tenets of Calvin, the very same that drove our Pilgrim Fathers across the broad Atlantic. Calvin came to Geneva in 1536, an itinerant preacher, and such was the power of his eloquence, he became ruler over the people for the space of twenty-three years. In fact, through his influence Geneva gave laws to the whole Protestant world, as Rome does to the Catholic. John Knox fled to Geneva in 1558, to escape the cruelties of Queen Mary, and was made a citizen by Calvin. Necker, the father of Mme. de Stael, Saussure, the first who ascended Mont Blanc, Sismondi, the

historian, Decandolle, the botanist, and many other distinguished persons, were born in Geneva.

The city is on the southern extremity of the lake towards France. It is a busy, commercial place, with narrow streets and very tall houses; many are ten stories high. As it is built on several hills, from the windows of the upper town we looked down upon the roofs of the lower portion of the city. We stopped at the "Ecu de Genève," an excellent hotel; almost as good as those in America. It is just upon the bank of the dashing Rhone, and we dined at seven, to the accompaniment of the rushing waters.

We spent three or four days in a delightful manner, visiting the curiosities of the town, and driving amid the environs. We saw the church of Saint Pierre, commenced in the eleventh century. It contains the same pulpit in which Calvin preached. It is a simple and plain building, without ornament. In front of it is an old tree, called the "Oak of Calvin." The great reformer forbade the people of Geneva to erect over his body any monument. His grave has only a marble slab, with the letters "J. C." upon it.

We visited the ditch called "La Corraterie," the scene of the famous "Escalade" in 1602, when the town was nearly captured by the Savoyards. The anniversary of the night is still celebrated, and the iron *saucepan* shown, with which a woman killed the first soldier who scaled the walls.

The "Relief of Mont Blanc" is a curious work. It is carved out of wood by Sené, who was ten years in completing it. This "Relief" may be styled the *model of Mont Blanc*. It is one six-millionth part of the original. All the valleys, villages, trees, chalets, and glaciers are miniatures of the natural landscape.

Next we went to the "Musée Rath," a building given to the city by General Rath, whose bust adorns the entrance.

There were several good paintings by native artists of Alpine scenery; and a picture of Jean Jacques Rousseau, said to be a remarkable resemblance. The "Death-bed scene of Calvin" was excellent, also the "Release of Bonniyard." The botanical gardens, laid out by Decandolle, are very fine, containing the rarest flowers, and most magnificent old trees.

We drove to the "junction of the rivers." The *Rhone* leaves the lake as clear as crystal. The stones and pebbles can be distinctly seen twenty feet deep. The *Arve* comes directly from the glaciers of Mont Blanc, and is like a stream of mud. The two rivers flow on side by side for a long distance ere they mingle into one. At last the *dark* overpowers the *bright*, and the clear blue waters of the Rhone are lost in the turbulent Arve. Thus the influence of the evil often overcomes the good in the natural as well as in the moral world.

From the Rhone and the Arve, we continued our drive to Ferney, once the dwelling-place of Voltaire, and thereby "made most classic ground." He lived there twenty years, and some relics of him are yet preserved. On a height near Ferney, we obtained an admirable view of the city and of Mont Blanc. In front of us were the Salène Mountains, where, only one month since, a sad accident occurred to two Englishmen. They attempted to scale the mountain, which presents an almost perpendicular wall of rock, and both fell into a dark chasm two hundred feet deep. One was instantly killed, and the other had his leg fearfully crushed. He remained twelve hours in this situation by the side of his dead comrade. Some peasants going out at early morning to their work, heard his shrieks of despair, and coming to the verge of the abyss, they fastened ropes above to the rocks, and swung themselves down to the wretched sufferer; then they tied strong cords around him, and those above

drew him up and brought him to the city, where he still lingers in great anguish.

We went to the "Campagne Diodati," where Byron wrote his *Manfred*; also, the third canto of *Childe Harold*. In 1816 he lived there for some time.

We have met many agreeable people in Geneva, among whom we were glad to greet our excellent friends Major and Mrs. Porter, of America. The Rhone was a perfect enchantment to me. Upon its swiftly flowing waters I gazed for hours; they were singularly blue, as blue as indigo. This color is said to be produced by the admixture of iodine; at least, such was the opinion of Sir Humphrey Davy. When night came, the lights upon the islands, and in the city, reflected into the river, made a grand illumination beneath the waters. Long would we tarry at our parlor-window, looking out upon the novel scene, until the quietude of the midnight was around us, broken only by the dashing Rhone and the jingle of the bells of the diligence; then, often in the visions of the dream-world, the monarch mountain loomed majestically grand and sublime.

Aug. 30th.—By six this morning we were up, seated by the open window, writing letters to our dear ones at home. The soft light fell sweetly upon the winged Rhone, for it really seems the waters do not run, but fly with the swiftness of a bird. By eight we were on board a small steamer ascending the lake; the mists enveloped the mountains, but gradually disappeared, thus unfolding scene after scene of picturesque beauty. Along the shores were many elegant villas built by English people, who have a great affection for this lake.

Morges was the first town at which we touched. Near it is the "Old Castle of Wuffens." Tradition says it was built by Queen Bertha in the tenth century.

We coasted slowly along until we came to *Laussane*, on the north shore of the lake. We landed at Ouchey, the sea or lake port of the city. Just on the shore we saw the "Hotel de l'Ancre," where Lord Byron wrote his "Prisoner of Chillon," in the space of two days, while an Alpine storm detained him within its walls.

From Ouchey, we drove one mile to Laussane, a singular-looking town, with streets as steep and winding as the road across the Jura. On the summit of the mountain, upon whose side the houses seem to cling, is the cathedral. It is the finest Gothic church in Switzerland, and was begun in the year 1000, and completed in 1275. The interior is cold, white, and unadorned by either pictures or statuary. There are, however, several mail-clad effigies of great men of the olden time; among them, that of Otho of Granson, and of Bernard de Menthon, the founder of the Hospice of the great St. Bernard. Curious pillars sustain the lofty roof; they consist of one large central column, with eight smaller ones clustering around it. There was no altar, but an elaborately carved pulpit, whence the faith of Calvin is preached. In front of the cathedral was a broad terrace, from which we looked down upon the roofs of houses seven stories high. To attain this height we climbed up six hundred steps, but were amply repaid by the magnificent view which met our eyes as we left the cathedral. The entire lake was revealed to us, while to the south, the Alps of Savoy loomed up like grand ramparts. In all directions were villages, vineyards, green meadows, and yellow grain-fields.

As we were gazing upon this lovely scene, afar over Mont Blanc came the black clouds, and we were warned a storm was approaching; so we hastened down the steps, and sought shelter in the "Hotel Gibbon," and thence into the garden to a pavilion, built upon the precise spot where stood the

summer-house in which the great historian wrote the last words of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." It was upon a cliff overlooking the whole lake. There we seated ourselves to watch the coming storm, with Byron's poem to "Lake Leman" in our hands. How often, in "other days," had these stanzas delighted us, and little did imagination picture, then, the one hour of our life filled with the vision of wild beauty therein described. It was a glorious spectacle! Over the great mountains came the black-winged clouds, parted at intervals by the red gleams of the lightning, which seemed not only to cleave their dark masses, but to dart down beneath the waters of the yet placid lake.

"Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

Soon the peals of "heaven's own artillery" proclaimed the approach of the *Storm-King*. Then the calm lake seemed to awaken from its silence, and the white waves dashed madly upon the shore, until the azure hue of its waters was lost in sheets of fleecy foam, almost rivalling the snow of the Alps above. The wind rushed down the gorges of the mountains, with a wailing plaint, like the anguish of despair, and mingled with the thunder and the dashing waves, in strange and wild harmony. We were truly grieved when great cataracts of rain came down from the black clouds, thus draining them of their gloomy grandeur.

The thunder still murmured among the Alps, the lake was still white with its snow-crested waves, when a summons reached us, that we must hasten to Ouchy to be in season

for the steamer. Thus we were compelled to leave the pavilion of the "Hotel Gibbon." We jumped into the carriage, and drove rapidly down the mountain streets. On each side of the road were great streams, dashing along with the fleetness of the chamois. From them we could well imagine the resistless power of an Alpine torrent, for even rocks in their way were borne along as though they were but feathers.

By the time we came to the beach, all traces of the storm had vanished, though the lake was yet fretting and foaming. As the steamer could not touch at the quai for us, we were taken off to her in a small boat, and had rather a perilous row over the "troubled waters," which however ended safely, and we were soon steaming up to Vevay. On board were the most mournful set of passengers. They had encountered the storm in the mid-lake, and had all been "sea-sick," and were drenched with rain, having been forced to remain on deck, in consequence of their terror. "Sea-sick on Lake Lemman!" exclaimed a fat Englishman, "it is a desecration of romance and poetry." "Sea-sick on Lake Lemman!" cried a delicate woman, "I should not wonder if the ghost of Lord Byron were to rise in horror!" Poor creatures! how they mourned and sighed!—the Germans smoked furiously, and the Englishmen consoled themselves by cursing the steamer, and all pertaining to the lake. Happily for us, we had only enjoyed the magnificence of the scene, seated in our eyrie, o'erlooking the tumultuous lake, and realizing all the grandeur of Byron's description.

Vevay.—It was a bright evening when we reached Vevay, and a charming walk brought us to the "Hotel of the Three Crowns"—a fine house, with floors of mosaic of marble, noble corridors, and a splendid dining-room, with windows

opening upon an exquisite flower-garden, planted on a terrace just on the verge of the lake.

After dinner, we walked along the shore for several hours. The deepest silence prevailed, broken only by the ripple of the waters upon the beach. The margin of the horizon was darkened by the bold Alps, and Jura's chain was visible in the dim distance. The air was filled with fragrance, and "nature seemed in sober contemplation" to spread its wings of peace over the fair land.

"Lake Leman woos me with its crystal face,
The mirror where the stars and mountains view
The stillness of their aspect, in each trace
Its clear depth yields of their far height and hue."

Our weariness was all forgotten in the calm loveliness of the night, and from our very heart we uttered :

"And this is in the night, most glorious night!
Thou wert not made for slumber."

Firmly impressed with that belief, we lingered on the starlit terrace until long after the midnight.

Vevay is the Roman Vibiscum; it is built on the shores of the lake, just at the foot of the vine-covered mountains, and has an admirable view of the snowy Alps. Rousseau declared that it was the most lovely spot of earth. In a grove above the town we found a quaint-looking church, erected in 1438. It is noted as the burial-place of Broughton, who read the sentence of death to Charles I.; also of Ludlow, the regicide. Many famous wines are made from the grapes of the vineyards near Vevay, among which the *Fluerie* and *La Vaux* are the most delicious.

We accompanied an agreeable party to "Chillon," and there passed an enchanting day. We were rowed down in a small boat with a fanciful awning. The blue waters spar-

kled like myriads of gems in the radiant sun-light, as we slowly glided along. *Clarens* first claimed our interest, as the dwelling-place of Rousseau's "Julie," and around which Byron has also thrown the immortality of his verse.

"Clarens, sweet Clarens, birthplace of deep Love!
Thine air is the young breath of passionate thought:
Thy trees take root in Love; the snows above
The very glaciers have his colors caught,
And sun-set into rose-hues sees them wrought,
By rays which sleep there lovingly."

Next came the *Castle of Blonay*, and the *Chatelard*, and the village of *Montreux*, said to be the healthiest town on the lake. For the population, fewer persons die there than in any other part of the world.

The shores of Lake Lemman are in striking contrast. On the north side, immense mountains crowd to the verge of the water; they are barren, and furrowed with great wrinkles; while to the south, the swelling hills and vine-covered slopes come down to meet the pretty little villages, chalets, and long avenues of old oaks.

"Lake Lemman lies by Chillon's walls;
A thousand feet in depth below
Its massy waters meet and flow;
Thus much the fathom-line was sent
From Chillon's snow-white battlement."

The Castle of Chillon.—With feelings of almost reverence we crossed the wooden bridge connecting Chillon to the main land, and entered the time-worn walls of the Castle. It was built upon a great rock, near the south shore of the lake, in 1238, by Amedeus of Savoy, and used by him as a prison-house. A pretty blue-eyed Swiss girl, with a large straw flat upon her head, was our cicerone, or guide. She

described, in good French, all the wonders of the Castle, and we eagerly followed her through all the windings and twistings of the old towers, up stone steps to the highest points, and down them to the "depths below."

The walls of the Castle are of great thickness; lofty turrets spring from the four corners of the building, while one of immense height rises from the centre. In the southern turret we were shown the apartments once occupied by Count Pierre and his beautiful wife. The frescoes on the walls are still bright in many places, although centuries have passed since the artist painted them. From the window of the countess's chamber, we beheld a view of unrivalled loveliness. Far beneath the surface of the lake, are the dungeons, and the *oubliettes*—trap-doors—through which the condemned were thrown into a dark chasm, where myriads of knives, with up-turned points, received them, and quickly did the work of death.

In the dungeons of Chillon many of the Reformers were confined. Bonnivard was the real "Prisoner of Chillon." He was the Prior of Saint Victor, and having offended the Duke, was secretly conveyed to the Castle, and imprisoned for the space of six years. In 1536 the Swiss conquered the country from Charles of Savoy. Chillon held out for him until the "Pays de Vaud" was captured; then seven thousand Bernese, besieging it by land and water, soon obtained possession, and freed all the prisoners; among them was Bonnivard. At the Musée Rath, in Geneva, we had seen a painting representing the "Release of Bonnivard." The picture shows him chained to the column, his black robe clinging around his emaciated form, and his long gray hair floating wildly over his shoulders. His eyes are raised towards heaven, while the expression of his face tells the story of his sufferings. Although the soldiers have stricken off

his chains, he still remains motionless as a statue. Wonderful changes occurred while Bonnivard was a prisoner. He had left Geneva devoted to the Catholic faith, and a dependency on the Duke of Savoy. He found it, when he came out, free, a Republic, and professing the Reformed religion.

The dungeon of Bonnivard was very large; a portion of it cut out of the living rock. It had "seven columns, massy and gray." The roof was arched, and it bore a strong resemblance to the crypt of a church. There were several apertures like windows, through which the sunlight entered; not the true sunbeams, but rays reflected from the surface of the lake, tinged with the blue of its waters:

"A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall, is fallen and left;
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor-lamp."

As we loitered amid the recesses of the prison, a discussion arose among the party on the possibility of seeing the "Little Isle." Several contended it was not visible from the apertures of the dungeon, but upon closer inspection we discovered it could be seen by a man as tall as the paintings represent Bonnivard:

"And then there was a little Isle,
Which in my very face did smile,
The only one in view;
A small green Isle—it seemed no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor;
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain-breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it were young flowers growing,
Of gentle breath and hue."

We were pointed out the ring to which Bonnivard was chained for six years, and saw the traces of his footsteps in the solid rock, worn by constant pacing. It is said Byron was ignorant of the sufferings of the real prisoner until after he had completed his poem; but this cannot be, as he has too truly portrayed the bitterness of that

“living grave
Below the surface of the lake.”

His sonnet to Bonnivard is exquisite :

“Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar; for 'twas trod
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if the cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard! May none those marks efface,
For they appeal from tyranny to God.”

A queer old Englishman joined us as we were descending the dungeon steps, and he questioned every statement of the Swiss girl, and at last insisted the prisoner could only have walked four steps one way and four steps the other; thus the rock was worn away by the feet of other persons, purposely to “humbug visitors.” How provoking are these *nil admirari* people, throwing a black veil over enjoyment, and destroying the romance of one's feelings. Enthusiasm is always delightful, and we found ourselves irresistibly drawn towards those of our party who felt the potent spell of genius, cast around the spot by the mighty mind of the great poet.

At evening we returned to Vevay, passing again the picturesque scenery which had so charmed us in the morning. We spent some hours walking through the town, and stopping by the fountains, where crowds of women were assembled, dipping up water in large buckets, for their family use. French appeared the language generally spoken, though we

heard also a harsh-sounding *patois*. The inhabitants were rather a homely people, sallow and thin; they were polite and kindly-mannered. Several times during our wanderings we lost our way, and were obliged to inquire of the passers-by the proper direction. Invariably, they not only told us, but accompanied us a portion of the distance, talking in the most intelligent manner, and giving us any information we required. Whenever we went into the shops, they would insist that we should be seated ere they displayed their goods. When they found we came from America, they often said, "America is a noble country; it is free, like our own!" The government of Switzerland resembles that of the Republic of the United States; their President is elected once in five years.

The environs of Vevay are exceedingly fine, and we passed the day amid them, and beneath the shade of the great elms; at six o'clock in the evening we left the town and drove along the shore. At Clarens we stopped to look upon the view thence, said to be the most exquisite upon the lake. The mountains of the Rhone valley, the rocks of La Meillerie, and Chillon, are all comprised in the panorama.

"'Twas not for fiction chose Rousseau this spot,
Peopling it with affections; but he found
It was the scene which passion must allot
To the mind's purified beings; 'twas the ground
Where early love his Psyche's zone unbound,
And hallowed it with loveliness; 'tis lone,
And wonderful, and deep, and hath a sound,
And sense, and sight of sweetness: here the Rhone
Hath spread himself a couch, the Alps have rear'd a throne."

Beautiful and true was the description of Byron, and never did his wonderful power appear more striking to us than when we gazed upon the scene. How lovely was that

evening drive along the vine-clad slopes of Lake Leman ! The air was pure and fresh, as though it were just from the gates of Paradise ; the sunlight falling upon the high mountain-tops, cast their shadows on the lake, thus mirroring a dark mountain-chain beneath the waters. Boats with Lateen sails were resting idly, while the dip of the oar and the rush of the waterfall were the only sounds abroad.

After passing Chillon, we came to the "Hotel Byron," situated high up the cliffs. In the garden, which came down to the water's edge, were groups of visitors and throngs of laughing children.

At Villeneuve we parted with the lake ; a feeling of deep regret possessed us, as we looked our last upon that gem of the Alps ; there was a sweet quietude, a balmy feeling stealing over our hearts, as we wandered amid these mountains, perfectly delightful, and we would fain have lingered, but our "way was still onward."

Just above the summit of the distant Alps rose up "the Comet of 1853," with its long train of dazzling light ; we gazed upon it until the high cliffs hid it from our view. We dashed rapidly along the valley, crossing the river several times,

"Journeying upward by the Rhone,
That there came down a torrent from the Alps."

We passed the bridge of Saint Maurice, which is a bold arch, spanning the stream. It was sustained on the one side by the *Dent de Morcles* and on the other by the *Dent de Midi*. Beneath it the Rhone, imprisoned by the mighty rocks, rushed and foamed along like the rapids of Niagara. There is a tradition that here the Legion of Thebans, commanded by St. Maurice, suffered martyrdom, by the order of Maximian, in A. D. 302, in consequence of their refusal to

abandon the religion of Christ. In the fourth century the first Abbey was founded amid the Alps, and named St. Maurice, in remembrance of the martyr.

We passed near the "Waterfall of the Sallenche," which revealed its presence by clouds of snowy spray; then *Bez*, remarkable for its salt wells, and *Martigny*, where the road from the great St. Bernard, and also that from Chamouni, intersect the Simplon. The ruins of *La Batre*, once a tower of strength belonging to the Archbishops of Sion, were clearly visible in the starlight.

When the day dawned and we saw the inhabitants passing along to their work, we were struck with their miserable and squalid appearance; so different from the neat and tidy look of the people of the *Pays de Vaud*. We soon saw many persons with *goitres*, and also the *cretins*. It is impossible to imagine any thing more horrible or more disgusting than these *goitres*. We remarked them not only upon the necks of men and of women, but also upon small children. The *cretins* are idiots who go wandering along the wayside, pale and skeleton-like. We inquired of the peasants every where we stopped what was the cause of the *goitres*. Some told me it was caused by the damp atmosphere of the Rhone valley. Some said it was induced by drinking the water from the glaciers, and others attributed the malady to the uncleanness of the people. From whatever cause it arises, there can be no sight more pitiable and sad.

At Brieg we breakfasted. The little village contained a Jesuit college with gilded towers, and the chateau of the Baron Stock Alper, decorated in the same manner. There was also a Convent of the Ursulines. We saw many priests along the road, and heard German spoken, which is the language of the whole canton of the *Vallais*.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE road of the Simplon is in truth one of the most magnificent works of this century. Napoléon determined it should be made immediately after he had crossed the great St. Bernard. When the battle of Marengo was "fought and won," he commanded his engineers to make a survey of the route. Those of Céard were deemed the best, and therefore chosen. On the Italian side it was commenced in 1800, and on the Swiss in 1801. It required the labor of six years to complete it, as the road passed over more than six hundred bridges, great and small. Napoléon was exceedingly interested in the progress of the work. Whenever information was brought him concerning it, he would always ask, "*Le canon—quand pourrait-il passer au Simplon?*" showing his great object was the more easy transportation of his powerful artillery.

At Brieg the road left the "arrowy Rhone," and we drove rapidly up the Simplon. So gradual was the ascent, we were scarcely conscious of the height we had attained, save by the clearer view of the distant valleys. The weather was delightful; not in the slightest degree cold, but gentle and soft as the sweetest days of our spring.

When we lost sight of the Rhone valley the road turned away from the *Glytzhorn*, which rose up like a grand

rampart, and passed by the *Briethorn* into the gorge of the Saltine, where we crossed a fierce torrent upon a covered bridge. Far, far above us we saw the clear, pale blue fields of ice, and were told our road upward would pass near them.

The view from the first post-house was admirable. We seemed as though raised up in a balloon, with the valleys of Brieg and Tourtemagne spread out beneath us. After changing horses we crossed the plain of Gauthier and another furious torrent, upon the *Pont de Gauthier*. The plain is very dangerous in consequence of the avalanches every winter.

Now, we perceived the Herculean labor of making the road. There were miles of solid masonry and hundreds of feet of galleries formed partly of the living rock and partly of huge pillars of stone and mortar. The turnings and windings of the way were really incredible. One valley we passed entirely around three times upon ledges or terraces, built one above the other, as though they belonged to some giant hanging garden. When we gained the summit we could trace far below us the narrow track like a white seam upon the mountain-side. Well might Sir James Mackintosh say of this road: "It is the greatest of all those monuments that dazzle the imagination by their splendor, and are subservient to general convenience."

The first gallery we entered was that of *Schalbet*, ninety-five feet long, and emerging from it we beheld all the glory of the Bernese Alps. These were the peaks of the *Briethorn*, the *Aletsch Hörner*, and the *Viescher Hörner*, standing in bold relief against the clear sky. Their summits were covered with snow, while between them appeared the glaciers of *Aletsch*, the most extensive of the Alps. The scene was indescribably grand.

The glacier of the *Kaltwasser* was just above us, not more than a hundred yards away. The color of the ice was of

the deepest blue, with long streaks of white through it, caused by the melting of the mass. Several torrents rushed from beneath it, and fell over the cliffs in sheets of snow-like foam; our eyes followed them until they were lost in the dim depths, thousands and thousands of feet below. Far above, where no human feet have trod, were the wild goats (the chamois of the Alps), standing in perfect security upon the topmost peak of the Simplon, which was uncovered, although around and below it the "everlasting snows" lay pure and deep.

Along this portion of the road the avalanches are frequent; also the *tourmentes* (sudden storms). Hence the construction of many galleries as places of protection. They are made in such a manner that the avalanches slide over them and fall into the valleys below. After passing through one of these long-arched tunnels, termed the "glacier galleries," with great apertures like windows, we found ourselves beneath a waterfall, which came roaring from the glaciers above, and rushed over the rocks, forming the roof of our gallery; thus we beheld the fearful sight, while we felt ourselves in safety.

From gallery to gallery we drove on until we came out upon the edge of the precipice. Then for the first time a sensation of fear thrilled our hearts, or rather of awe. Before us were the Bernese Alps in their lonely grandeur. Far below into caverns and chasms of untold depth fell the glacier torrents, echoing from peak to peak the music of the waterfall. Far above all, arose the summit of the Simplon in white and chilly grandeur. It was entirely covered with snow, save a few pulpit-shaped rocks. Around it was a crown of clouds, touched by the sunbeams and wrought into fantastic banks of rose-hue, exquisitely beautiful to behold. Neither shrub, tree, nor flower formed a portion of the majestic spectacle, where "Alps rose over Alps," while the brilliant snow of ages, the eternal glaciers, and the mighty rocks

reigned supreme. Never did I feel my soul more perfectly raised from "Nature up to Nature's God!" Who could be a skeptic in a scene like this, where the hand of the "Great Architect" is so manifest in the glories of his creation. A feeling of profound gratitude filled my bosom that my eyes had dwelt upon this glorious mountain-world, and that within my memory it would be a joy forever.

Higher and higher we went, until we perceived near us the little cross marking the culminating point of the road, six thousand five hundred and seventy-eight feet above the level of the sea. Although the elevation was so great, the atmosphere was pleasantly warm, and the air so pure and clear, objects exceedingly distant seemed incredibly near. We left the diligence and climbed a rocky eminence, where we drank a bumper of *fleurie* to "those we love best" in our far-away home, turning our faces westward towards our hearts' *Mecca*, as we wafted them blessings fond and true.

Across a gray, barren plain, we drove to a large hospice, commenced by the command of Napoléon, and since completed. It is occupied by friars of the Augustine order. They give shelter to travellers during periods of stormy weather. We saw there the dogs of the great St. Bernard; they are almost as large as a well-grown calf, and are covered with thick, shaggy hair. Father Barras came out to speak with us. He is noted for his kindness to strangers, and has a most benevolent face.

Along the Simplon road there are six houses of refuge for "the traveller worn and weary." They are most valuable asylums, for the tempests often arise so suddenly, it would be impossible to escape certain destruction were not these places of protection wisely placed within the reach of the wayfarer. Then the avalanches occur when the "heavens are brightest." We heard the crushing sound of one, but it was happily far

away from us in a distant valley. The houses of refuge are built with massive walls and furnished with an abundance of fire-wood. Some few are occupied by miserable-looking peasants, who will wait upon a stranger for a good compensation. Others are left open, and all enter who wish, free and without charge.

Often in letters to dear Mamma, have I told her of the delight we have experienced in meeting friends and acquaintances in all our wanderings. But we did not imagine, amid the glaciers and the eternal snows, almost in the skies (for some clouds were below us), that we should still find one. During all the day we had remarked a handsome man, with a noble, distinguished air, walking at times along the mountain-road. Upon inquiry we discovered he was the occupant of the carriage following our diligence. When we stopped at the hospice he came up to us, and presented a bouquet of Alpine flowers which he had gathered during the morning. There was a certain grace and gallant manner which at once induced me to believe he was an American; therefore to be assured of my supposition, I made some remark concerning "our country," and found we had known each other well in "days long past;" and thus on the summit of the Simplon I met a friend. It was truly a bright and sparkling incident in "the pass of the Simplon." Mr. Ogden was with a party of intelligent gentlemen from the United States, who were journeying our way, and we travelled together several days.

At Simplon (Semplone in Italian) we dined, and then proceeded on to the *Gallery of Alghy*, the first on the Italian side of the mountain. It is along the Doveria, near where it rushes into the *Gorge of Gondo*. Words cannot even give a shadow of the wild and savage grandeur of this Alpine gorge. Goethe, in his *Faust*, has pictured just such

scenes of mysterious gloom. The mountains appeared to have been rent asunder by some fierce convulsion of nature, leaving a pass-way for the Doveria, which rushes through, sometimes a roaring river, then falling, a grand cataract, into the dark chasm below. The road is upon a terrace of solid masonry, or else upon a ledge cut in the rock, directly along the verge of the torrent. Far above, on the top of the cliff, was a fringe of fir-trees; all below them was the barren gray rock, in places perfectly white, from the sheets of snowy foam, caused by the myriads of waterfalls which came dashing down their sides, and were lost in mists ere they reached the Doveria.

We crossed the rushing river upon the *Ponte Alto*, and came to a projection of the mountain it seemed utterly impossible to pass. But the skilful engineers had accomplished wonders; instead of going round it, we suddenly dived into the Gallery of Gondo, six hundred feet long. It appeared interminable, although there were great windows to give light. At last the guard called out we were nearly through. Infinite was our amazement and terror when the diligence emerged from the gallery, and passed under the great waterfall of the *Frascinnone*! Our hearts almost ceased to beat, as the foam of the roaring, wildly-rushing torrent dashed into our faces, and a sound like that of the crashing avalanche assailed our ears. I suppose that we screamed; but the human voice was unheard in the fierce tumult of waters. We were only two minutes beneath the cataract, they told us; but fear so painfully magnified the time, it really seemed an hour. The cascade, descending from the highest point of the rocky battlement above, leaves a space between the stream and the cliff, along which the workmen have cut a kind of huge shelf where the road passes. Although apparently so dangerous, we were assured it was entirely safe. When be-

yond the reach of the spray, we insisted upon stopping, that we might look upon the *Frascinnone* waterfall. It was a scene of matchless grandeur ! The immense mountains rose up as high as the Hawk's Nest of the Kanawha River. A little strip of sky appeared to roof over the great abyss, where the Doveria torrents and ourselves were sole occupants.

The road continued to wind around and around along the terrace built up to support it, or through great caverns pierced in the living rock. On all sides there was a concert of waterfalls, of every size, form, and dimension ; each one had its peculiar note of wild melody, as it rushed down the mountain, and mingled with the turbulent river far in the gulf below.

We passed Gunz (or Gondo), the last village of the Val-lais canton, and then came to *Isella*, the first Italian or rather Austrian post, situated in a narrow valley, just on the edge of the foaming waters. There our passports and luggage were examined. As the soldiers went very leisurely to work to accomplish this, the deep night came ere it was completed. Hence we were compelled to leave the diligence, and remain at the neat little inn of Isella. The sound of the rushing Doveria lulled us to sweet slumbers, and we could scarcely credit our eyes when we unclosed them at the call of our servant, and found daylight was with us again. We quickly made our toilette, and were soon in the carriage which we hired to take us to *Domo d'Ossolo*.

The clear morning light lit up with glory the Val Dove-dro, which we now entered. In a few miles we came to the traces of the storm of 1839, which quite destroyed this portion of the road. Immense rocks, as large as feudal castles, were hurled down the mountain-side, crushing the bridges,

and effacing every vestige of a road. The Sardinian government are slowly rebuilding it. We still continued on the banks of the Doveria torrent, crossing it at Crevola on a wooden bridge, where it joined the Toce. From the centre of that bridge we first looked upon beautiful Italy.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

WE were now in the *Val d'Ossolo*, and all was changed. The trees were greenly luxuriant, and all of chestnut. Villages arose in all directions, with the houses painted white, and the churches likewise, each one having a campanelle (belfry) rising by its side, like an ancient tower, thus adding to the picturesqueness of the scene. The Alps, in the distance, were like a frowning bulwark, to shut out the rude north, while, towards the south, they softened in outline, and were rich in the varied beauty of field, village, and vineyard.

The *postiglione*, walking by the side of the carriage, amused me greatly. When O. and R. left it to walk, I asked him to point out the remains of a Roman bridge, across which the French passed as they marched to the field of Marengo. When we reached it, he showed me the ruins, and spoke with enthusiasm of "the great General." I remarked to him, "So you admire Napoléon!" He drew himself up and replied, "Signora, all great minds appreciated him." Then he expatiated upon the benefits conferred on Italy by Napoléon. Thus I found him always the idol, not only with the great, but among the lowliest.

We had not passed many miles into the *Val d'Ossolo*,

before the beggars appeared; and, upon inquiring why they were so numerous, our *postiglione* answered in his quaint language, mingled *patois* and Italian, "Beggary is a profession, Signora. Every one should have a profession. Some take that of priest, some of robber, and many of beggar."

Upon the last bridge of the route, we turned to take a parting look upon the distant gorge of Gondo, and the snow-capped Alps, with their azure glaciers. Although glorious and classic Italy lay before us, a regret stole over our hearts to leave

"The Alps,
The palaces of nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow!"

There is a *specialité* (if I may thus apply a term of commerce to a description of nature) which is enchanting. Every mountain seems to possess a special beauty, and is in itself a picture, apart from the grand surroundings of foaming cataracts, of snow-capped peaks, of deep-blue glaciers, and crashing avalanches. "Whoso first beholds the Alps," said Rogers,

"instantly receives into his soul
A sense, a feeling that he loses not,
A something that informs him 'tis a moment
Whence he may date henceforward and for ever."

Swiftly we passed along down a valley filled with grapevines, not in trim vineyards, but trained from tree to tree, waving gracefully in the breeze, then through fields of ripe grain and green meadows, to *Domo d'Ossolo*, a real Italian town, with long colonnades and parti-colored awnings before the doors. There were multitudes of *lazzaroni* (idle fel-

lows), with amazing bright eyes and mahogany-hued legs; there were black-haired women, with veils over their heads, and very old women, with dingy shawls instead. No one appeared occupied; every body was idle, talking and gesticulating. We drew up at the *Hotel de Ville*, a large, oriental-looking building, with marble floors and handsome suites of apartments, with fantastically curtained beds.

We only tarried in *Domo d'Ossolo* until we could obtain a *char à banc*, with post-horses, and then went on with Mr. Ogden and Mr. Rockwell to *Lago di Maggiore*. Leaving the highway, we struck into a country road, passing through a lovely plain, varied by the frequent appearance of old Roman towers, built upon the mountain-tops one thousand years ago. The villages are beautiful *at a distance*, but near them the charm departs; they are frightfully dirty, with narrow streets, and squalid, unhealthy-looking inhabitants. The young girls are really pretty; but the old women are hideously ugly. The moment the carriage stopped to change horses, it was surrounded by beggars; some with enormous *goitres*; some were *cretins* (idiots); many without arms, or legs, or eyes, or noses. They came down upon us like a cloud of locusts. If one received charity, twenty took his place at once; and such entreaties, such plaintive cries for "*cari-tà!*" as would have drawn money from even the miser's purse. When we had given away all our money, I was compelled to cover my face with my hands to escape the sight of their misery; but I could not close my ears to their mournful voices. At one of the villages there was a child without either hands or feet. They seemed to have been cut off just at the wrists and the ankles. Yet, notwithstanding his lack of both, he moved rapidly over the ground, and was among the first to gather as usual around the carriage. Although we had vowed to give away no more money to the

beggars, we could not resist the touching appeal of those handless arms held up to us.

Being delayed an hour, we got out to visit an old castle on the hill-side, and, in returning from it, met again our poor little beggar. We asked one of the peasant women how he lost both feet and hands, and she replied, "They fell off in a fever." But several of our party declared they had been cut off by his cruel parents, for the purpose of making him a "good beggar." When we translated this to her, she laughed and said it might be so; for his lack of hands and feet was quite a *fortune* to his parents, as *forestieri* (strangers) willingly gave to him when they refused all others, as we had done.

Every where we found the grapes suffering from the *malattia*, a kind of mould which covers the bunches and dries them up. For three years the vintage has failed from this cause, thus impoverishing still more the miserable inhabitants, who subsist entirely upon a paste made of the Turkish grain (a species of our Indian corn). They never taste meat more than two or three times in the year.

The roads were excellent; still we went slowly along, our post-horses were such miserable, over-worked creatures. The *vetturino* was constantly whipping them, but could not hasten their speed. At length I implored him to be less cruel. He answered my entreaties by saying, "Cruel indeed! the horses are used to it; they expect it. I wish women never travelled; they are too tender-hearted. I despise to drive a *vettura* with a woman in it!" We knew not which were most objects of compassion—the women returning from the fields with great mountains of hay piled up on their shoulders, in a frame-work of wood strapped across their backs, or the poor horses, with their cruel drivers. In fact, the women and horses have a sorry life of it. However,

in nearly all the countries of Europe the labor falls upon the peasant women; and therefore they have little the look of our females. In early youth they have some charms; but suffering and poverty soon efface them, and they become regular witches of Macbeth, worthy to have stood as models to Shakspeare.

We crossed the Toce several times in the most ancient-looking ferry-boats, with ferrymen in sandals of wood fastened across the foot. We stopped at one of the peasants' houses to purchase some fruit; and, while they were gathering it, we saw an Italian infant, about two months old, wrapped up in roll after roll of cloth, precisely like an Egyptian mummy. The arms were free; but just below them began a wide bandage of some coarse material, which was wound around and around the poor little baby, until it was as tight as a well-pressed bale of Mobile cotton. When the mother went to work in the field, she could fasten a hook into the cloth, and hang the child up to the limb of a tree to keep it out of harm, or she might throw it carelessly over her shoulder, as though it were a stick of wood. When I inquired of the mother why she pursued such a frightful custom, she appeared amazed, and answered me quite in Yankee fashion, by exclaiming, "You certainly don't live in a country where babies are so neglected as to be without wrapping-clothes the first six months?" Thus to the list of the wretched and ill-treated we added the babies, regular martyrs to the "customs of the country."

When we arrived at the next post-house, we reported our driver for cruelty, and received the promise that he should be instantly dismissed. With a new *vetturino*, in fanciful costume, and spirited horses, we soon came to *Lago di Maggiore*, and drove rapidly on to the town of Baveno. Leaving Octavia and R. to order the dinner at the inn, I

ran down to the shore, to enjoy alone the first impression of the lovely scene.

Maggiore and Como ! To look upon them had been the pet dream of long years, and often had imagination painted their pictures upon my brain. Now Maggiore was before me, quite as beautiful as the vision of my fancy. From the shores of the emerald-hued lake the Alps arose on every side, forming a noble amphitheatre of mountains, many with "diadems of snow" around their summits, and others covered with the richest verdure. On the waters, like gaily decorated barks, seemed to float the Borromean Islands of *Isola Bella* and *Isola Madre*, gorgeous with the luxuriant foliage and flowers of tropical plants. I was not long left to the contemplation of the exquisite view, ere several boatmen gathered around, to offer to "row me over the water," and *ciceroni* to show me wondrous old temples, once dedicated by the Romans to the worship of the gods. Resolving to accept the services of the latter, away I went, with a train of beggars after me, to the temple converted one thousand years ago into a church. It was really a curious edifice, with some ancient pictures, founded upon strange, wild legends. The priest belonging to the chapel kindly explained them to me, and I was so absorbed in his description that the necessity of returning to the inn quite passed from my mind. Suddenly I heard my name called out in a loud tone, and found our party had all come out in pursuit of me ; not finding me on the lake-shore, they rushed in all directions to seek me, supposing I had lost my way.

Immediately after dinner we hired a small boat, a *baciotto*, and rowed over to *Isola Bella*, whereon is erected the palace of the Count Borromeo. Broad marble steps led from the water's edge to a wide esplanade or court, paved with great blocks of white and black marble. Thence we passed

into the palace ; the rooms were spacious and well furnished, the walls hung with fine paintings and objects of *vertù*, scattered in profusion over the tables. We were most enchanted with the grottoes beneath the palace saloons. They are about three feet above the lake, and consist of numerous arched rooms ; the ceiling, the floors, the pillars, and all the divisions of the apartments, are formed of shells and pebbles from Maggiore, and also with sea-shells and branches of coral. The arrangement is extremely tasteful : first, it seemed that a paste or mortar had been laid down, and while it was moist and soft the shells were imbedded within it, thus forming a singular and varied mosaic. In all the grottoes were statues by an Italian sculptor, *Monti*, each statue giving its name to the room containing it ; thus, there was the Grotto of Venus, the Grotto of Diana, the Grotto of Psyche, and the Grotto of Hebe. In the most elegant of these apartments they told us Napoléon breakfasted when he visited the palace. In one of the rooms above we also were shown into the chamber in which he slept ; the room has never been occupied since, but remains furnished as when he left it.

Ascending again into the palace, we passed out to the gardens. These are planted upon terraces, built up from the lake, and are said to be in imitation of the gardens of Babylon. From the very edge of the water they rise up in a pyramidal form, one above the other, and are planted with orange and lemon trees, and with myrtles and pomegranates ; enormous cacti spring from huge rocks, and graceful statues peep from the wide-leaved plants of the "Indian Isles." Trees, shrubs, and flowers, from all the lands beyond the seas, are gathered there. We saw the Carolina pine, and a curious specimen called the "Tree of Louisiana." The gardener showed us what he said was one of their rarest shrubs, the "Feather-Tree of the South Sea Islands." When we approach-

ed it we found it was a common tree with us, the "Crape Myrtle." In a grove of cypress, on the first terrace, we saw the *Laurel tree* upon which Napoléon carved the word *Battaglia* before the battle of Marengo.

An ancestor of the present count determined in 1671 to convert these barren rocks belonging to him into gardens as beautiful as those of Armida. He had arches built up from the water's verge, and then terrace after terrace, bringing all the earth from the mainland. The labor was immense, but the result enrapturing, we thought, as we wandered along the winding walks, and through rich groves of orange trees, laden with fruit, and between their branches caught glimpses of the snow-covered Alps of the Tyrol, while we breathed an atmosphere like that of tropic regions.

Count Borromeo has a family of five daughters and one son, a Cardinal in Rome. It is only during six months in the year they reside in the lake-palace. For the six other months the charming *Isola Bella* is deserted. The gardener told us that, in winter, pipes filled with hot water were conveyed near the roots of the trees and plants, and wrappings of India matting placed around them. We saw the "Beautiful Isle" truly in its holiday dress. The *Isola Madre* is higher and to the north of *Isola Bella*, thus protecting it from the rude winds, and hence its name of "Mother Island." It is covered with gardens and graperies. There is a third island, called *Isola dei Pescatori*, occupied by poor fishermen, and in strong contrast with the other fertile and luxuriant islands.

The *Lago di Maggiore* is fifty-two miles long and about eight broad. It was the *Lacus Verbanus* of the Romans. The northern portion belongs to Switzerland, the eastern shore to Austria, and the western to Sardinia. However,

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the Austrian soldiers have control every where, for we met them in all directions after entering Northern Italy.

We crossed the lake from *Isola Madre* to the opposite shore, where we landed at the pretty little town of *Laveno*, in Lombardy. There we took a carriage with post-horses and continued our journey towards the Lake of Como. The roads were excellent, the scenery interesting, while Monte Rosa loomed up majestically in the dim distance. We soon came to the *Lago di Varese*, along whose picturesque shores were many handsome villas of the Milanese nobility. Then on through the town of Varese to Como, where we arrived about twelve at night, after the gates had been closed. We were compelled to wait some time ere they were opened. The soldiers, with a tall officer at their head, came around the carriage and looked eagerly in it, but finding we were not a *revolutionary*, but a very sleepy and weary, set of travellers, they permitted us to enter the strong walls of the city. We drove rapidly through the narrow and silent streets, to the "Hôtel del Angelo," where we obtained comfortable apartments. After some hours of delightful sleep we awakened to the charming consciousness that we were at last near Como. We were soon attired, standing on the iron balcony in front of our drawing-room, which was directly upon the lake. Most lovely was the view before us! But the often repeated call of R. to come to breakfast, withdrew us from the gallery to the dining-room, where a delicious repast was served up, consisting of the *Bergonia* (a small fish of the lake), fine figs, peaches, fresh prunes, and luscious grapes.

Directly after breakfast we walked to the quay, in front of the "Hotel of the Angel," where we hired a *barciolina* (a wide boat), with gaily painted awning, cushioned seats, and a small stand, upon which I placed the note-book as I wrote my impressions of the peerless *Lago di Como*.

“Sublime, but neither bleak nor bare,
Nor misty, are the mountains there;
Softly sublime, profusely fair,
Up to their summits clothed in green.

We are gliding slowly along, gazing out upon the beautiful lake—more beautiful far than all the descriptions of tourists, pictures of artists, or romances of poets. Lofty mountains rise abruptly from the margin of the water, while beyond them the “snowy Alps” seem peeping over, as though to catch one glimpse of the loveliness below. Splendid villas, with hanging gardens, are seen in all directions, many perched as it were upon a bold cliff, and only reached by a winding stairway, cut in the solid rock. Others (the most elegant) are near the water, where the mountain has been terraced to give them a foundation. Villages, with picturesque-looking churches, are scattered around, and afar off is the Bradello Tower, whose structure dates from the time of Barbarossa. Its height is immense, and within its “castellated walls” many a victim of tyranny has perished, by the slow agony of despair.

Our bronzed boatmen are as talkative as creoles, and appear to take our admiration of the scene as a personal compliment, and expatiate with great vivacity upon the “glories of the lake.” As we approached a lovely villa, they exclaimed, “Look! Signora! there is the famous Taglioni!” Then lifting their oars, they suffered the *barciolina* to float slowly by. We passed within a few yards of the balcony, in which was seated the world-renowned danseuse, so near we could see her as plainly as though we had been in the same room. She greatly resembles the pictures we have seen of her, but it is the resemblance a shadow bears to the form which creates it. She is tall and thin, with a sad and care-worn expression upon her pale face. She was in deep black, with a

lace mantilla over her head. Oh! who could believe her so recently the graceful and lovely embodiment of *La Sylphide*? It is scarcely seven years since she retired from the stage. By her side was her daughter, a brilliant blonde, with long, fair curls clustering about her neck. She is the wife of the Russian Prince, Trabaskoi, whose flag now floats over Taglioni's villa; although near by he is building a superb mansion, and a high tower, whence he will give the broad banner of Russia to the breeze. Our long and earnest gaze did not seem displeasing to them, for they smilingly bowed, as we rowed away. Passing a jutting rock, which would shut out the villa from our sight, we turned to take a parting look. Just then, a young girl (probably Taglioni's other daughter) came down the steps in a floating white dress, and plunged into the lake for a mid-day bath. Her movements in the clear water were indescribably beautiful; no sea-nymph could have glided through them with more perfect ease. After swimming to and fro for some moments, she bounded up the marble stairway with a "sylphide-like" grace, the long dress now clinging very lovingly about her well-rounded form.

We passed the villas of several Italian noblemen, then came to the villa of Pasta, (the friend and preceptress of our charming Parodi.) Only think of two such celebrities—the fairy of the dance, and the queen of song—side by side in early fame, and almost next-door neighbors in their age! We landed to visit the distinguished Pasta, but, unhappily for us, she was at Genoa, with her only daughter, who resides there. Her French waiting-woman showed us all over the house, even to the bed-chamber of the cantatrice; the floor of which is of pure marble, inlaid with exquisite mosaics, consisting of portions of all the most precious marbles of Italy. It was the work of a young artist, who adored the

genius of Pasta, and was indeed the "labor of love," for he was not willing to receive any compensation, her thanks being his dearest recompense. In a handsomely decorated saloon there was a magnificent painting of Pasta, as Semiramide; and in another, a bust of her as Anna Bolena. Pasta's villa is the most lovely spot upon the lake. Bulwer must have seen it ere he wrote his glowing description, for he has sketched it as though it were before him, and he a second Claude Lorraine. It is truly

"Shut out by Alpine hills from the rude world,
Near a clear lake, margined by fruits of gold
And whispering myrtles."

The grounds and gardens are delightful, with arbors, grottoes, winding walks, and gushing fountains. A few feet above the lake there is a noble avenue of trees, whose interlacing branches form a Gothic arch of living green. Beyond this the mountain is cut into terraces, one above the other, (almost like the steps of some giant staircase.) The vegetation has all the luxuriance of tropical climes, and the long grape-vines climb from tree to tree up the mountain-side. Each terrace contains groves of orange, lemon, and myrtle trees, or labyrinths of flowering shrubs, and rose-covered arbors with rustic seats, and banks of moss. Midway up was a "glossy bower of coolest foliage," with a floor of curious pebbles. There, they told us, Pasta loved to sit at evening, looking out upon the blue waters; the view thence was enrapturing, and the lake was like a great *lapis lazuli* in an emerald setting.

We lingered several hours in this "Paradise of Como," ere we could tear ourselves away and pursue our voyage up the lake, passing the villas of Visconti, Ulmo, and the "Villa d'Este," once the residence of Queen Caroline, of England.

Within a quiet little bay, we saw "Pliniana," named thus from Pliny's description of a singular spring amid the grounds. His villa, however, was supposed to be upon the site of the "Villa Lenno," as broken columns have been found there beneath the water. Near the little village of Bovisio, Napoléon lived for some time, in the "Villa Mom-bello." There Josephine joined him, soon after the "Fall of Venice," and an elegant court, not only of French nobles, but of Italians likewise, surrounded him during the "negotiations for peace."

We rowed by garden, village, and villa, until warned by our boatmen to return; that is, if we intended reaching the city of Como by night. As such was our purpose, we reluctantly saw them turn the *barciolina* towards it. As we passed along, the shores were like a beautiful panorama, gradually unfolding before our eyes, and at last came the town of Como. The boat is nearing the quai, and I must cease writing.

"Can I forget—ah! never, such a scene—
So full of witchery."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE city of Como has a population of twenty thousand inhabitants. It was the first city, in ancient times, to throw off the "tyrant's chains," and become a Republic. It continued thus for two centuries, when it was conquered by the Visconti, and since has belonged to the Masters of Milan. It was the birthplace of Pliny the younger, (and many say also that of the elder Pliny); the people are very proud of being his compatriots; and in wandering through the town, we fell in with a ragged beggar, who insisted upon constituting himself our guide, and said, in a pompous tone, "This is indeed the land of great men—*ecco Pliny!*"

The Cathedral is a fine building, all of marble. In front are two statues of the Plinys, raised to their honor in the sixteenth century. Within the church are many paintings by Luino, who was born on the shores of the lake. Volta was likewise a native of Como.

The lake, called by the Romans *Lacus Larius*, is about forty miles long. No place upon earth has ever been more frequently the theme of the poet and the painter, and none surpasses its wondrous beauty. It is related that Ugo Foscolo often remarked, "it was impossible to study near the

lake, the landscape around was too inviting to permit the companionship of books."

From Como we went on to *Milan*, by railway, in one hour and a half. We rode in an omnibus beyond the range of mountains which shut in the lake, to the Plain of Lombardy, where the *Strada Ferrata* (the iron street) begins. The country through which we passed was exceedingly fertile, with groves of olive trees, (small ones, however,) mulberry plantations, myriads of peach and prune trees, and fields of wheat and Turkish grain. We reached Milan early in the afternoon, and entered it through the *Arco della Pace*, (the Arch of Peace.) It was commenced by Napoléon, and intended by him to be called "The Arch of the Simplon," and to be adorned with a statue of Victory, but his downfall ended all these purposes, and the Austrians finished it, changing all the *bas reliefs*, and substituting others emblematic of peace.

Milan is called by the Italians *Milan the Great*. In the fourth century it was deemed the sixth city of Italy. All the large cities have some favorite designation, illustrative of their peculiar excellence. Thus Rome is "The Holy," Naples "The Happy," and Venice "The Rich." Milan was founded by the Gauls, and in 452 was sacked by Attila, the Hun. In 1162 Frederick the First entirely destroyed it, and blotted the name of "Milano" from the cities of the land. Some years after, it was determined to rebuild it, which was done by the combined forces of all the towns most active in its destruction. These were Brescia, Cremona, Verona, and Bergamo. Eighty years after its reconstruction, began the rule of the Viscontis and the Sforzas. Milan then became celebrated throughout all Europe, and gave fashions to the world: hence comes the word *milliner*. When the Sforza family passed away, Milan fell under the

power of Charles V., in 1535. Thus becoming Austrian, then French, and again Austrian. It is a strongly walled city, and a splendid one. The streets are nicely paved, the houses large, and many built of marble from the quarries near *Domo d'Ossolo*.

The people look very different from any we have seen of late; they are extremely handsome. The men are of fine stature, dark, and striking in appearance, with long moustache and beards; the women are graceful and comely. Both remind us of the creoles of Louisiana in their fine physique. They seem well fed, prosperous, and contented; especially have the friars and monks in tight breeches and silk stockings, a happy, jaunty air. There were multitudes of Austrian soldiers in every street through which we passed. They are fair, cold, and stern, in aspect; the very antipodes of the Milanese.

We stopped at the "Hotel de Ville," (an excellent hotel.) From the window we beheld the Duomo, or cathedral, and although we had fancied ourselves too weary even to go down to dinner, we thought no more of fatigue when the graceful spires of this "Pride of Milan" met our eyes. We replaced our bonnets and hastened away to obtain a nearer view of the majestic and elaborately-wrought exterior of the cathedral. As it was too late to enter, we walked around it, in the dim twilight, and then on through the thronged streets, with numerous and brilliantly-lighted cafés, where crowds were drinking coffee, or eating ice creams and sherbets. There was a life about the scene peculiarly pleasant, recalling somewhat the busy stream of Broadway, and we tarried long amid the merry throng, ere we sought repose in our hotel.

We spent some charming days in Milan, and were constantly occupied visiting the various objects of interest. We

went often to the Duomo, so long deemed second only to St. Peter's in grandeur. It is almost impossible to describe it, the mind is bewildered by the multitude of statues which cluster in thousands around, on the summit of every spire, and along the cornices of the great edifice. The cathedral was commenced in 1386, by Giovanni Visconti, in fulfilment of a vow, and is not even yet completed. It is built of white marble from the quarries near *Lago di Maggiore*. Time gives it a rich yellow tint, though in many places it is black with age. It is in the form of a Latin cross; the columns supporting the roof are immense. They are fifty in number, each formed by an assemblage of eight shafts; the height of every pillar is eighty feet, and eighteen at the base. The capitals of these are finely wrought. The ceiling is of delicate fret-work, and the windows of painted glass, a portion of each being the work of Pellegrini, exceedingly brilliant. The cannon of the French made sad havoc with these windows. The Austrian Government are now having them restored, but the imitation of the original is very poor. There are many noble monuments and fine pictures adorning the aisles and altars.

The tomb of San Carlo Borromeo is beneath the church, in a richly decorated chapel containing along the walls *bas reliefs*, in silver gilt, of all the great events of his life, from his birth unto his reception into Paradise. In the centre of this chapel the body of the saint reposes. It is enclosed in a shrine of gold and silver, and is attired in the Pontifical robes. Through the large plates of rock crystal, the face is distinctly seen—that of a skeleton, awakening the most painful emotions, and in striking contrast with the dazzling jewels which glitter around the mouldering form.

San Carlo Borromeo is the Patron Saint of Milan; he was born in 1538, and at the age of twenty-two, was Arch-

bishop of the city; he was a great and good man, and revered as almost the equal of Deity. We saw the robes in which he walked through the city during the plague, so graphically described by Manzoni, in *I promessi Sposi*. The chalice from which he drank the wine upon that occasion, was wrought by Benvenuto Cellini, and is exquisite. A young priest showed us these precious memorials, and gave us an interesting sketch of the pure and holy life of the Saint.

In the rear of the great Altar in the Sacristy, were the jewels of the church. There was a silver figure (size of life) of San Carlo, and another of Saint Ambrosio. In the silver bust of St. John, we were told, was enclosed the real head of the martyr. There were many other relics, among them a piece of the crucifix. The jewels in the pastoral staffs of the bishops, were really magnificent. The front pieces for the altar were all woven of silver and gold thread, and inlaid with precious stones. The wealth in this one room is estimated at more than *four millions of pounds sterling*. There were salvers, plates, cups, and candlesticks, of the pure metals of gold and silver, richly inlaid with rubies, turquoise, emeralds, topaz, amethysts, and amber. The principal altar is of walnut, carved by Pellegrini; the pavement of the cathedral is a mosaic of black, red, and white marble. We visited many other churches, but they failed to interest us after the magnificence of the Duomo.

Near the Church of *Santa Maria* we saw the famous *Cenacola*, or "Last Supper" of Leonardo da Vinci. This picture was painted upon a wall by the great artist in 1493, and has attracted more attention, and has had more written concerning it, than any other in Europe. It has met with sad mischances, and time and ill-usage have left their impress; although many of the figures are perfect, and the head of

Christ still glows with a life-like radiance. Leonardo da Vinci occupied sixteen years in painting it.

La Brera is a large building devoted to the fine arts. It has many good fresco paintings by Luino, and countless rooms filled with pictures and statuary. It was a fête-day in Milan, and prizes for the best modern picture, and to the best singers of the Conservatory of Music, were to be awarded in one of the large saloons of *La Brera*. Thus we met thousands and thousands of the inhabitants in the long corridors, and in the different apartments. Bands of music were stationed at various points, and all was animation.

Among the ancient paintings was one of "St. John in the Wilderness," by Titian, exceedingly good, and one by Raphael, of exquisite beauty. The "Abraham and Hagar" of Guercino, and several paintings by Guido, Domenichino, and Rembrandt, were excellent. The pictures by the modern artists did not strike me as particularly fine, although the sculpture had great merit; the "Death of Cleopatra," and "The Bride," were certainly works of merit. The veil over the Bride's face was so delicately wrought, it absolutely required the touch to convince me it was not of real lace.

We visited several palaces; among the most splendid was that of *Castel Barco*. It is an ancient building, and has been in one family for six hundred years. The collection of pictures is very large; the walls of all the rooms are hung with them, like a gorgeous tapestry. There are vases and columns, of all the most valued marbles of Europe, tables of jasper, of porphyry, and of glass, inlaid with silver and gold. Then small *armoires* of ebony enriched with agates, cornelians, and other precious stones. The windows of the drawing-room opened upon a lovely garden, with fountains and statues; the bustle of the busy world was quite unheard in "these leafy shades," where the music of the falling waters

and the song of birds delighted the ear, while the eyes rested upon the rarest flowers and freshest foliage.

The Imperial Palace, the abode of the Emperor when he visits Milan, was built by one of the Viscontis in 1330. It has some modern frescoes by Hayez and Appiani, which have Napoléon for their theme. One represents the *Apotheosis of Napoléon*, in the character of Jove standing upon an eagle; another, his marriage with Maria Louisa.

As it was not the season for the opera, we found all the theatres closed; still, desiring much to see the interior of *La Scala*, we obtained permission of the Impresario to visit it during the day, and he politely accompanied us. It is a grand and spacious theatre, containing six or seven tiers of boxes; each box is hung with rich silk, heavily fringed and looped up with ornaments of gold; at least thirty persons can be seated in every one. There is an antechamber also. It takes its name from "Santa Maria della Scala," upon the site of which it was built in 1779. It is the second theatre in point of size in Italy, and is allowed five thousand pounds sterling by the government every year. When we went in, there were two girls upon the stage going through the rehearsal of the new ballet, which was to inaugurate the dramatic season. As the Impresario told us they were his most charming dancers, we seated ourselves in one of the boxes, to see them go through a *pas de deux*. As the day was warm, they were attired for the dance (I might say *un-*attired); with the exception of their drawers, they only wore the ghost of a petticoat, with a slight corsage, scarcely confining the rich development of their beautiful bosoms. They had the pure Roman profile, silk-like hair, and full lips, red as the bursting fruit of the pomegranate. They threw themselves into most graceful attitudes, and then began a dance in which there were wonderful pirouettes, of such duration,

the dancers seemed white clouds floating over the stage. When we told the Impressario how strikingly handsome they were, he said, "Ah! could you but see them when they are lighted up, you would not wonder that they have turned half the heads in Milan."

On the front of "La Scala," is quite an appropriate *bas relief*; it represents Apollo stepping into his car, while the Goddess of Night is throwing her arms detainingly around him. The Milanese are noted for their late hours at operas and theatres; indeed, throughout Italy, we have remarked the gaiety, bustle, and merriment of the night; it is only towards the morning hours that silence prevails.

The *Corso* is a delightful drive entirely around the city. It is upon the summit of one series of walls, and is planted on either side with trees, and is really one of the most enjoyable public promenades and drives we have seen on the Continent. It is said the Milanese will starve themselves for a week that they may be enabled to afford the luxury of a handsome equipage for the *Corso*. It was a charming scene, as we drove along, amid hundreds of elegant carriages and well-mounted horsemen. The women were gaily dressed; they are exceedingly pretty, with dark hair, and lustrous eyes; their complexions are of a creamy whiteness, like the *Magnolia*, when it first unfolds its petals. The black lace mantilla falling upon their shoulders gave them a picturesque look. Now and then, a dozen carriages would gather in a circle, forming a little coterie apart from the crowd, where there would be merry talking. Around and around they drove, until dark night shut them out from our eyes.

From the top of the great tower of the cathedral, there is a glorious view of the plain of Lombardy, and of the distant Alps, rising up like a grand rampart to divide the "land of the myrtle and orange" from the cold north.

Napoléon was crowned in Milan, in 1805, with the "Iron Crown," thus called from the belief that one of the nails of the true cross is mingled in the iron band which lies beneath the adornments of gold, silver, and of precious stones. This crown once encircled the brow of Charlemagne. It is kept in the treasury of Monza almost within sight of Milan, and is only taken out for the coronation of an emperor. Monza is a small town which we passed in our way from Como.

By dawn the bells of the numerous churches announced the Sunday; so, after writing letters to our home, we went to the "Duomo" to hear high mass. Never did deeper solemnity possess me than when the swelling tones of the great organ pealed through the vast aisles and seemed to linger around the lofty columns. The grandeur of the surroundings—the golden-hued light falling from the immense window above, throwing a glory around the sculptured forms of the saints, all so entirely disposed the soul to worship—I no longer wondered that the Catholics should be deeply and fondly devoted to their poetic and beautiful faith. There were at least ten thousand persons in the cathedral, and yet it appeared as though they were but hundreds, so immense is the extent of the building. The mass was a new one, recently composed by some artist, and full of exquisite melody. The young girl who won the prize of the Conservatory led the choir. Her voice was sweet, fresh, and sympathetic.

After visiting several other churches, and hearing an excellent sermon in the *Saint Ambrosio*, we returned to the hotel to prepare for our departure for Venice. We left Milan in the afternoon, and travelled on the railway to the town of Treviglio, where we took the diligence and went on to Brescia, quite a large city, remarkable for its Roman antiquities and its numerous fountains. Thence on to the shores

of the *Lago di Garda*, stopping at *Leonato*, where Napoléon achieved his brilliant victory over the Austrians in 1796. This lake is the *Benacus* of the ancients, and noted for the violent storms which sweep over it, rendering the surface of its waters at times like the "troubled and tempestuous ocean." Along its margin we journeyed all the night in the Italian style, about four miles the hour, and encountered at every change of horses the annoyance of *buono mano*. This is a call made upon the generosity of travellers by the *postiglione*. He opened the door with a lantern in his hand, which he flashed full upon the eyes of every passenger in turn, and called out, "*Signor, buono mano ! buono mano !*" It was needless to affect sleep ; if the light did not awaken, he had recourse to a good shake ; thus we found it preferable to give immediately.

We had several agreeable companions within the diligence, especially an intelligent Italian, who delighted me by repeating stanza after stanza of Dante's poems. Then for many hours trains of Austrian soldiers with their heavy artillery marched near us. How fiercely seemed to glow the blood of the Italian as he looked out upon them, and told us of the wrongs and sufferings of his down-trodden countrymen. It is indeed a sad spectacle to behold the bondage of this once noble people. There are times, we were told, when the sight of the Austrian soldier so enrages the peasant, that he will fall upon him, even with his hoe, and inflict terrible wounds, knowing that for this revenge his life will surely be the sacrifice : but such is their hatred, they will welcome death rather than sue for mercy. Hence, whenever it is possible, the soldiers are marched from post to post during the night, thus avoiding conflicts between them and the peasantry. With measured tread, unaccompanied by music, they continued to pass by the diligence until the gray light of morn-

ing chased away the stars, and we reached the fortress *Peschiera* on an island in the *Mincio*, just where it leaves the lake. It was first strongly fortified by Napoléon, and since that period has been often the scene of strife. In 1848 it endured a long siege ere it surrendered to the Piedmontese army of Carlo Alberto.

We had ample opportunity of viewing the scenery around; for the officers who were to examine our passports were yet asleep, and we waited their awakening. The "smooth-sliding Mincius," which has its birthplace in the Alps, after passing through the *Lago di Garda*, makes its exit at *Peschiera*, and flows on by "Mantua the Glorious," to mingle with the river Po. During our time of waiting, about one thousand Austrian soldiers were drawn up to meet the detachments who had borne us company during the night. They were a robust, stalwart set of men, dressed all in white except the blue facings of their coats. They have all fair complexions, and their ruddy color told they were but recently from the mountain-lands of the Tyrolean Alps. It was quite a martial sight when with "pealing drums" and flashing bayonets they greeted the new comers.

From *Peschier* a few hours' travel brought us to *Verona*. At the mere mention of that word, what visions of faithful love arise! How like a spell of magic is the memory of Juliet! It gives a sanctity to the city and its surroundings.

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CHAPTER XXV.

“Am I in Italy?
Are those the distant turrets of Verona
And shall I sup where Juliet at the masque
First saw and loved, and now, by him who came
That night a stranger, sleeps from age to age?”

VERONA presented a charming aspect as we approached within its serrated walls and high towers. It is built upon the Adige, a rapid current from the distant mountains, over which are thrown several fine bridges. We drove to the *Albergo delle due Torri*, and after ordering dinner and obtaining a cicerone, we started out to see the tomb of Juliet. We passed through a portion of an old convent, and then along a garden to a miserable building, in which the ancient guide pointed out with great pride and importance “La tomba di Giuletta la sfortunata” (the tomb of Juliet the unfortunate). It is of a reddish marble, much broken about the edges, where it has been cut away to furnish souvenirs. Maria Louisa, the Empress of Napoléon, had ornaments made from portions of it, and the noble ladies of Verona, desirous of imitating her, were near destroying that precious sarcophagus which for centuries has awakened the enthusiasm of all tourists. Fortunately for the ciceroni, the government came to the rescue, and the ravages upon the tomb

were stayed. In one corner of the ancient room there stood a miserable and half-starved donkey, who evidently made his home there. A red-armed woman had been washing clothes near by, and we had a suspicion the tomb of Juliet served her for a wash-tub. Our guide gravely pointed out a small aperture in the bottom, made there to permit her to breathe while she lay in the dim, dark vault. Romeo and Juliet are supposed to have died in 1300. It was not, however, until two centuries after that the Italian authors founded a romance upon their tragic history.

We next drove to the "House of the Capulets," now a wretched little inn, then to the "Mansion of the Montagues," also a lodging-place for vetturini and donkey-drivers. In the *Piazza dei Signori* we saw the singular tombs of the Scaligeri family, and in the *Piazza di Bra* the great Roman amphitheatre. It is of vast antiquity (built, it is imagined, about the time of the Coliseum), although still in a wonderful state of preservation. It has never been used as though it were a stone quarry, and the materials employed in constructing other edifices, as was done with the Coliseum of Rome. Since the year 1228 every Podesta, when he went into office, was compelled to expend a certain amount upon repairs for the arena. All the ranges of seats are perfect, even over the colossal arches are the Roman numbers. Then the stairways, the caverns for the wild beasts, and the subterranean passages by which they were suddenly let loose upon the doomed of the arena, are as clearly visible as though it were but yesterday that the fierce and blood-thirsty crowds thronged the amphitheatre. We climbed up row after row of seats until we stood upon the rim or topmost edge of the immense building. Plants had rooted themselves into the crevices of the stones, and long vines were pendent from the summit, while a delicate white flower, star-like in shape,

shone upon the surface of the dark rock. In the recesses of the wall and beneath the winding steps were smiths with forges, and venders of fancy articles had there made a kind of bazaar. In one corner of the arena there was a circus with a striped awning over it, and several dashing horsemen who were giving the storming of some fortress; the audience appeared but few in that mighty area capable of containing fifty thousand people. We walked around the broad parapet which encircles it, and looked out upon the panorama shut in by the far-away mountains, and then upon the forty rows of seats below us, which imagination peopled with the eager throngs of the ancient days.

The *Piazza delle Erbe* is the old market-place, and was filled with fruits and flowers. Each seller sat with a mammoth umbrella over him or her, made of canvas. It was there the followers of the rival houses of the *Capuletti* and *Montecchi* were wont to meet for their daily quarrels.

We visited several churches (of which there are multitudes). That of "San Lenone" was the most striking. It is the church of the patron saint of Verona, and has fine pictures and many precious relics. In the cemetery near by is the tomb of King Pepin, who died at Milan in A. D. 810.

Verona is the birthplace of *Paolo Veronese*, the admirable painter, but we saw very few of his paintings there; they embellish the galleries of princes in other cities. However, the inhabitants have the glory of calling him compatriot.

From "Verona the Worthy," we went on by railway, passing the battle-field of Arcola, where Napoléon won the great victory over the Austrians. Near the bridge of Arcola is an obelisk, commemorative of the event. The country around is cut into canals for the purpose of draining the land; and in one of these Napoléon remained some time, surrounded by the enemy, until his faithful guards rescued him.

At *Vicenza* we only tarried a short period. It has many

fine palaces, built by the famous Palladio, who was a native of the city, and churches innumerable, where there are the paintings of Paul Veronese, and other famous artists. In Vicenza, as at Verona, the windows had great iron bars in front of them, behind which we often saw fresh young faces peeping out. The women have a picturesque costume, and wear long white veils over their heads.

Next we came to "Padua the Powerful," celebrated for its university, its palaces, and its *Caf  Pedrocchi*, erected by a man of that name, who every week paid all his workmen in Venetian gold. Soon strange stories grew up concerning him; and, as he had always been poor until the beginning of this building, it was imagined he had dealings with the "Fiend of men's souls." However, it proved he was a gambler, and thus suddenly became a millionaire by an extraordinary "run of luck." He resolved to raise a monument in his native city which should perpetuate his name; and being somewhat of an utilitarian, he combined the *fanciful* with the *useful*, and built the "Caf  Pedrocchi," famous through Italy for its fine architecture, and for the magnificence of its saloons. There are ball-rooms and concert-saloons, Egyptian and Grecian rooms, Pompeian and Turkish apartments, all furnished in splendid style. One boudoir struck us as singularly elegant. It was lighted as by the moonbeams, with a divan around a bank of freshly blooming flowers. This was named the "Lovers' Room," where fond hearts might breathe "those soft falsehoods so precious to lovers' ears."

Padua is of vast antiquity. It was a city when the great forest covered the site of "Imperial Rome." Virgil sings of its origin in the *Æneid*:

"*Antenor*, from the midst of Grecian hosts,
Could pass secure, and pierce th' Illyrian coasts:
At length he founded Padua's happy seat,
And gave his Trojans a secure retreat."

It is supposed the bones of *Antenor* were discovered in 1274, in digging the foundation of a church. In a marble sarcophagus they found a skeleton form, with the hand grasping a sword. A Greek inscription told that it was the body of Antenor. Padua has many fine old palaces, among them the *Palazzo di Bó*, containing the statue of Elena Cornaro, who was the most wonderful linguist, musician, and poetess. She received a doctor's degree from the University. She died unmarried. As the old guide said, "Her mind was so filled with learning, and her heart so devoted to knowledge, there was no room for love." The first *anatomical theatre* was built there in 1594. Galileo was a teacher of mathematics in the "Palace of Learning." Livy, Belzoni, and Cornaro were born in Padua.

The houses are supported along the chief squares by high pointed arches. The *Palazzo della Ragione*, erected in 1172 by *Pietro Cozzo*, is a most singular building; in it is an immense hall, said to be the largest in the world unsustained by pillars. The roof is covered by mystical pictures painted by *Giotto*.

The Church of San Antonio is rich in works of art. Pilgrims visit it from many lands, and always bear away with them some precious relic; hence the revenue of the Church is very large. Not far from it are the Botanical Gardens. They were the first established in Europe, and contain some of the cedars of Lebanon, lofty magnolias, palm-trees, and an old plane-tree, planted when the gardens were laid out in 1545—so they told me.

From Padua we continued our journey on the railway, which passes through a well-cultivated country, embellished with villas of the nobility, half hidden amid large groves. Along the green fields were lines of crimson poppies, and blue lakes, as it were, of some azure-hued blossom. The

grape-vines were not trained upon arbors or trellises, but suffered to climb tall trees, from which they hung in graceful festoons. We often remarked mile after mile of the country thus planted with vines and trees linked together. It reminded me of some of the dances of the Viennoise Children, when they moved up the stage, bound by wreaths of green, and all moving as by one impulse. Thus, when the breeze touched the long waving links, they seemed to advance towards us, as though impelled by music.

It was still daylight when we crossed the viaduct, two miles in length, which unites Venice to the mainland. We passed the small island where the brave Venetians so long defended themselves from the attacks of the Austrians. An Italian related to us many thrilling incidents of those days of siege, sorrow, and suffering. Never were there nobler martyrs than those who yielded up their lives on that spot. It was known within the city that the service was one of extreme danger; still the very flower of the Venetian nobility eagerly volunteered each day for the perilous post, and each night brought "wailing and weeping" to the desolated homes, in the tidings of their death. But their places were quickly supplied by others equally as brave, and thus wore on the long and gloomy months, until they numbered eighteen. Then cholera came, as the ally of the Austrians and of famine, and the "sea-girt city" succumbed to their resistless power. "Ah! was there not in that fearful struggle clear evidence of the noble spirit of the bright days of the Republic?" Upon that little island we all gazed long and sadly, as though it were a holy place, and made sacred by "the blood of martyrs in freedom's cause."

At the *dogana* (custom-house) we were forced to stop some time. There were hundreds waiting for the examination of their passports, and the visitation of the baggage.

Nowhere in Europe have we seen them so strict and searching. We were all ordered into a large saloon, around which were ranged Austrian soldiers, cold, white, and stern, as immovable in form and feature as statues. The officer of the police, accompanied by various assistants, then began the inspection, by opening every letter, note, and hotel bill, carefully reading them all entirely through, calling in my aid when he could not discover the exact word. Next he unfolded every chemisette and collar, as though treason lurked within them, shook out the dresses and petticoats, unrolled the stockings, felt into the fingers of the gloves, and finally rose up, saying, "There is nothing contraband or revolutionary." "Well, thank Heaven!" thought we, "now all trouble is ended." Not at all! As I was the "talking medium" of our party, I was summoned within the railing, where sat a dignified officer, who politely requested I should answer the questions he propounded, which answers he wrote down in a great book before him: "Where are you from? What part of the United States? How old are you? How long have you been married? How many months since you came to Europe? Is this your only daughter?" To all of these particular inquiries I gave satisfactory responses, which are recorded for the benefit of posterity. Then came the same questions to all the others, until they reached Betsey, whom he styled a *Moor*; whereupon she implored I would inform him she had nothing but pure American blood in her veins, and was a slave from the South. However, he insisted (as she was a mulatto) in "writing her down" *una Moretta*. R. puzzled him extremely. His intensely black eyes, beard, and moustache, were certainly very Italian-looking; so I was compelled to answer a treble number of questions concerning the place of his birth. I very gravely gave him the name of

a county in Virginia containing fourteen letters, divided into five or six syllables, dwelling with especial emphasis upon each one. He was rather annoyed at this long and difficult word to write, and again desired my aid to spell it.

I must confess the officer explained to me the reason of this remarkable strictness was in consequence of the fact that Mazzini had lately entered the Austrian dominions with an English passport. Before reaching this *dogana*, whenever we said "we are Americans," our baggage was passed with only a glance thrown upon it. Every where in Italy has the word *American* been as a "spell of power," to encircle us by kind and cordial attentions. With honest pride have our hearts glowed, when we have seen the effect produced by the mention of our dear native land. The wish to hear of America and to speak of it was universal. Like unto the Christian's hope of peace and rest in Heaven, are the yearning and earnest desire of the oppressed Italians to make their home in America.

A low bow from the officer informed us we were permitted to depart; so we crammed all our wardrobe hastily into the carpet-bags, and pushed our way through the crowd to a platform in front of the custom-house. Dark forms soon surrounded us. "Gondola, Signor!" "Barca!" "Omnibus!" What a destruction of romantic visions! an *omnibus* in Venice! However, when we looked down, we discovered the dark boat bearing this name was a large-sized gondola. We were soon in it, gliding noiselessly and slowly away towards the great dome of *San Marco*, which, with many turrets and columns, seemed painted upon the deep blue of the sky.

We passed over the Lagoon into streets like canals. Out of them rose up marble-fronted palaces, and over them were

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bridges, under whose shadow we floated, as the gondolier gave a cry of warning to approaching gondolas; these seemed to fly past us, as though they were immense birds of night. At first the darkness was unbroken by a single light; but soon we emerged into a wider street (or canal), and came to a palace, whence brilliant rays streamed from every window, and music from the thronged saloons filled the air. A fleet of gondolas was gathered around, and from them stepped out richly dressed women and dark cavaliers. They tripped up the marble stairway, and entered the ancient palace. It was a wedding-feast there that night, they told us, and hence the gay assemblage. Then by the theatre, beneath the Rialto, to the *Riva dei Schiavoni*, where we landed at a little quai, and thence into the *Mocenigo Palace* (now a hotel called the "Reale Danieli.") About the vestibule were many lingering traces of its former splendor. Lofty columns, supported on the shoulders of kneeling statues of negro slaves, sustained the roof, all frescoed and gilded. A wide marble staircase led to the stories above. Thence we passed along winding passages to a suite of rooms (twelve in number) appropriated to us. There were great saloons, with mirrors touched by the mildew of ages,—faded pictures looking from the walls,—beds within gloomy alcoves, before which hung draperies of heavy silk, and floors (of a species of mosaic) cold and hard as stone.

With only a partial glance at our labyrinth of apartments, ante-chambers, and mysterious corridors, we hastened to bed; for we were very weary. Just as "sleep came at our bidding," we were aroused by a serenade under our window. We sprang up, and, wrapping our mantles around us, went out upon the balcony. Beneath its shadow was a gondola, with several musicians. They sang a sweet Venetian melo-

dy, accompanied by the guitar. It was bewitching; and with delight we exclaimed, "This is indeed the Venice of our dreams!" This is indeed the Venice, "of joy the sojourn." We stood enjoying the scene until the clock struck twelve—then sought repose.

CHAPTER XXVI.

“There is a glorious city in the sea.
The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
Ebbing and flowing; and the salt sea-weed
Clings to the marble of her palaces.”

ENCHANTING were the beautiful days of our sojourn in Venice; life was filled with a new joy as we lingered there. Days and hours glided away upon a tide of pleasurable emotions, while it seemed as though wings gently bore us up, wafting us from scene to scene of interest. It was like a delicious dream in which the past was mingled with the present; all was so different from the world we had known before, in its mystical, unique, and strange character. The climate was delightful, the air fresh and balmy, and we felt, as in the Island of Cuba, the mere breathing of the atmosphere was an enjoyment. Long days we passed in the gondola, and hours of the night upon the Lagoons, and in the “water-streets.” We never felt weariness, or the need of sleep, so completely were we absorbed in the novel existence of wonderful Venice :

“Throned on her thousand isles,
She looks a Sea-Cybele fresh from ocean,
Rising with her tiara of proud towers!”

We visited all the old palaces, churches, galleries, and dungeons. But the Cathedral of San Marco claimed our greatest admiration; it is a majestic edifice, partaking of the Saracenic grandeur, while it presents the form of the Greek cross. Great domes and minarets adorn the summit, like those of a Turkish mosque. The façade is covered with mosaics and sculpture. Just above the central doorway are the world-renowned bronze horses, about whose origin such mystery hangs. They have at least been travellers in their day; as history tells us, they were brought from Alexandria to Rome, from Rome to Constantinople, thence to Venice; from Venice to Paris, and after the downfall of Napoléon, returned to their ancient position, whence they seem springing forward, so bold and spirited are their forms.

The Church of San Marco was built in 976, purposely to contain the precious relics of the Saint. During the glorious days of Venice, it was the custom of all home-returning ships to bring some treasure to the "Ducal Chapel," (as it was first styled.) Passing through the archway, sustained by pillars, (of which there are hundreds, and each one a trophy of Venetian conquest,) we entered the Cathedral. It was some time ere the eye could become accustomed to the confusion and profusion of ornament within its walls; there was such elaborate gilding, such gorgeous mosaics upon a golden ground, such forests of columns, of verd antique, of jasper, of porphyry, of alabaster—such enormous doors of bronze, upon which Sansovino spent twenty years in carving "The Death and Resurrection of the Saviour." Then the altars with rich vessels of gold and silver, inlaid with rare jewels, and the sacred chapel, with religious relics of priceless value. The floors are uneven, as though they were purposely made to imitate the undulating of the sea-waves. The pavement of

tesselated marble is much injured by time. In front of the great door are several squares of red marble, indicating the spot where the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa bowed his head when the Pope, Alexander III., placed his foot upon his neck, repeating the words of the Psalmist: "Thou shalt tread upon the lion and the adder!" The grand altar, under which reposes the body of Saint Mark, was brought from Saint Sophia, at Constantinople. It has columns of Parian marble curiously carved. There are very few paintings in the Cathedral; all the pictures are in mosaic, illustrative of incidents in the history of the Saint.

Just in front of San Marco are three tall red masts, indicative of the three great conquests of the republic; these were *Cyprus*, *Candia*, and the *Morea*. In ancient days, three *gonfalons*, or banners of silk and gold, floated from them; now, upon important occasions, they support the flag of Austria. The "Tower of the Clock" is near by; it has two gigantic Moorish figures in bronze, which strike the hours on a dazzling dial of azure and gold.

The *Piazza di San Marco* is the only square in Venice; it is the focus where all the rays of life concentrate. It is paved, and surrounded on three sides by lofty buildings, with a fringe of graceful arcades uniting them. On the fourth side it is bounded by the noble Cathedral. In the *Piazzetta di San Marco*, just where we landed from the gondola, we saw the Winged Lion of St. Mark. It stands on the summit of a granite column, and near by it, on a similar column, is the statue of Saint Theodore. The lion was taken by the French to "des Invalides" at Paris, but after a brief sojourn there, returned to Venice.

As we left the Cathedral it was about two o'clock, and we found the square of St. Mark absolutely paved with pigeons, devouring the grain which numerous persons were

throwing down to them, while long lines of singularly costumed people were looking on. Around and around were wheeling, like squadrons of cavalry, the great flocks, awaiting their turn to make a dash at the food on the Piazza. Since the dim dark ages, when Venice was but a fishing town, these pigeons, or rather their ancestor pigeons, have been cherished with a holy reverence. A superstitious love protects them from harm, and a governmental decree ordains they shall be regularly fed. Thus they "increase and multiply," until they number myriads and myriads.

The *Campanile di San Marco* is a lofty tower, said to be the highest in Italy. From its summit the view reveals a panorama of wondrous extent, embracing the Friuli Alps, and the coast of Istria, the Adriatic, and far-away Padua; the ascent is by an inclined plane, up which Napoleon rode on horseback. There is a *loggia* (a gallery) at the base, built by Sansovino in 1540. It has four statues in bronze, of Peace, Apollo, Mercury, and Pallas.

The Ducal Palace is an immense structure, built, it would seem, for eternity. There is a massiveness and solidity about it, which have defied the fingers of "defacing time." Then its memories, caught in the golden meshes of his genius, and made all radiant by the flowing verse of Byron, absolutely "re-people the past," and it was with fast-beating pulses we ascended the "Giant's Stairway," with its colossal statues of Neptune and Mars, and entered its vast saloons. The magnificent pictures in the various rooms speak eloquently of the bygone glory of Venice. Patriotism seems to have been the inspiration which animated its artists. Thus the frescoes of Tintoretto, the works of Palladio, the grand paintings of Titian, and the pictures of Paul Veronese, are all illustrative of her triumphs by land and by sea.

The "Hall of the Great Council" is a noble room, with

gorgeous frescoes, and just below the cornice, a frieze containing the portraits of all the Doges. The space allotted to that of *Marino Faliero* is covered with a black veil, and the inscription telling of his crime and of his violent death. Near the entrance was the famous painting of Tintoretto, called the "Glory of Paradise." It is said to be the largest picture in the world painted upon canvas; although the dampness of centuries has injured it, there still linger about it evidences of the grandeur of its early days. It is clearly shown within this "Palace of the Doges," that Tintoretto was the most extraordinary artist who ever lived, in point of industry and energy; there are almost miles of his paintings, even in Venice. Could he have been subject to the weariness of human nature? Were not all his days, and nights too, devoted to his art? Irresistibly these thoughts pressed upon me, as room after room was visited, ceilings, and walls, painted by his hands, and all the figures instinct as it were with life and power.

In the *Sala dello Scrutinio* we saw the door which is an arch in honor of *Francesco Morosini*, who conquered the Morea, and the "Last Judgment," by Jacopo Palma. It is a fearful picture: the good are receiving rewards from angels, while the wicked are given into charge of fiends; the Saviour is upon a throne, wrapped in red drapery, with a halo of light around him.

Up the *Scala d'Oro* (the golden staircase) we mounted, to the "Hall of Four Doors" by Palladio, where we looked upon Titian's great picture of "Faith," and in the room beyond saw the beautiful though sensuous "Rape of Europa," by Paul Veronese. The face of Europa is exquisite, and the majesty of the god lurks in the expression of the bull's head, as he turns it to lick the dainty feet hanging listlessly from his back, whereon is still seated his precious burden,

while the bull has fallen on the shore from the weariness of his long voyage.

But vain is the effort to describe all the wealth of pictures; we hurried on through many a room, where we would fain have tarried hours; in them were not only paintings, but busts and figures of ancient sculpture. In the gallery containing the busts of the "great captains of the republic," was one in *black marble* of Othello. It has perfect negro features, and crispy hair; they told us it was deemed a resemblance of the original.

The Library has sixty thousand volumes, and thousands of manuscripts. It owes its origin to Petrarch, who gave to Venice his manuscripts in gratitude for the hospitality with which they welcomed him when he fled from the plague. Other learned men followed his example, and thus grew up this valuable collection.

In the Museum of Antiquities, near by it, are many works of art during the Grecian period of supremacy. Among them we greatly admired Ganymede borne away by the eagle; it is attributed to Phidias, and is beautiful. "Leda and the Swan" were likewise there. Then we saw the map of the world, drawn in 1460, showing the ideas then prevailing of our globe. The *Greek Cameo*, discovered in 1793 at Ephesus, was also shown us. The chamber of the "Council of Ten" is a small apartment, with gorgeous frescoes and pictures. It was there *Marino Faliero* and *Foscari* were condemned to death.

In a long, dark corridor of the Palace, an old, trembling man (the *cicerone*) lighted lamps, and attended us to the dungeons, or *pozzi*, beneath. Frightful places they were, arranged in stories, one below the other; the upper one had a small window near the roof, but the others had neither light nor air. They were only a few feet in width and breadth,

and only seven in height. Over the walls were scratched, seemingly with a nail, words of anguish by the prisoners: one was, "There is no trust but in God;" another, "Repentance too late;" and various others, expressive of deep despair. The lowest of the cells was called the "Cell of Consolation." It was there the victim was placed one hour before his execution, when the priest came to give him the last blessing of religion.

Coming up from these cold "prison wells," we crossed over the long-famed Bridge of Sighs.

"I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand."

The condemned were taken from the dungeons across this bridge to the prison, where they were executed. There are several windows in it, through which they caught their last look of the blue sky of Venice. The bridge is very high above the water of the narrow canal, dividing the two buildings, and appears to hang like a giant coffin in the air.

In the "Academia" we passed many hours amid the noble paintings of Titian, of Paul Veronese, of Bassano, of Palma, of Contarini, and of Tintoretto. The "Assumption of the Virgin" is, beyond all doubt, one of the most exquisite pictures that Titian ever painted. The figure of the Virgin, with its blue drapery, is indescribably beautiful; while a divine light plays around the innocent face, filling the soul of the beholder with reverence. The "Presentation at the Temple," (also by Titian,) has great power and expression; in fact, Titian is seen in all his glory in Venice. In many of the churches we saw splendid pictures by him; his St. Peter and St. Sebastian are wonderful creations of genius. Often did we think, as our eyes dwelt delighted upon his paintings, of the remark of our dear and gifted Grace Greenwood,

when we met in London, just after her return from Italy : "Titian is the Shakspeare of painters." There is a golden light about his pictures, possessed by no other artist. He must have touched them with colors now unknown. Goëthe, in his "Letters from Italy," mentions particularly the brilliancy of the paintings of Titian and Paul Veronese, and accounts for it in the following manner. "The eye forms itself by the objects which from youth it is accustomed to look upon ; and so the Venetian artist sees all things in a brighter and clearer light than other men. As I floated down the Lagunes in the full sunshine, and observed how the figures of the gondoliers, in their motley costume, stood from the bright green of the water, and against the blue sky, I caught the best and freshest type of the Venetian school. The sunlight brought out the local colors with dazzling brilliancy, and the shades even were so luminous that, comparatively, they in their turn might serve as lights ; and the same may be said of the reflection from the sea-green water. All was painted *chiaro nell chiaro*, so that foamy waves and lightning flashes were necessary to give it a grand finish."

At night we went to the "Fenice," a handsome theatre, built during the past century. The opera of "Attila the Hun" was given by an admirable company, who had opened the "Fenice" for a few nights, while they waited the beginning of the season at the *Scala* of Milan. There were Austrian soldiers stationed at all the doors, and several like marble statues along the parquette. A light vaudeville followed the opera, in which the acting was inimitable, and so expressive that strangers to the language understood the plot and incidents perfectly, from the gestures and play of the countenance. The Italians are unequalled as mimics or pantomimists.

The Grand Canal.—We have spent all the day along

the Grand Canal, which winds like a serpent through the centre of Venice. No city in the world can boast a more magnificent street. From the Mocenigo Palace we stepped into our gondola, and passed along the "Piazzetta di San Marco," by the Royal Garden, the only green spot in the island, and then entered the canal. It is very broad, with its waters ebbing and flowing with the swell of the Adriatic. From their green depths rise up on each side immense palaces fronted with marble, of vast height, and occasionally adorned with balconies, or bow-windows, shaded by gaily-colored awnings. The sparkling waves created by our gondola, rippled over the lowest steps of the wide marble stairway, leading to their vestibules, or corridors.

As ours was a "voyage of delight"—a voyage in pursuit of golden memories to treasure in the heart forever, we brought back a rich freight, beginning with the *Palazzo Emo*, where we saw the fine statues by Canova of *Hector* and *Ajax*, continuing on until we came to the *Isola Santa Chiara*, where the Grand Canal terminates. We visited all the most remarkable palaces, viewing their collections of pictures, their statuary, and objects of *vertú*.

The Palace of Foscari has a thrilling interest from its name. Byron's tragedy has engraven it upon many a heart, and sad remembrances of Marina and the young Foscari came to us as we walked through the noble saloons. There we saw too the Contarini Palace, where he wooed and won his beautiful bride; for she was

"A daughter of the house that now among
Its ancestors in monumental brass
Numbers eight Doges."

In honor of her the bucentaur was brought out, and the canal in front of the Palace was covered by a bridge of boats, that

the bridegroom might pass over, attended by his grand retinue of horse. "The marriage caused great rejoicings for three days," says Sanuto the historian.

We saw the Mocenigo Palace, where Byron lived in 1818. We went into the room where he spent most of his hours, and where he wrote several of his finest poems. The furniture remains just as when he occupied the apartment. By the window was a large soft-cushioned chair, which the cicerone assured us was Byron's favorite seat, overlooking the gay canal. There he was wont to muse perhaps upon

"The cold, the changed, perchance the dead, anew ;
The mourned, the loved, the lost—too many ! yet how few !"

In the Pisani Moretta Palace we were shown the picture by Paul Veronese (deemed one of his best), representing the "Tent of Darius," wherein his wife and children are kneeling before Alexander. There also was the group of Icarus and Dædalus, by Canova.

Passing many other palaces, we came to the "Bridge of the Rialto," made as it were a landmark in the history of Venice by the "immortal bard of Avon." It is an arch, marble-cased, over the canal, joining the island of the Rialto to the island of San Marco. It is very high and wide, and contains numerous small shops, two or three rows of them, and a passage-way. Near this bridge was the *Rivo Alto*, where the first Venetians, flying from Attila the Hun, made themselves a home.

"A few, in fear
Flying away from him whose boast it was
That the grass grew not where his horse had trod,
Gave birth to Venice. Like the water-fowl,
They built their nests among the ocean-waves."

In the "olden time," this Rialto was the great exchange of

the merchants; now it is only a place for commerce in dried fish and imitation jewelry. However, the Jews still appear to be its principal occupants.

The "Bridge of the Rialto" is the only one over the Grand Canal; elsewhere along its margin, when one wishes to cross they are ferried over in gondolas. We walked across, and after looking at the buildings around, continued on to the *Casa d'Ora*, a splendid palace ornamented in the Eastern style. It was once entirely gilded without, and so was called the "Golden House." Of course the gilt has vanished, but the name remains. It now belongs to Taglioni, the danseuse, and is quite restored to its former magnificence. It is gorgeously furnished, and decorated with pictures and fine statuary. There are several rooms and luxurious boudoirs opening upon a terrace in the rear of the Palace, where there is a little grove of orange and lemon trees. This terrace is two or three stories above the surface of the Canal.

Next we visited the *Palazzo Vendramini*, erected in 1483. It belongs to the Dutches de Berri at this time, and is reckoned one of the finest palaces in Venice. We saw there the portraits of all the Bourbon family. That of Louis Philippe was admirable, likewise the sketch of the Duke de Berri, taken by an artist the morning of the night when he was killed in Paris. The artist had long been entreating him to sit to him, but the Duke had always found some excuse for not complying. On the morning of that day he suddenly appeared in the studio and gave the painter a long sitting. When he left him he said gayly, "*Au revoir*. At twelve to-morrow I shall be here!" That night, leaving the opera, he was assassinated.

The Duchess is married to a Sardinian Count. She was absent at her chateau in Illyria. Her portrait represents her as a handsome woman. The Count de Chambord, her

son whose picture was among the Bourbon family, has a fine intellectual face.

Some of the apartments were hung with embossed Spanish leather, gilt, and curiously wrought. There were tables of exquisite mosaics—*armoires* of ebony, inlaid with gold and precious gems, multitudes of costly vases and graceful trifles.

In the *Palazzo Manfrini* we saw a valuable collection of paintings by the old masters. The portrait of Ariosto, by Titian, is wondrously beautiful, possessing a light within the eyes as though the poetic soul spoke from them. It was very like a friend of mine in our far-distant home. There were several pictures by Giorgione, and the Queen of Cyprus by Titian; paintings by Cimabue and Giotto, by Carracci, Guido, and Sebastian del Piombo. We only glanced at the mass, reserving our especial attention for a few. There were portraits of Laura and of Petrarch. Neither of them was favorable to the impression imagination had wrought upon my mind. Laura's picture represented her as neither young or lovely, while Petrarch's had the dissatisfied, querulous look of an old man, although he must have been in the bright days of his life when the painting was made. The gobelin tapestry in several rooms was very well preserved, in spite of the hundreds of years that have passed since the noble family of Manfrini adorned with it their splendid halls.

As we were crossing a wide corridor, we looked from one of the windows into what we imagined to be the Atrium, or Court of the Palace; in place of the marble pavement we saw a lovely little garden with fairy-like fountains and rare and sweet-breathing flowers.

Leaving the Grand Canal and turning into a more narrow "water-street," we came to the *Palazzo Trevisano*, a rich and lofty edifice of mingled Gothic and Venetian styles. It belonged to the Capello family, and was the home of Bianca,

whose eventful life has been the theme of novelist and poet. She was gifted with "the fatal dower of beauty"—a beauty wild and enrapturing as that of the fabled Circe. Her parents watched its gradual development, and built up for her a future of even royal grandeur; but while they deemed her yet a child, her woman's heart had awakened, and she loved passionately the gay and handsome *Pietro Buonaventura*, who daily passed her father's palace to his vocation as a writer in the Bank of the Salviati. To those days, as to our own, may be applied the homely Saxon adage, "Where there is a will, there is a way," and often did the fair Bianca bribe the porter of the palace-door to yield to her the key. Then she stole down the marble steps, where her lover's gondola lay waiting in the deep shadow cast by some neighboring balcony, and springing into it, glided over the silent canals, until the "fresher breeze of morning" gave token of the coming day. When returning, she crept gently to her chamber. For many weeks this dream of love continued; but at length the "lordly father" found an alliance worthy of his "peerless daughter," and bade her prepare for the nuptials. Great was his wonder, when with tears of agony she implored him to refuse for her the marriage proposal. The parents sternly commanded compliance with their wishes, and left her. When night came, the wonted signal told her that below awaited the gondola. For the last time she descended the marble stairway, and then away with her lover over the calm lagoon to the mainland fled the high-born Bianca Capello, with Pietro Buonaventura, the child of the people. But "Love like Death levels all distinctions." They hurried on to Florence, where they implored the protection of Francisco, son of Cosmo di Medici. He was young and sympathetic, and willingly granted it, making Pietro an officer of his household, and bestowing high honors upon both the fugi-

tives. The enraged father of Bianca renounced her forever, and even induced the "Council of Ten" to set a price upon the head of Pietro.

The sunlight of prosperity served but to reveal the dark selfishness of Buonaventura's nature, and soon Bianca discovered she had given life, love, and hope to a villain. Then came the bitterest and most crushing trial of her woman's heart—desertion by him for whom she had abandoned parents, home, and country. At last, in her despair, she sought a refuge from his scorn and neglect in the adoration of Francisco, over whom she exercised the power of an enchantress. He was perfectly beneath her spell; and when his wife, Joanna of Austria, died (from a broken heart, the result of his infidelity), he married Bianca Capello, and presented her to his court as their queen. An ambassador was despatched to Venice to demand her, "the Daughter of St. Mark," as his consort. Quickly were the vows of vengeance once uttered by the Capelli forgotten, and gracious was the reception accorded to the envoy of Francisco. A deputation accompanied them to Florence, to assist in the second and public nuptials. The first had been in secret. Pietro was murdered by some of his reckless associates, and Bianca became the renowned beauty of Florence, encircled by the admiration of adoring crowds. But there was one whose evil eye was upon her, Francisco's uncle, the Cardinal di Medici. Skilled in the deadly poisons which made that family the terror of Europe, he found means to drug the drinking-cups of the Duke and Duchess, and they both perished within a few days of each other. Bianca Capello was buried privately in the crypt of *San Lorenzo* at Florence, her name blotted from the public archives, and the words "the vile Bianca" written in their place. Thus ended the career of the matchless and beautiful "Daughter of Venice."

We were deeply interested in her story, related to us, as we passed through the desolate and crumbling Palace of the Capelli, by an aged Italian antiquarian from Padua, whom we chanced to meet during our wanderings in palace and prison. He was an enthusiast, possessing profound learning, and well versed in the "ancient lore" of the Republic. Greatly were we indebted to him; for he called our attention to objects of classic and historic interest, which else we might have passed unheeded by.

With the Palace of the Capelli ended our morning's voyage. The windows of the dining-room at our hotel opened upon the narrow quai of the *Riva dei Schiavoni*, where were gathered people of many nations. A party of turbaned Turks were seated, gravely smoking their curious pipes in profound silence, while near them, on a small carpet spread upon the pavement, were a set of necromancers and a dark-skinned Hindoo swallowing a sword, as though it were a luscious morsel. Then Moors, Greeks, Armenians, and Africans—dancers, singers, tumblers, and organ-grinders; besides guitar-players, with their songs in the soft, lisping Venetian dialect. Some were quietly drinking coffee, while others were talking and gesticulating wildly. What a varied, gay, and animated scene it was! Almost with regret we left it for our twilight excursion along the Canal of the Guidecca, and afar out into the lagoon, to catch a glimpse of the Adriatic.

The gondola! The gondola! Like the sweet breath of violets comes to me, as I write, the remembrance of the joyous hours spent within the gondola. It is indeed the perfection of all locomotion. In it there is delightful repose, mingled with the consciousness of rapid movement. A delicious, dreamy feeling falls gently upon the heart, and disposes the mind to thoughts of beauty, to thoughts of love and of ro-

mance. No longer can we wonder that all the histories of Venice are filled with them, or that the records of deep passion there possess a spell unknown in colder climes. The gondolas are long, sharp boats, with a cabin in the centre, painted black. This contains two or four seats, has windows with lattice-blinds, and a door which shuts one in as completely from the passers-by as though within a private room. The seats are large and softly cushioned, and the most luxurious of sensations is experienced as one throws one's self back upon them, and beholds palaces, domes, turrets, and islands, glide by as though they too were floating upon the waters. It is enrapturing! like the joy of a pleasant dream, when we meet the dearly-loved and long-parted, we know not how nor where.

We had the same gondola during all our sojourn, and lucky were we in our gondolier. He was the most picturesque-looking and comely gondolier, they told me, in Venice, with his velvet jacket, red sash, and jaunty cap. His name was Augustino, but we always called "Anzoletto;" for he might have served as the original of the faithless lover of gentle "Consuelo." Often did we think of her as we passed along the places so eloquently described by that wonderful writer, George Sand. Several times, out upon the lagoons, we met large parties in fleets of gondolas (with the black cabins removed). They were gaily arrayed, and all the women had long black veils over their heads. They were handsome, bold-looking women, with large dark eyes, and brunettes in complexion. They were frequently singing, and the voices, coming to us over the sparkling waters, had a tone of exquisite melody; although

"In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent vows the songless gondolier.

Her palaces are crumbling on the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear ;
Those days are gone—but beauty still is here ;
States fall, arts fade—but nature doth not die.
Nor yet forget that Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy ! ”

Augustino was quite intelligent and enthusiastic in his love of Venice—at the same time a fierce Republican, and had fought in the recent Revolution. When we would be far out on the lagoon, beyond the all-hearing ears of the Austrian police, he would narrate to us, in pathetic language, the efforts and the struggles of the poor Venetians, while all the Powers of Europe calmly saw the spirit of Liberty trampled down and crushed by the Austrians. As we listened to him, how vividly to my memory came those thrilling words of Byron :

“ Thy love of Tasso should have cut the knot
Which ties thee to thy tyrants ; and thy lot
Is shameful to the nations ; most of all,
Albion, to thee ! The Ocean Queen should not
Abandon Ocean’s children.”

In the glorious days of Venice, it was the custom to decorate the gondolas in the most gorgeous manner. To such an extent was it carried, that entire fortunes were spent to adorn them upon the festive occasions, when the Doge wedded the Adriatic, or gave a dowry to the brides of Venice. At last the Senate passed an order that they should be painted all black, and thus they have continued ever since. The only ornament permitted is a broad piece of steel, fastened to the prow of the gondola ; it glitters in the sunlight like one of the famed Venetian mirrors, so celebrated for centuries. The gondoliers, Augustino told us, prided themselves

upon having this steel as beautifully polished as though it were the precious jewel of a queen. There are usually two gondoliers, and they stand erect, propelling the boat by a slight and graceful movement of the body.

When we returned from the Guidecca, it was deep night ; dark, but gemmed with myriads of stars. The *Piazzetta*, and along the quai, was lighted up by dazzling jets of gas. These, reflected in the waters below, produced a strangely brilliant effect. It was as though there were a city beneath, from whose windows streamed long rays of light. The column crowned by the Winged Lion of St. Mark was there, and the Campanile, and the palace of the Doges. It was a gorgeous sight, and a strange one.

We landed and walked across the *Piazzetta* to the *Piazza San Marco*. We had seen it several times by day, but wished now to view it by night. However, it was night without darkness in that renowned old place of St. Mark. A perfect blaze of radiance flooded the square, revealing its innumerable pillars, its balconies, and the grand old Cathedral, with its mosaics, and the bronzed steeds, seeming from the height above as though striving to spring down upon the pavement. The piazza was filled with people, dressed in the costumes of "nearly all the nations of earth," and the cafés well thronged. At intervals the band of an Austrian regiment played fine selections from operas. When they ceased, concerts of itinerant musicians were heard in various directions, and the bawling and squeaking of *Polichinelli*. There were numbers of bright-eyed women walking with well-dressed men, or sitting at small marble tables, eating ices. Although the women have abandoned their national costume, they still retain the long veil, either of white or of black lace. This gives them a picturesque look, and they have a graceful way of crossing it over the bosom (their dresses be-

ing rather *décoltée*, low-necked), "half concealing, half revealing," the most beautiful busts I have ever seen. Their hands and feet are very small, possibly from the little use they make of them. They seem a joyous, contented people, kind and cordial, satisfied with the present, and thoughtless of the future. It was like opening one's heart to the sunlight to look upon this scene of happiness and mirth. The Venetians, in spite of the tyranny which oppresses them, appear content with existence. Their delicious climate and natures, quickly alive to the influence of pleasure, may perhaps dispel trouble as soon as felt; their faces certainly are irradiated by a bright expression rarely seen elsewhere.

We passed several cafes, the constant resort of the Greeks, where we stopped to admire their admirable and classic contour of face and form, their liquid eyes and noble brows, worthy to have inspired the genius of Phidias. After drinking coffee at Florian's (quite a famous café), we walked home along the silent streets, so narrow they scarcely deserve the name of street. They are but winding alleys, for by stretching out one's arms, the houses on either side were touched. By the side of some of the canals there is a ledge about two or three feet in width, where persons may walk. The bridges are very numerous, and are formed one step above the other to the summit. They are all made sufficiently high to permit the gondolas to pass under them, save along the quai and the Piazza and Piazzetta. The most intense silence prevails, and when it is broken by the voice, never elsewhere have I heard it so loud.

During one of our visits to an old convent, we met a courteous friar, who kindly showed me, in the ancient library, a map or chart of Venice in its earliest day. The numerous islands (seventy-two) upon which it is built are laid down as only little dots upon the surface of the Adriatic. What en-

ergy and industry were required to rear a great city upon such a foundation! Long piles were first driven deep into the marsh formed by the *débris* brought down from the Alps by many rapid streams. Within circles of these piles, stones and great rocks, brought with infinite labor from the mainland, were thrown, thus slowly making small islands. Upon them the fugitives built rude houses and churches. The space between these islands was cleared away, and the waters of the Adriatic suffered to flow freely through them, forming streets like canals. Hence, the gondola was as necessary to Venice as the sunlight to the flower, and quite as much a part and portion of its glory as are its splendid palaces, glittering domes, and lofty towers.

In the first days of Venice it was only a fishing town, where the terror-stricken Veneti fled from the fearful Hun, and building, like the sea-bird, their home among the sedges and rushes of the islets, they seemed endowed by Providence, ever "benignant and kind," with a genius, and an adaptativeness to their condition, unprecedented in the annals of the world. If the Romans imbibed strength and vigor from the wolf's milk, the Venetians certainly derived their power and energy from the stern poverty of their condition, and the unceasing necessity of action, of toil, and of struggle. Over all the surroundings of a hard fortune they triumphed, and became the great commercial power of Europe. Her ships were on all the seas, and the name of Venice was never uttered except with the words "glorious and rich" preceding it. From the period of its first creation by the fugitives from the desolating power of Attila, until its downfall before the victorious Bonaparte, there were thirteen hundred years. First, there was poverty and constant combat with difficulties; next, prosperity and splendor; then, cor-

ruption and treachery, and at last the surrender of all power into the hands of strangers and hard masters.

From Attila to Bonaparte there is a long array of glorious names, which still light up the pages of history, and can never grow dim while the love for Shakspeare, for Byron, for Schiller, for Dante, and for Tasso, have a home and hold upon the human heart. They have perpetuated the noble deeds, and graven upon the soul the impassioned romance, of its people :

“Ours is a trophy which will not decay
With the Rialto ; Shylock and the Moor,
And Pierre, can not be swept or worn away,
The Keystones of the Arch ! Though all were o’er,
For us repeopled were the solitary shore.”

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE churches of Venice are exceedingly numerous, of different styles of architecture, from the Gothic to the modern Italian. Those, however, built by the great Palladio are by far the most magnificent. Venice, styled by an old Italian author "The Rome of Northern Italy," almost equals the "Holy City" in the number and splendor of its temples to religion. They are richly decorated, filled with works of art, and monuments so costly, the wealth of entire families was often needed to rear them. Then, about the altars are scattered precious jewels and vessels of gold, while above them are the paintings of Titian, of Paul Veronese, of Palma, Vecchio, and other artists, not so dear to me as those before whose pictures we lingered long and admiringly.

In the Middle Ages, when a signal blessing of the good God had been granted to a people, they gave expression to their gratitude by erecting some noble edifice, dedicated to his everlasting worship. Thus was built the *Maria della Salute*, in 1632, by the decree of the Senate, after the cessation of the great Plague, when sixty thousand of the inhabitants died. It is a circular church, with a lofty dome, sustained by columns, and in the recesses are eight chapels, adorned with valuable pictures and statuary.

The Church of the Jesuits, built in 1728, quite a modern structure, is gorgeous and splendid in the extreme. The pillars are of white marble, with verd antique inlaid on their surface, to represent the leaves of a vine climbing up them. The altar has columns of verd antique cut out of a solid block, and above it the "Martyrdom of San Lorenzo," by Titian. Just in front of the altar is a slab, marking the resting-place of Manin, the last Doge of Venice, who, when he was called upon to take the oath of allegiance to Austria, fell senseless upon the ground. It was his descendant, *Manin*, who in 1848 and '49 so gallantly strove to recover the lost liberties of the Republic.

The Church of the *Santissimo Redentore* is upon the Island of the Guidecca, just *vis-à-vis* to the Palace of the Doges. It is also an *ex-voto* (a thanksgiving) for the cessation of the plague in 1576, and is one of the finest structures of Palladio.

The Church of *San Giovanni e Paolo* has the monument of the Doge *Vendramin*, deemed one of the most magnificent in Venice, and also contains the famous "Martyrdom of St. Peter," by Titian, said to be the third picture in the world in point of excellence and touching beauty. This painting was considered so precious that the Senate issued a decree forbidding the Dominicans, the Monks of that Church, to sell it on penalty of death. This Basilica of St. John and St. Paul is quite the Westminster of Venice. There are multitudes of tombs of the haughty Doges and noble Patricians. Even to the grave was carried the love of splendor which characterized them in life. In front of the Church, in a little square, is the bronze equestrian statue of Colleoni, the General who first introduced the use of cannon on the field of battle: before, they had only been used in batteries.

San Sabastiano has a noble façade by Sansovino. It is the burial place of Paul Veronese (the great painter). There is only a bust of him over his grave, but a glorious monument to him exists in the creations of his genius, which are seen in the marvellous pictures, hanging over the altars and in the great dome, painted by his hand. It was a happy thought to make his last resting-place in the midst of the glowing productions of his genius.

The *Santa Maria Formosa* is a fine Church of the fourteenth century. It is interesting from having been the scene of the incidents related concerning "The Brides of Venice." These circumstances occurred in 994, on the eve of St. Mary, when, as was the Venetian custom,

"The noblest sons and daughters of the state,
Whose names are written in the book of gold,
Were on that day to solemnize their nuptials."

All assembled in the Church, likewise twelve young girls, the most virtuous and beautiful of the poorer classes, endowed by the state with marriage portions, and given by the Doge himself to their lovers. Just when the nuptial benediction was being pronounced by the *patriarch*, the doors burst open, and an armed band of pirates, who had lain the preceding night in ambush behind the island, fell upon the astonished and affrighted throng. They were led on by the terrible *Barbaro*, and his six brothers, clad in armor. They seized the maidens and caskets of jewels, which were to be their dowry, and fled with them to their boats, and then set sail for Istria.

"Freighted, alas! with all that life endears,
The richest argosies were poor to them."

The frantic bridegrooms, with the Doge at their head, quickly armed and followed them, and overtaking the pirates near the Island of *Friuli*, where they were dividing their booty, they brought back the brides of Venice in triumph to their homes. The pirates of the "Adriatic," although as daring as the founder of the "eternal city," met not with the same success, until the last years of the Republic. On the anniversary of that day, a gilded barge, with twelve virgins clad in bridal robes, with long veils, glided along the grand canal under the Rialto up to the Ducal Palace, where a banquet was served for them—"The Brides of Venice." An old Venetian historian describes the spectacle as one of gorgeous splendor. The palaces along the canals were all hung with rich draperies of velvet and gold; the balconies and roofs crowded with spectators, and the very atmosphere resounding with music and songs of joy.

Glorious old Venice! Truly beautiful are these memories of thy prime! How difficult it was to leave the dingy old quarto, in which I read this description. Even the aged monk exclaimed: "Ah, Signora! you should pass months here. You seem to love the ancient glory of our Republic." This was in the library of the "Frari," where I spent several hours. The convent buildings have been devoted to the archives of the Venetian State, and nowhere in Venice was I more impressed with the power once hers, than in these myriad records of her grandeur. There are nearly two hundred rooms and galleries, walled in with books from floor to ceiling. Often were we lost in this labyrinth, and but for our old priest we should have experienced difficulty in finding our way out. Never have I met more kindness and consideration than among the different religious fraternities in Italy. They appear well informed and learned men, and were always willing, nay solicitous, to show us all

the pictures and records of their churches. The priest, who was the keeper of the library, pointed out to me many works of inestimable value, and even permitted me to read portions of them.

The Church of *Santa Maria dei Frari* is most consecrated ground, for it contains the dust of Titian, and also of Canova. It was built about 1250, and is rich in pictures, statues, bas reliefs, and inlaid work of costly marbles. Titian died of the plague in the year 1575, aged ninety-nine years. It was the custom to take all the bodies of those who died of that disease to the main shore, where they were cast into one common grave; but the Senate commanded that Titian should be buried near the grand altar, where a simple tablet for centuries alone indicated the spot. Upon it were engraved these words :

“Here lies the great Titian,
Rival of Zeuxis and Apelles.”

But now a noble monument has been erected to his honor by the Emperor Ferdinand I. It is of Parian and Carrara marble, and has many emblematic groups. There is a portrait of Titian, supported by two figures representing the *past* and the *present* centuries. Sculptured in bas relief are several of Titian's most famous pictures. Immediately opposite to this monument is that of Canova, the world-famed sculptor. He drew the design of a tomb, intending it should be the monument of Titian; but instead, it was appropriated to himself. The homage of many nations manifested itself in the contributions. England, France, and Germany sent their portions, and even America gave a small amount. The monument is a great pyramid of Carrara marble, with a tomb within it. Into the doorway various allegorical mourners are entering. Their heads are bowed,

and each bears in his hands some tribute to the wonderful talent of Canova.

The monument of the Doge Foscari, deposed by the Venetians, came next. It was erected by his grandson, the son of the unhappy Giacomo, who perished in exile. It is grand and simple. Within a niche is a figure with clasped hands, reclining as though asleep, upon a sarcophagus. At his feet and head are two soldiers, standing erect as sentinels over his repose. It was this Doge Foscari who asked as a last favor of those who forced him to abdicate, that he should be permitted to descend the "Giant's Staircase" in his robes of dignity and office. As he was slowly and sadly walking down them, the great bells of Saint Mark rang out resounding peals at the election of his successor. The old man paused and listened, then fell senseless upon the pavement. The next day he died, his heart bursting in the struggle between pride and grief.

A short distance from this memorial is the monument of Doge Nicolo Tron, who died in 1472. It is a stupendous structure, near eighty feet high. It is composed of many stories, ornamented with colossal figures, bas reliefs, and a statue of the Nicolo himself, who was once a great merchant, and afterwards the Doge.

The monument of the Doge Pesaro is very singular. It has many columns of great height, resting upon the shoulders of immense statues, representing negroes, or Moors, of black marble. The figures are dressed in white, and have thick lips and woolly heads. Through several rents in their garments the black skin peeps out. It is a very curious conceit of the artist, and there are skeletons of bronze, holding a sepulchral urn, and serpents and scrolls and dragons. In the midst of all these horrors the Doge is sitting. There surely was never a greater expenditure with a worse result.

We visited many other Churches and *Scuole*, (benevolent

institutions,) where we saw multitudes of pictures by Tintoretto, Bellini, and artists of less reputation. Then we directed Augustino to take us to the house of Goldoni, the dramatic author, whose comedies had so often greatly amused me. It is quite a lofty house, although in a narrow street, and has a tablet over the door telling it was his place of birth. Then we glided by the house of Othello, now a miserable and crumbling mansion, and on to the "Priuli Palace," made famous by Otway's tragedy of "Pierre and Jaffier." The house of Titian we saw next, and the house where Petrarch lived when in Venice.

As the afternoon was delightful we went over to the "Lido," an island with a hard beach, where Byron came often to ride at evening. He kept his horse there, building a stable on the sands for him. The green waves of the Adriatic were rolling in, crested with white foam, and the breeze blew freshly from the Dalmatian coast, while afar off was Venice, floating as it were in a sea of golden light, a perfect halo lingering around its domes and its Winged Lion of Saint Mark.

The Armenian Convent is upon an island near by. The monks are exceedingly intelligent and learned men. It was there Byron went to acquire the Eastern languages. The library is of great extent, and contains Oriental manuscripts of rare value. On the island of San Servolo is the Mad-House; at the windows were standing shadowy-looking forms with pallid faces.

The Arsenal is of vast extent, and near the *Porto Leone*; at the entrance are the lions, brought from the Morea by Morosini. From an inscription engraven upon the shoulder of one of the lions, it would appear they were memorials of the battle of Marathon, and must have attained the venerable age of twenty-three hundred years. In the Armory was the

helmet of Attila, the Hun, and tattered banners captured from many nations. Those brought back by

“blind old Dandolo!

The octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering foe,”

had an especial interest. Henry Dandolo was made Doge when he was eighty-five years old, in 1192. He led the attack upon Constantinople, and was the first to rush into the city; thus realizing, said the Venetians, the prophecy of the “Erythræan Sibyl,” which ran thus: “A gathering together of the powerful shall be made amidst the waves of the Adriatic, under a blind leader.”

The model of the *Bucentoro* (the Bucentaur) is in the Arsenal. When the French captured Venice they made great destruction, and burnt the Bucentaur, which was always kept there. It was only taken out once each year, when the Doge wedded the Adriatic. This ceremony was of great antiquity, and consisted in a grand pageant, while the immense barge, rowed by two hundred oarsmen, carried the Doge beyond the Lido, where he espoused the Adriatic by casting a ring into the waters. The marriage was deemed an assertion of the dominion of the republic over the sea.

There was a time when the Arsenal fitted out the greatest fleets in the world. Sixteen thousand men were often occupied within its walls. Dante visited the Arsenal in those days, and he has perpetuated its fame by drawing from it illustrations for his “Inferno.” The cauldrons of boiling pitch, the fires beneath them, and the caulking of the enormous ships, are invested by him with a charm it would be deemed impossible to confer upon objects so unpoetic. His genius was like the rays of a Venetian sunset, casting a bright and glorious radiance around every object it touches.

A beautiful work of Canova's is there—the monument

of Angelo Emo, one of the last great men of the republic. He was an admiral in her navy, and commanded in the war with the Barbary powers. As a member of the fearful "Council of Ten," his voice was always raised in pleading for the wretched criminals. Canova refused to receive any compensation for this work, although the Senate insisted upon giving him a pension.

As we were incessantly upon the canals, or out on the lagoons, we often heard the gondoliers singing, in a very unmusical tone, it must be confessed. We asked Augustino if they sang now the "Verses of Tasso;" but he replied, "Ah! no, Signora. The songs of Tasso were written for a free people, and we are only slaves!" The Venetians are very fond of calling Tasso their countryman, claiming him as such, because he was educated partly in Venice and partly in Padua. His father was born there, but Torquato's birth-place was Sorrento, near Naples.

Our last evening in Venice we devoted to an "entire voyage" around the city; beginning at the *Riva dei Schiavoni*, passing through the *Canale di San Marco*, in front of the public gardens, established by the French, (and therefore not a favorite resort of the Venetians;) then up the *Canal di Castello*, by the castle of *San Pietro*, on to the manufacturing village of Mestre; then to the *Canal Grande*, the main artery to the "heart of Venice," the *Piazza di San Marco*. We directed the cabin of the gondola to be removed, that our eyes might banquet for the last time upon the exquisite view. To no other city in the world can Venice be compared. It is alone and peerless in its beauty. Enthusiasm flames up from the soul at the recollection of those glorious days when the "Ocean Queen" was

"The Planter of the Lion, which through fire
And blood she bore o'er subject earth and sea;"

then a tender pity possesses the heart at her downfall and her decay.

Reclining upon the luxurious cushions of the gondola, I read aloud to Octavia the thrilling tragedy of "The Two Foscari." Under the influences of the very scenes therein described, it is not wonderful we both felt it had a charm beyond even the usual spell of Byron's poetry.

Leaving the busy throng along the *Piazzetta*, we glided under the "Bridge of Sighs," with its dark shadow falling like a funeral drapery over the canal, to the wide *Giudecca*, where we told the gondoliers "to rest upon their oars," as we floated slowly over the waters. We watched the sun go down over the distant Alps, while from the horizon's verge upward streamed long rays of light, as though they were gorgeous banners in the sky. It really seemed

"As day and night contending were, until
Nature reclaimed her order."

And darkness came, and with it the illumination above and below the Grand Canal. Long we lingered, gazing upon the scene, as though to stamp for ever on the mind the impressions of that evening in Venice; they cannot pass away, for upon memory they are painted with a pencil of light, and treasured within the heart as a sweet and precious joy. Truly could I exclaim, with my farewell look, among

"The happiest moments which were wrought
Within the web of my existence, some
From thee, fair Venice, have their colors caught!"

In parting from the "City of the Sea," I feel the certainty in coming years we shall meet again.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

By the morning train we left Venice, and were therefore compelled to be at the dogana at an early hour. Our good Augustino, who had been constantly attending us during our stay there, accompanied us. The poor gondolier had a warm and kind heart, and was so deeply grateful to us, we could not part with him without regret, earnestly wishing we were enabled to take him to our free country, where his real nobility of nature might be appreciated.

Our friends of the Austrian police were still exacting, passing through the routine of our arrival. As an especial favor they permitted us to take away some ancient lace, "Point de Venise," and beads from Murano; but they retained a *revolver*, which R. had unhappily brought with him from Texas. It required all my diplomatic talent to convince the commanding officer that it was not intended for murderous purposes, or to incite a revolution, but only a usual accompaniment of an American, travelling in his own country, and, through ignorance of Austrian laws, continued here. The officers on guard had never seen before a "Colt's Revolver," so they all gathered around it, and sent for one of their comrades, who had been at the world's fair in London, who explained the intricacies of this instrument of death

to the delighted crowd. Then an officer was ordered to take it to the governor of Venice, and obtain his decision concerning its destination. In a short time he came back, informing us the governor had commanded it to be placed in the armory, until the American consul should demand it; so we left the unfortunate revolver, and were soon moving slowly over the long viaduct, upon which is laid the railway.

At *Mestre* we looked our last upon Venice. Its columns, spires, and turrets, were glittering in the sunlight, but the scene had not for us the touching charm of the preceding night. There seems a soft, sad sympathy between evening and Venice, for the day of her glory has departed, while the softness of twilight still lingers.

At "substantial, sober, learned" Padua, we tarried only to change the cars, and then on to Vicenza and Verona, where we took the diligence, and travelled on by Peschiera, and along the shores of the *Lago di Garda* to Brescia. As we found there a diligence going up to the "Lake of Idro," we seized the opportunity of visiting those romantic scenes, so sweetly described by Italian poets. It was night when we started, but when morning came, we were delighted with the scenery, and the fertile country, and the pretty little villages. Often and often, by the road-side, we saw a humble shrine, with a Virgin rudely sculptured within it, and peasants kneeling before it. At night there was a lamp frequently placed in a niche, which shone afar off like a star. Our route was one little travelled, and hence at the sound of our approach the people ran from their small cottages to look upon us. They are more healthy and robust than those we met near the foot of the Alps, and the women were very comely, with their hair twisted up in a large knot, and immense pins run through it.

The morning was fresh and delightful, and the birds were

“singing merrily” in every grove through which we passed. We breakfasted at Idro, (the ancient Edrinus,) and drove along the shores of the lake to *Rocco d'Anfo*, a fortress built upon the summit of a perpendicular cliff, rising like a battlement from the margin of the lake. The first victory of the French in 1796 was achieved there. Before that battle the Austrians had checked the triumphant progress of Napoléon at the head of the soldiers of the republic. This fortress, crowning the lofty rampart, recalled to us vividly the “castellated peaks” overhanging the beautiful Rhine.

From *Rocco d'Anfo* we crossed the country to *Iseo*, said to have taken its name from the Temple of *Isis*, which once existed there. It is on the margin of the Lake of Iseo, (the *Lacus Sexinus* of the Romans.) The scenery is very lovely, with villas, towers, and old castles, built up during the wars of the Guelphs and the Ghibellines. The histories of many of these are full of the daring deeds of their owners, and of the sieges they sustained ere they yielded.

As we journeyed in true Italian fashion, (very slowly,) we had time sufficient to admire the town of Lovere, where Lady Mary Wortley Montague lived for some months. In her letters to her daughter she described the spot as a “miracle of beauty.” However, we did not find it to equal Como, or Maggiore, although there are many views from the cliffs exceedingly picturesque. We were gratified in seeing the peasant-life remote from large cities. The variety of dialects met in our journey was very singular; every village and town appeared to have its peculiar *patois*. Thus we counted, between Venice and Milan, at least twenty; not one resembling the other in the slightest degree. The Venetian dialect is sweet and soft, but the remainder are harsh and disagreeable, especially that of the Bergamese.

From Lovere we went on through mulberry plantations and

vineyards, all touched by the *malattia*, a malady of the vine, as disastrous to these people as the disease of the potato to the Irish; for heretofore the wine, though weak and poor, was the great luxury of the inhabitants. We soon reached Bergamo, a handsome city, with a population of thirty thousand souls, with many manufactories of silk, and fine churches. The situation of the town is admirable—on a hill, which it seems to crown with its domes and towers. There is an excellent statue of Tasso, in Carrara marble, in one of the palaces.

We only remained a short time at Bergamo, then, by giving an extra *buona mano* to the postillion, he quickened the pace of our horses, and brought us in time to take the afternoon train on the railway from Treviglio to Milan. In a few hours we reached there, and hastened to the pleasant "Hotel de Ville." It had been our purpose to depart at once for Genoa, but the diligence had gone only one hour before our arrival; thus we were forced to take another route, leaving at three o'clock in the morning. In spite of my fatigue I ran out to look once more upon the splendid Cathedral, and returning, found Octavia already asleep. Deeming it a perfect act of heroism to arise so long before the dawn, I concluded to busy myself in recording the incidents of our journey from Venice in my journal, and thus be up and waiting when the hour came. Half-past two has just sounded from the clock near by, so I must summon the sleepers from the dream-world, to the far less agreeable realities of the present.

It was dark night when we left Milan, by the *Porta Ticinese*, and drove directly along the bank of the "Canal of Pavia," which leads from that city through the plain of Lombardy to the river Adda. By daylight we had reached Binasco, where we stopped to change horses; and I walked around the old castle where the beautiful *Beatrice della*

Tenda was beheaded by her cruel husband, in 1418, because the stars had foretold she would become his destroyer. Within the castle is the shield of the Visconti, with their emblem, a terrible serpent, called *Biscia*.

Until the sun arose we had kept the glass windows down, fearing the malaria from the rice plantations, which are several feet below the level of the road; they have canals running north and south, east and west, intercepting each other with the precise regularity of the streets of Philadelphia. The squares between the canals are planted with rice. As it was the harvest-time, it had a rich, yellow color, and hundreds and hundreds of peasants were gathering it; the men cut it down, and the women gathered it in great baskets, strapped across their shoulders; then, wading up to their knees in mud and water, upon which the rice appears to grow, they threw it into large boats, rowed by the old women and children. The appearance of these poor creatures was absolutely pitiable. They had precisely the complexions of the "Dirt-Eaters" of the pine swamps of the South, and were like spectres wandering through the death-infected district. The cultivation of the rice is deemed extremely unhealthy, and only in certain portions of the plain is it permitted. At the Sardinian frontier, where we were compelled to remain some hours, the attachés of the police told me the whole family who had inhabited the post-house had died within one month. The disease prevalent is a chill, returning every third day, until it ends in death. They seem to have no remedy for it, except in flying from the spot.

Near Pavia is the most celebrated of monasteries, called the "Certosa of Pavia," erected by Giovanni Visconti, the first Duke of Milan, as an expiation of his crimes, in 1396. It is embellished with splendid works of art, and has a rich collection of pictures. It is said that the finest sculptors of

Italy were for several centuries occupied carving monuments for its chapels. Near the Certosa was fought the battle in which Francis I. was taken prisoner; upon that memorable occasion he uttered the exclamation, which has become almost as a household word—"All lost but honor!"

Pavia la Dotta (Pavia the learned) is thus styled from the renowned university established in 774 by Charlemagne, and even now containing a thousand students. Its medical schools are much frequented. Pavia was the capital of the Lombard kings. The palace of Visconti, the friend and patron of Petrarch, is still standing; it was built about 1460, and is described by the poet in glowing terms. We were pointed out the tower in which Boëthius, the author of the "Consolations of Philosophy," was confined by Theoderic.

We wandered about the city until our postillion had changed his horses, (at least two hours he was engaged in it,) and, driving over a long bridge which spans the Ticino, we entered a higher country, and a more salubrious atmosphere. In a few miles we reached the Po, crossing it on a bridge of boats. Then the hills began, clothed to their summits with vineyards. In this region there was no *malatia*, and the rich purple hue of the great bunches of grapes, half hidden by the green leaves, was beautiful. For mile after mile we passed along small valleys, and, save the embankment upon which the road ran, every spot of earth was covered with vines, and so heavy and thick were the clusters of grapes, far up on the hill-tops, they seemed resting like a purple cloud upon the green vineyards. We often stopped at little villages, and bought large baskets of the most luscious grapes, for one and two cents; they were delicious, and the wine made from them is of delightful quality.

We continued in these valleys of vines, until we came to the "Field of Marengo," where Napoléon fought the great

battle on the 14th day of June, 1800. The Austrian army, numbering forty thousand men, was under the command of Melas, (a general eighty-five years old.) Napoléon was surrounded by his brave suite, consisting of Lannes, Kellerman, and Dessaix (who was killed there); but he had only thirty thousand men. At one period it was believed the battle was lost; then Napoléon, riding in front of his soldiers, said to them, as he checked their retreating steps, "Soldiers! you have retired far enough—let us now advance,—you know it is my custom to sleep upon the battle-field!" A new enthusiasm appeared to revive their fainting hopes, and they rushed with such overwhelming power upon the Austrians, they compelled them to retreat, even into the river Bormida, where hundreds were drowned, and by night the river was almost filled with the dead bodies of horses and men.

The Duke of Genoa was to review the Sardinian soldiers the day after our visit to the Field of Marengo, and several regiments were already assembled on the ground; marching to and fro, in preparation for the review. There were some squadrons of cavalry galloping across the plain, and the field had a most warlike and martial seeming.

At Alessandria we found the city filled with officials and soldiers; there were bands of music playing in the squares, and long lines of men, in handsome uniforms, filling up the streets. The people all appeared in their holiday dresses, and a perfect carnival prevailed. The Sardinian officers and soldiers are strong, fresh, noble-looking men, with a most gallant bearing. Becoming acquainted with some of the chief officers, we found them intelligent and courteous men. They spoke with admiration of America, (as the compatriots of Columbus should do,) and made many inquiries concerning its progress. One of the officers, having left us for a short time, returned with an invitation we should attend the

review the next day. It was most pleasant to meet these kind civilities amid entire strangers, and our visit to the Field of Marengo, and Alessandria, will long linger in our memory.

Alessandria has no particular interest of antiquity about it, except that conferred upon it by its construction by all the cities which formed the "Lombard League," in 1164. They all sent money and men, and by the aid of an astrologer, divined the most fortunate place for a town of defence against the northern powers. It was named for the Pope Alexander III., who was the protector of the Guelphs, hence the Ghibellines, in derision, called it the "City of Straw," from its rapid growth and the chaff mixed in the bricks with which it was built. It has, however, proved a very substantial and thriving town.

A descendant of Alfieri, the great poet, has a noble palace there. Just without the walls was the railway station, where we took the cars, journeying over a level country until we reached Novi, where the Apennines begin; first, only hills covered with groves of chestnut. At Giovi, they become mountains, which the workmen were piercing to make a tunnel through for the railway. As it was not completed, we again were compelled to take the diligence, and thus cross over the chain, called the "Sea Alps," running to the waves of the Mediterranean. As we ascended the mountains a violent storm of wind and rain came on. So fierce were the blasts rushing and roaring through the gorges, we often feared the diligence would be dashed down the side of the precipice. In the midst of this tumult of the elements we were stopped, and several persons opening the door insisted upon reading the passports; after a long delay, they permitted us to proceed. Wearied with anxiety and exhausted with fatigue, in spite of the "terrors of the way,"

I fell into a profound sleep, and my spirit fled across the ocean to my dear home; the greetings of loved ones were ringing in my ears, when R. called to me, "Come, come, arouse yourself, you are on the sea-shore." Eagerly starting up, I looked forth; we were driving directly along the beach. Great waves, crowned with white, were rolling in, almost touching the wheels of the diligence; and thus I first saw the

"Mediterranean, sea of memories."

The gates of Genoa were soon entered, and at the office of the "administration of the diligence," we were desired to descend, as it was against their regulations to drive passengers to hotels. It was midnight, no carriage could be obtained, not even a guide to show us to an hotel; here was quite a dilemma, but good friends have always been near me since first we landed in the Old World. An Italian, who had been our *compagnon du voyage* during the day, and had rendered himself most agreeable by his information and charming conversation, very opportunely returned to inquire at the office, to what inn we had gone. Finding us still there, he kindly became our cicerone through the labyrinth of streets, and accompanied us to the *Croce di Malta*. To enter it, we passed a long, massive, gloomy arcade, then mounted steps innumerable, to a bed-chamber in the tower. This hotel once belonged to the "Knights of Malta," and was magnificent in their day.

It was very late when we awoke the next morning, and upon opening the windows a dazzling scene met our eyes. The tower in which we were lodged was the loftiest in the city, and thence we overlooked Genoa, the harbor, the sea, and the coast; the sky was of intense blue, and the Mediterranean calm as an Alpine lake, while afar off the sails of ships and feluccas seemed like the white wings of great birds

gleaming in the sunlight. It was a glorious view, but the absence of supper last night, and breakfast in the morning, recalled us to the actualities of life; so, as soon as dressed, I descended to the "regions below" to seek the inn-keeper. Finding him very complaisant, I begged he would allow us to come down a few stories; he was quite amazed, exclaiming, "But, Signora, the prospect from the tower is the most famous in Italy." Acknowledging its supremacy, I still entreated he would give us other apartments. This was done, and we were installed into a suite of rooms in the fourth story, fronting the sea, furnished in the most splendid style. A breakfast (it may be deemed the perfection of a breakfast) was set out in the dining-room of our apartments, consisting of fresh sardines, fried in oil, admirable omelettes, and twelve varieties of fruits, of which the grapes were delicious beyond any we have ever tasted. A basket of *pomme d'amore* (apples of love) was brought in, of a deep golden color; attracted by the name, we cut one, and found it was our *tomato*, only of a different hue.

Luxuriating in the comfort and elegance of our drawing-room, with its rich sofas, frescoed walls and ceiling, and marble floor, we lingered in it until the evening, only occupying ourselves with gazing from the windows upon the sparkling sea. It was Sunday, and bells of every variety of jingling tones were ringing, ringing peal after peal. Just before sunset we started out for a walk, proceeding first along the terrace, which is upon the roof of the warehouses, directly on the margin of the harbor; from this a winding way conducted us to a high wall on the summit of the perpendicular cliff, whence we looked down to the Mediterranean, breaking fiercely against the base, a hundred feet below us. Then on through the narrowest and most uncleanly of streets; we often found them not more than seven

or eight feet wide, with houses as many stories high; the little strip of clear sky seen above them, was like a roof of blue over the dark and dingy walls. Incredible numbers of children were thriving and flourishing in these alley-ways. Far above us we saw trees growing, as it were, on the tops of houses; so we climbed up several streets, and at last came to a beautiful garden, above many of the ten-story houses. Inquiring of a ragged urchin, he informed us it was the *Acqua Sola*, the promenade or *Paseo* of Genoa; it was filled with well-dressed and well-looking people, in their holiday attire. A military band was playing, and beneath the oleander, orange, and lemon trees, groups were walking or seated on stone benches. There were parterres of flowers, fountains falling in marble basins, and statues half hidden amid the clustering roses. Without this "charmed circle," was a carriage-drive, where the nobility, in handsome equipages, were moving at a slow pace round and around.

In the throng of the garden, we remarked the peculiar head-dress of the Genoese women. It consists of light gauzy material thrown negligently over the head, and caught, in one hand, across the bosom. It has certainly a poetic and graceful appearance, and the fingers, clasping the folds of the white muslin, have a most delicate hue and form. The Milanese and the Genoese women have long contended to which covering of the head the term, "most beautiful," should be applied, to the black veil of Milan or the white veil of Genoa.

The merry scenes in the *Acqua Sola* were very pleasant, and we lingered until the sun went down in a mass of purple clouds, tinged at their edges with golden light. The lamps were quickly gleaming throughout the city, and the great lantern of the lighthouse flashed out long rays, as if it were an immense star emerging from a cloud, and then hidden

again. We came down into the lower city, and enjoyed the delight of losing our way, and wandering hither and thither to find it. We made many inquiries, and received various directions, which we followed, but without success. At length we fell in with a sailor, who immediately said he would conduct us to the *Croce di Malta*. Talking with him, he told me he had often sailed in the Gulf of Mexico, and knew the Americans well. As we parted, we offered him money with our thanks; the latter he accepted, but the money he would not touch, saying, "I cannot take it; Americans have been so kind to me in their country. I would do any thing in the world to oblige one!" Thus we were the recipients of the gratitude of the poor sailor for the charity rendered to him thousands of miles away.

We took coffee in a splendid saloon, and then went to the *Carlo Felice*, a spacious and elegant theatre, where we saw an inimitable comedy and an operetta. The Italians are capital actors. The audience was composed mostly of women, who, with their white veils, produced a very pretty effect.

Returning to the Hotel, we seated ourselves at the windows, and spent several hours looking out upon the moonlit Mediterranean. So ended our first day in Genoa.

The succeeding day was one of regular sight-seeing, beginning at the *Annunciata*, a gorgeously gilded church, built by a family who were the possessors of the island of Tabarca, off the Coast of Africa. They lavished immense wealth upon it, and adorned it with many beautiful marbles. The dome glitters with frescoes and gold. It would seem the "precious dust" of several Californian mines had been needed for its dazzling adornments.

The church of *San Matteo*, built by the Doria family in 1278, has an historic interest from the inscriptions telling of

the successes of the Dorias over the Venetians, in their struggles for supremacy on the sea, when Venice and Genoa were rivals. The great Andrea Doria is buried within it.

The *Duomo* of Saint Lorenzo was founded in the eleventh century. The aisles are divided by Corinthian columns, and upon the frieze is engraven, in capital letters, the history of the foundation of the city of Janus the First, King of Italy. We came to a screen of marble pillars, and walking through them we were about entering a chapel-door, when an aged priest stepped out and informed us it was the chapel of Saint John the Baptist, and females were not permitted to enter it except upon one day of the year. R. went in, and on returning told us it was magnificent. Porphyry pillars supported the sarcophagus, in which were placed the relics of the saint. We inquired of the monk, who was our guide through the cathedral, why we were excluded. He answered, that by the command of Pope Innocent the Eighth, women were not allowed to enter but once in the year. It was probably a *revenge* upon the sex, since, through the witchery of the fair daughter of Herodias, the saint lost his head.

We visited many other churches, but after those of Venice they had not many attractions. Then we proceeded to the streets of palaces. These are the *Strada Balbi*, the *Strada Nuova*, and *Nuovissima*. Unhappily they are very narrow, and hence the majestic proportions of the palaces are not viewed in all their grandeur.

These great mansions resembled each other outwardly. They all have wide vestibules, and rows of marble pillars around them. Thence we ascended broad stairways to splendidly furnished apartments, upon whose walls were master-pieces of Vandyke, of Rembrandt, of Rubens, of Paris Bordoni, of Carracci, and Andrea del Sarto.

In the rear of these palaces were terraces forty or fifty

feet above the street; these were planted with orange trees, and the oleanders, in fullest blossom; then arches, twined with jessamine and honeysuckle, and cool bowers formed amid great rose-hedges. We never met any inhabitants in these princely mansions. They all lived, they told us, in country villas, save a few months of the winter season, when they opened their saloons to society. In some of the rooms, however, on the ground-floor, there appeared to be offices of bankers and lawyers.

Upon entering the *Palazzo Reale* (once the *Durazzo*), we met a singular-looking beggar. He was in a little cart, shaped precisely like a large wooden bowl. He was without legs, and seemed as though he had been cut in two just about the hips. He had a smiling, intelligent face, and pushed himself rapidly over the marble floor of the corridor, by the aid of an oar-shaped stick. He held out his hand, saying, in a plaintive tone, "Charity, Signora, for the most wretched of human beings." We gave him some money, and congratulated him upon bearing his lot so bravely: whereupon he improvised a short oration, setting forth that the "joy of giving" is far beyond the "joy of receiving," and ended by asking for more *charité*.

In the royal palace, the frescoes and paintings are particularly fine. One of the saloons contains some modern statuary, by Parodi, which is very excellent. It was in this palazzo we were drawn up from one story to another. Seating ourselves in an arm-chair, the machinery below was put in motion, and we quickly found ourselves ascending a round tower, with landings at intervals. This is an admirable invention, for in Genoa "the best of every thing" is at the top of the house, thus requiring an immensity of walking, and for one's comfort needing an additional set of muscles for the legs.

The *Palazzo Doria* is without the walls. It is a grand old edifice, and has a charming view of the city. The gardens run down to the sea. Just on the very margin is a wall, over which the orange trees hang, almost touched by the waves, as they break over the rocks on the shore. A noble marble terrace rises near them, where the brave Andre Doria was wont to walk at evening, and where,

“when ashore,
Held many a pleasant, many a grave discourse
With them that sought him, walking to and fro,
As on his deck.”

Doria possessed great wealth, and was the owner of a fleet of galleys, with which he aided the deliverance of Genoa, in 1528, from the power of the French. Although offered the Ducal authority, he declined. The palace is in a sad state of decay. The fountains are dry, and the grottoes and statues crumbling into dust.

The *Brignole Sale*, the *Serra*, and *Spignola* Palaces are all of remarkable architecture, and filled with pictures and mosaics. Our entire morning was spent amid the palaces, and with eyes wearied with the walls of art we gladly rowed out into the harbor to obtain a better view of “Genoa the Superb.” It is very peculiar in form, rising up like an amphitheatre around the harbor, enclosed by the high mountains beyond. It really seems a city thrown between the land and water, and caught upon the inequalities of the rugged surface. From the wide terrace on the margin of the bay the houses are built up on streets one above the other, presenting the appearance, from the water, of one house springing up from the roof of another.

Genoa had a double charm to us, since it was the birth-place of Columbus (at least he was born in a village near by),

and we saw in an old church the font where he was baptized. A monument is now building to his memory in the city. It is only a few feet high as yet.

Genoa has always been a great commercial town, and its inhabitants are, exceedingly industrious and energetic, quite the Yankees of Italy. The city was founded in the second century by the Ligurians, and resisted for near eighty years the encroachments of the Romans. While Genoa was a republic, her naval and merchant fleets were spread over many seas, bearing to distant lands its fame, as indeed "the City of Palaces."

The port of Genoa is quite small, and is defended from the waves of the Mediterranean by two sea-walls, called moles. On a jutting point is the *Fanale*, (light-house,) more than three hundred feet high. There were multitudes of ships, crammed one against the other, and steamers coming in and departing several times during the day. Then the bay was covered with little boats manned by oddly-dressed boatmen, who were screaming and gesticulating as though engaged in fierce quarrels. Their dialect is very harsh.

The city is encircled by three walls, built at different periods. It is said, traces of the old Roman walls can still be seen upon the ramparts (or inner wall). There is a delightful drive ending in the *Acqua Sola*, the lovely garden we visited during our first evening's walk. The hill-tops are crowned with forts, and Genoa is famous for the sieges it has sustained.

In wandering to and fro we often went into the street of the jewellers, where the delicate Genoese silver and gold filagree-work is made. It is very beautiful, and though often as fine as the spider's web, it is strong as the hair of the human head.

Many of the streets are too narrow even to permit a carriage to pass, and some funny stories were told of *Milor Inglese*, who insisted upon attempting it, and finding themselves stuck fast, were obliged to be dragged out at the top of the carriage, as the doors were jammed against the walls on either side of the street.

Our favorite Parodi was absent from Genoa at a villa she has bought some twenty miles away, where she lives, surrounded by her family, whose prosperity and comfort she has secured by the fortune she gained while in America.

We remained in Genoa some days, and then took the *Anatole*, a diminutive steamer, not as large as an American ferry-boat, for Marseilles. As we were on board some time ere the anchor was weighed, we had the benefit of several concerts around us. There were groups of singers in small boats, singing most vivaciously, and looking most imploringly upward at the passengers. When part the first was ended, a pretty little girl sprang up the side, and handed around a little box, which was soon filled with sous. Part the second was still unfinished when we steamed away.

The day is lovely, the sea calm and intensely blue, and the atmosphere of such wonderful clearness, we can distinguish perfectly objects on the shore. There seems a rivalry between sky and sea, or, perhaps, a love one for the other; for the sea appears but a mirror wherein is reflected the azure of the "upper deep." Afar off are the mountain-tops covered with snow, while we are in delicious summer weather. I am seated on the deck, pencil in hand, to describe the going down of the sun. It is just approaching a snow-tinged peak, which it turns to a rose color. Now a slight gauzy cloud has come over it, and from beneath streamed down the golden rays, precisely like the halo around the virgins of Murillo. It is passed, and the sun

has touched the summit of the Apennines. They glow like fire as it sinks from view. But rich hues of amber and crimson yet linger; slowly it is fading, fading, fading, and purple twilight is here. It was a glorious sunset upon the "Middle-Earth Sea," and as a beautiful picture it shall be cherished in memory. But darkness has almost come, and I can scarcely write. Still it is not darkness; for though

"The moon is up, it is not night;
Sunset divides the sky with her."

The night had such bewitching loveliness, we could not think of sleep; thus we passed the hours until nearly dawn upon the deck of the small steamer. The sky was without one cloud, and the "full-orbed moon" cast a long train of brilliant light over the calm surface of the Mediterranean, revealing to our eyes the little villages on the shore, the mountains which crowded to the very verge of the sea, and the sails of distant ships.

CHAPTER XXIX.

By morning we were amid curious conical rocks which rise abruptly from the water, and appear of volcanic origin, as though some convulsion of nature had upheaved them. Then we came to *Chateau d'If*, immortalized by the "Monte Christo" of Alexandre Dumas. It is a dreary, desolate spot, well suited for the living death of imprisonment.

The harbor of Marseilles is strongly fortified, and the numerous ships give earnest of its immense commerce; it is a city of vast antiquity, for it was founded long before Rome. It is busy, noisy, and merry; all varieties of costume and complexion are seen. There are Turks, Greeks, Moors, Africans, sailors, soldiers, and a peculiar specimen of humanity in the shape of boatmen, wild and reckless creatures, who speak a frightful *patois*, and were frantic in their supplications for us to go on shore in their boats.

From the custom-house we drove through the principal streets, and along the *prado* to our banker's; then to an hotel, where we dined. In the afternoon we left by the railway, for Avignon. Our route was for many miles along the shores of the Mediterranean, and lovely prospects were constantly disclosed to us. The hills and valleys were

planted with olive trees; these were small, and more like a shrub than a tree. The foliage is of a dull green, as though ashes had been sprinkled over them. We passed through a tunnel of wondrous length, and about twilight found ourselves at Avignon, where we passed the night in most elegant apartments, with the rare luxury of a fine piano-forte.

Avignon is a very ancient city, with turreted walls and narrow streets. It has many churches, and the Palace of the Popes, wherein are the dungeons used in the "Iron Days" for the Inquisition. There are the rooms of torture, and the *oubliettes*, where human beings were cast when insensible to the agonies of the rack. The old palace is now used as a barrack for soldiers, and one end is a prison. Above it is a tower where Rienzi was a captive, until liberated by the entreaties of Petrarch; and it was in Avignon that Petrarch first saw Laura, and in the Franciscan convent she is buried. The remembrance of their love was as a ray of sunlight over the gloomy town. How potent is the spell of constant affection! its remembrance has lived through long centuries, and is still beaming upon us, and investing even the most ordinary objects with interest. At Vaucluse, not many miles from the city, Petrarch lived for a time, and there is the famous fountain and his house.

Early in the morning we left Avignon, in a sharp narrow steamer, three hundred feet long, and went up the "arrowy Rhone." The current is exceedingly strong, thus our progress was not very rapid. As the weather was damp, all the passengers were crowded into the small cabin, where there were only a few sofas. To my satisfaction, I was seated by the side of the most antique old begging friar, just like a picture of Titian. His dress was of brown serge, with a large rope for a girdle, and sandals fastened across his feet by heavy cords. He had no covering for his head, which was bald on the top

but a magnificent beard of snowy whiteness hung from his chin far over his gown. He was plump and rosy, and had the merriest twinkle in his eye one can imagine. To his rope-girdle depended a rosary of great beads; these he told over very devoutly. He was pleasantly spoken, too, and his poverty did not appear to have saddened his life.

There were several Sisters of Charity on board. Among them was a girl of striking beauty, with an angelic expression of face. As she caught my eye very often, at last she came to me, and began talking in a sweet, low voice. How great was my curiosity to know why one so lovely should have left the world! Not being willing to appear curious, I diplomatically hinted at the subject, when she sighed and said, "There are some sorrows so profound, they render life but the tomb of hope, and make the exercises of our holy religion our only refuge." She was silent, and I became so too, looking at her, and wondering and wondering what were the great griefs of that young heart, until the boat stopped where she was to land with the others at a little village. She clasped my hands warmly, and whispered, "Many thanks for your sympathy; I shall say a prayer for you to-night," and ere I could reply, she was gone; but the thought of her was long in my mind.

The Rhone seemed an old friend to me; we had journeyed upon its banks when it was but a rushing torrent, and had seen it leave the Lake Lemman, bright, blue, and clear; now it was turbid and dark, like the Arve, with which it there mingled.

The Rhone has a strong family likeness to the Rhine, but is neither so grand nor so picturesque. There were towns along its margin, where the river was confined within its banks by strong stone walls. Far above, amid the cliffs, were villages and vineyards, on the side of precipices; the

vines were planted in the crevices of the rock, spreading out their refreshing verdure, like a green tapestry over the barren stones. There were groves of olive trees, and far up the gorges we saw country houses painted white, and in strong contrast to the dark mountains rising above them. Along their summits were the ruins of old castles and watch-towers, of much greater antiquity than those upon the Rhine.

We stopped at Valence, where there is a fine suspension bridge, and were told it was the place where Napoléon studied, and the birthplace also of Aymer de Valence, the bold crusader mentioned in "Ivanhoe."

At evening the rain began falling, thus enveloping the shores in mist. Again we all sought the miserable cabin, with its one feeble lamp. Ah! what visions floated through my mind of the Gothic hall of the Eclipse, and the gilded saloons of the Isaac Newton, our noble steamers upon the Mississippi and Hudson. Incomparably superior are even the poorest boats upon our rivers to any we have seen in our European wanderings.

Very late at night we landed at Lyons, the great manufacturing city of France, containing a population of two hundred and seventy-five thousand. We drove through great, irregular squares and streets, in the centre of which the Rhone was roaring and rushing furiously onward to the sea. No longer did we wonder at the frightful destruction caused by the floods. There seems no means of staying the fierce current.

Lyons has many memories of the Revolution, and many sad realities of the woes and sufferings of the poor work-people occupied in the manufactories. Besides, an interest is attached to it from Bulwer's "Lady of Lyons," and we would fain have known "where dwelt the fair Pauline!" But stu-

pid and sleepy servants opened the doors of a wretched hotel for us, and we soon forgot the haughty damsel in the repose we so much needed.

By the morning light we were away, and steaming up the Soane, in the same description of boat. The scenery along the banks was fine; we saw *L' Isle Barbe*, where Charlemagne often lived, and passed Macon, where the poet and historian, De la Martine, has large possessions, and there spends the summers upon one of his grape-farms. The mountains of the *Côte d'Or*, covered almost to their summits with vineyards, were on one side, and in the dim distance the peaks of the Jura chain.

We were compelled to wait at Chalons-on-the-Soane for some hours, which we spent in walking through the town. It possesses very little interest for the traveller; therefore we gladly sprang into the railway carriage, and were soon moving rapidly northward, passing Dijon and other large cities, until we reached Paris late at night. In a short time we had driven through the gay and joyous Boulevards, and were in comfortable rooms in the *Hotel Meurice*, surrounded with letters, full of pleasant tidings, and words of love from our dear Southern home.

We spent several enchanting weeks in Paris, then passed rapidly through England, and embarked at Liverpool in the noble steamer *Atlantic*, which brought us safely to the Old World. As I looked upon our own dear flag floating from the mast-head, the beautiful words of Willis came to my mind:

“Bright flag, at yonder tapering mast,
Fling out your field of azure blue!
Let star and stripe be westward cast,
And point as freedom's eagle flew!
Strain home, oh! lithe and quivering spars!
Point home, my country's flag of stars.”

SECOND VISIT TO EUROPE.

WE passed one year at home, and then made another visit to Europe.

In the brilliant city of Havana we tarried some weeks ; thence crossed the Atlantic, and landed in "fair Cadiz." We travelled on, through Spain and France, to beautiful Italy, reaching Rome in time for the ceremonies of the Holy Week.

The summer of the great "Exposition" we spent in Paris, witnessing with delight the splendid pageants in honor of the Queen of England.

CHAPTER XXX.

HAVANA, ISLAND OF CUBA,

January 28th, 1855.

ON the 25th of January, after bidding adieu to many dear friends, we embarked in the noble "Black Warrior," and steamed away from the Levée of New Orleans. Although a gauze-like veil of mist hung over the city, its crescent form was still revealed to us by the long lines of steam-boats and ships which blockaded the shores, rendering entrance or exit apparently impossible. The banks of the Mississippi, from the city to the sea, are extremely low. We passed numerous plantations, where the slaves were grinding the sugar-cane. The dwelling-houses of their owners were in the midst of orange groves, golden-hued with the wealth of luscious fruit. At four o'clock we entered the Gulf, and bade

"Our native land good night!"

We soon sought the state-room, and strove in the oblivion of sleep to forget the anguish of the parting hours. When daylight came, we were tossing on the short waves of the Mexican Sea. The breeze was fresh, and the morning lovely. But woe unto me! the unrelenting demon of sea-sickness had doomed me to despair, and I lay for two days and nights quite bereft of hope or comfort.

At sunrise this morning Capt. Bulloch tapped at our cabin-door, to tell us we would soon be in Havana. We quickly made our toilette, and ran on deck to enjoy the beauty of the scene. The entrance to the harbor is very narrow; thus we passed directly beneath the frowning battlements of the Moro, then along the lofty ramparts of the Cabañas to our place of anchorage. The picturesque-looking city of Havana lay before us, glittering in the sunlight. It is wondrously gay and cheerful in its aspect. The houses are painted blue, green, red, and yellow. Tall steeples and waving palms rise above them.

In a short time the steamer was encircled by boats, with awnings half covering them, and dark boatmen, whose shrill voices loudly entreated our patronage. The first person who stepped on board was Mr. N., the kind and excellent friend of my childhood. We were cordially glad to meet him, and he, with the thoughtful goodness of his nature, relieved us of all care of our baggage, passing it through the custom-house very readily, and conducting us to the *Hotel Cubano*, where he had engaged excellent rooms for us. We were received by Mrs. Brewer (who keeps the house) in the most friendly manner. She is a lady-like, agreeable woman, and we were exceedingly indebted to her, during our sojourn, for many courtesies and pleasant attentions.

A delicious breakfast was brought to our apartments, very acceptable after fasting for three days and nights. The floors of our chambers are of red tiles, and the beds are only cots, without a mattress. However, Mrs. B. insisted upon arranging ours more in accordance with American notions of comfort. The windows are immense, with heavy wooden shutters. By closing them, it was perfectly dark within; and so we slept a few hours, and arose restored to health, quite forgetting the *désagremens* of the voyage.

After dinner we accompanied Mrs. Brewer to drive on the *Paseo Tacon* and the *Paseo Isabel*. These are great squares of ground, planted with palm trees and radiant parterres of flowers. Fountains were falling in marble basins, curiously sculptured, and hundreds and hundreds of *volantes*, filled with lovely women, were driving around them. These *volantes* are peculiar to Cuba. They are somewhat like a buggy, with high wheels and long shafts. There is usually only one horse within them, but occasionally an extra one is attached. Upon a high saddle sits the driver, or postillion—always an intensely black negro, with immense boots (each one larger than his body), ornamented with silver. Then he wears a dainty little jacket, embroidered, and a hat with a broad gold or silver-gilt band around it. They appear to take not the slightest heed of the volante, but just go on, looking neither to the right nor the left.

The volante has only one seat; three ladies generally occupy it. They were all attired in dresses of the lightest and most delicate material, made very *décoltée*, and with short sleeves. Their black hair was tastefully braided, and decked with flowers, or long streaming ribbons of brilliant colors. They all had fans in their hands, superbly adorned, which they gracefully waved in salutation to each other.

A few men were reclining indolently in volantes, but the greater portion of them were quietly walking along the promenade between avenues of palms, looking at the long array of beautiful girls who passed them. Now and then there would be an exclamation, "How beautiful! How divine!" as one of uncommon loveliness appeared. It is a Cuban fashion, they told us, for gentlemen thus to express their admiration, not only of acquaintances, but of strangers; and it is always received pleasantly, and acknowledged by a

movement of the fan, fluttering as light and softly as the waving of the "sylphide" wings of Cerito.

The atmosphere was delightful, and the gentle breeze from the sea exquisite. How charming was that evening drive along the Paseo, and the wide roads hedged in with thickets of oleanders and roses! It was only when night shut out the novel spectacle, we consented to return to the city. We reached the hotel just in time to escape one of those tropical storms which come almost without warning. The clouds seem to open, and down come cataracts of water, flooding every street in a few moments. One hour after this deluge of rain, the moon shone forth brightly, and a few stars gemmed the deep blue sky. The *sereno* (watchman) called out the hours of the night in a plaintive tone, while from a church near by often rang out the solemn peal of a bell.

Before the dawn, a regiment of soldiers marched down our "street of Cuba." There were only trumpets and drums, playing the *Guerilla March*, so dear to me in the days of my youth. I listened until the sounds died away, and felt how true were the words of Croly:

"Music hath the key of memory,
And thoughts and visions, buried deep and long,
Come at the summons of its sweetness nigh."

The "old time" arose in my heart, and emotions which have long been covered with the "lava of the past," sprang up in all their first intensity.

Jan. 29th, 1855.—The streets of Havana are excessively narrow, almost like those of Genoa. There is no side-walk, and persons take the centre of the way as they pass along. The houses are rarely more than two stories high. They are built around an area, or court, wherein are orange trees and

flowers, and frequently fountains. A wide verandah, with green *jalousies*, encircles this area, upon which the dining-room and sleeping apartments open. The parlor is in the front of the house, with enormous windows, protected by great iron bars. In truth, the windows are a peculiarity of the city. They extend into the street like the bow-windows of old English castles, and form a nice little parlor, where the Cuban women sit at evening, becomingly attired, with their hair as shining as anthracite coal. They are decidedly pretty, and have a dreamy, quiet look. Although they are not fat enough to realize the ideal of Byron's "Dudu," still they have much of the captivating laziness described by the poet. The dark outlines of the iron-barred windows were like frames enclosing the graceful pictures of these Spanish girls, as they sat so still and statuesque within them.

The men are rather small, with handsome features and delicate moustache. They are well-dressed, and have an air of self-appreciation which is charming. We saw many leaning with calm dignity against the windows, near the lustrous-eyed señoritas. They seemed very undemonstrative, permitting the "fairer sex" to make all advances.

After dinner we drove to an exquisite garden a few miles from the city. There were long avenues of palm trees, myriads of brilliant flowers, groves of orange trees and of the guava, and plantations of bananas. The richness and freshness of the vegetation was delightful. Throughout the grounds were fountains and canals of water, brought down from the distant mountains, and rushing eagerly towards the sea. The banks of these canals were overhung with large-leaved plants, beneath which was an enchanting walk along a stone embankment.

It seems to me that no tree in the world is so suggestive of poetry as the palm tree. The trunk rises smooth as a

marble column, to about the height of seventy or eighty feet. Then branch out the great leaves, falling one over the other like plumes of feathers in a field-marshal's hat. The sea-breeze, sighing through them, calls forth a sound as soft as the tone of an Æolian harp, thrilling the soul with sweet joy.

The atmosphere possesses a singular charm. Every breath seems a delight. The delicious air fills the lungs as though it were some exhilarating draught, while a happy feeling pervades the whole frame, and the heart is overflowing with thanksgiving for the blessing of existence. Over the beating pulse steals a gentle languor, and we perfectly realize the soft rapture of life within the tropics.

Among the pleasant friends we have met here, is Mr. Sidney Smith, whose disinterested kindness to the prisoners of the López expedition is so gratefully remembered in the United States. He has a noble and generous heart, and left no means untried to alleviate the sufferings of the unfortunate men who had so rashly engaged in the attempt to free Cuba from the Spanish dominion. In the dark prison of the *Punta* he received from them messages of love to their families, which he immediately transmitted in letters filled with cheering words. Many a sad mother and weeping sister were comforted by those letters, bringing the good tidings that their dear sons and brothers had at least one true friend near them. Several southern cities presented him with services of plate, in token of their appreciation of his kindness to the prisoners. Mr. Smith has recently been appointed British Consul at Trinidad de Cuba; and, ere he leaves Havana, is to marry a sweet young English girl from Canada. Thus good fortune and love are weaving for him a happy future.

We have passed all the evening on the *Plaza d'Armas*, where a splendid band was playing. The palace of the Captain-General, and those of other dignitaries of the island,

have their front upon this square. Towards the sea is a small chapel, built upon the precise spot where Columbus first ordered mass to be said. There are a great number of magnificent palm trees and banks of flowers of gorgeous hues; then fountains, and bowers covered by creeping plants, whose trumpet-shaped blossoms were exquisite. The walks of the Plaza were thronged with the pretty *Havaneras*, attended by their cavaliers; while without the garden were hundreds of volantes, containing the *élite* of society. Mingled with all these were thousands of negroes, seemingly the happiest of the crowd. It was indeed a most unique and delightful scene.

We walked home along the narrow streets in the moonlight. The great windows of all the houses were open, revealing the "inner life," as dear Miss Bremer would say. We often stopped, and looked in upon the families in their social circle. The very young girls were often playing the piano-forte, while the belle of the household would be seated, talking low and lazily to a graceful youth by her side; and the old people playing dominoes or cards.

Every house has a *porte cocher*, or a kind of corridor; there the volante stands: thus to enter the parlor we were always compelled to pass it. Within this *porte cocher*, just upon the street, the slaves of the family all gather at night, and entertain their company of big-booted postillions.

Jan. 30th, 1855.—Many Cuban women have called upon us this morning, with whom we are quite charmed; their manner is so child-like, unpretending, and innocent, at the same time self-possessed. They bear about them the magic influence of the climate, in the gentle tone of their voice, and the grace of their attitudes.

Señor Navarro has been exceedingly kind to us since we arrived. He is an intelligent Spanish officer, who passed

some months last year in Mobile. He accompanied us to the opera to-night, having obtained for us the elegant *palco*, or opera-box of Doña Luisa Calvo, which was very large, opening into a delightful little parlor, or ante-chamber, where our friends came to visit us between the acts.

The *Tacon* theatre is of great size, light, airy, and beautiful. The boxes are separated only by a delicate railing, while around the front there is a tracery, or trellis-work of iron, richly gilded and decorated. It is very slight; thus the costumes of the señoras and señoritas are displayed in all their graceful perfection. They were all in ball costume, with jewelled fans. The constant fluttering of these fans was like the rushing wings of great birds; and I often thought of the expression of our beloved Lady Emmeline, "In their gilded boxes they seemed to me like Peris, fluttering their wings as though eager to escape from their gorgeous cages." Save *La Scala* of Milan, I have never seen a theatre so brilliant and splendid as the *Tacon*.

The opera was "I Masnadieri" of Verdi, founded upon "The Robbers" of Schiller. Steffanone is a magnificent woman, and sang the music of her part delightfully, while Manzini filled the rôle of Louisa Miller very sweetly. Salvi has a charming soprano voice, while Marini and Beneventano were excellent. Botesini, the matchless violincellist, and Arditi, the violinist, were among the orchestra. The *Tacon* is admirable for sound. The most perfect decorum and propriety prevailed throughout the immense edifice. In one of the upper boxes, N. pointed out La Fiorentini, one of the *prime donne* (who has, however, now deserted the *Impressario*). She is a superb-looking creature, and must have been glorious when her face was lighted up by the excitement of the stage.

From the opera we drove to *Domenica's*, a famous con-

fectionary. We seated ourselves near the fountain in the centre of the great saloon, roofed over with a gay-colored awning. There were myriads of gold-fish glancing to and fro in the marble basin, wherein fell the sparkling waters. We had ices, and a Cuban drink called *panaliz*. M. D. would show his nationality by calling for a *mint julep*; whereupon a most curious mixture was brought him, quite bad enough to "be the death" of an old Virginian.

Just as we reached the hotel, the sereno cried out "half-past one."

Jan. 31st.—When we awoke this morning, there was an oppression in the atmosphere, and a sadness, for which we could not account. Upon leaving our chamber, we found it was the north wind, or "norther," as they are styled here. It came roaring from the "north land," charged with dampness and gloom. The simoom of the desert cannot be more distressing. The doors were banging, the windows rattling, the sea roaring, and the dust flying. The delicious breeze and the beautiful climate had departed. Like the Cuban women, we wrapped ourselves in immense shawls, and sighed and grieved for the soft and balmy air of the first days of our sojourn here.

About mid-day the sunlight came to us, by a visit from our consul, bringing a cordial note of invitation from the Captain-General to pass the evening in the palace.

It has been a sincere pleasure to us to meet Mr. Robertson again. I have known him, and loved him as a friend, since memory first made a record of the past. He is a remarkable man, full of information and talent. Through all the changes of his life, from immense wealth to often a bare competency, he has preserved the same kind, warm heart, the same courteous manner, which I so well remember in my young days.

At eight o'clock Mr. Robertson called for us, and we drove to the palace in a close carriage. Many soldiers were on guard about the entrance, and servants in gay liveries ushered us into the vestibule. Thence we ascended a noble marble stairway, and entered the reception-room, where Madame Concha, an amiable and pretty-looking woman, gave us a most pleasant greeting. In a few moments General Concha came in, and we were presented to him. He is an elegant, handsome man, about forty, of fine stature and graceful bearing. His manner is dignified and courteous, and his conversation spirited and intellectual. He expressed the kindest feeling towards the people of the States, and a just appreciation of them. There were about fifteen persons present, and we were all seated *vis-à-vis* along the edge of a piece of carpet, placed in the centre of the floor. Thus are all the parlors arranged, the chairs opposite each other, with a small space between them. The palace is superb, very like the *Palazzo Durazzo* at Genoa. In one room was a fine picture of Isabel Segunda, and paintings and objects of statuary made of silver in the other apartments.

After our return from this agreeable visit, an acquaintance of ours proposed we should go down to the parapet to see the waves dash over the Punta. The "norther" was at its height; so we enveloped ourselves in the largest mantles we could find, and ran to the shore. The heavens were cloudless, and the moonlight dazzlingly bright. It was really a fearful sight to watch the enormous waves as they came rolling in, breaking against the Punta and the lofty battlements of the Moro, while a booming sound, as of distant cannon, met the ear. The white spray darted up high in the air, and often seemed like a cloud around the *farola* (light-house). When these mountain-billows had exhausted their fury, they rolled into the harbor, crowned with snowy foam, and came

“gently murmuring” to our feet as we stood upon the shore. These north winds are vastly feared in Cuba. They cause disasters at sea and disease on the shore. With a wild, fierce power they attack the rocky ramparts, which seem like a bulwark to protect this beautiful tropical clime; and then, when repulsed, the mighty waves rise up, and a tone, as of baffled rage, fills the “voices of the wind.” So striking was the spectacle of the warfare of the elements, that we lingered far into the night to gaze upon it.

Feb. 1st.—At sunrise Mr. Smith rapped at our chamber-door, to tell us the British fleet were coming in. As soon as we could dress we hastened to the *Cortina de Valdez*, a short parapet built out into the bay. The “norther” had not entirely ceased, but the fierceness of its strength was declining. It was a noble sight as the ships came in. First the *Boscawen*, of seventy-two guns, then the *Colossus*, of eighty-two guns. Their sails were all spread, like great white wings, as they glided between the Punta and the Moro. Now and then they seemed to bow in salutation to the Spanish flag which floated over the castellated walls of the Gibraltar of the Antilles. Along the Cabañas they slowly passed, and furled their sails at the anchorage near us. There were multitudes of people out to look at the ships; priests, with immense hats rolled up at the sides; Cuban girls, with arms and neck only covered by a mantilla; gallant-looking officers, and old negro women with lace veils as black as their faces.

After breakfast we drove to the “Bishop’s Garden,” thus called from having been laid out near a century ago by a famous bishop. It now belongs to the Count Peñalver. Although in a sad state of *décadence*, there are still traces of the beauty of other days. There is a broad terrace of red cement, shaded by tall mangoe trees, and built up just upon the margin of a rushing stream, confined within walls of

colored tiles. These give out most radiant hues as the sunlight falls upon the rapid current. The forest of bamboo cane was very singular. Each stalk rises about thirty or forty feet from the earth, and is exceedingly pliant, waving and surging in the wind. Near the top is a bunch of feathery leaves. These were entwined with tendrils of the yellow jessamine, glowing with the beautiful blossoms of this delicate vine. We saw several bread-fruit trees, with broad leaves, indented along the edges, and a noble specimen of the most useful India-rubber tree. Then there were groves of citron, fields of pine-apples, great squares of gorgeous flowers, and trellises of creeping plants. Hundreds of brilliant butterflies took wing at our approach, seeming to fill the pure air with winged flowers. Then in the dark, deep shade of some quiet nook, we found the *cucuyos*, a kind of insect emitting from its eyes, when alarmed or touched, a bright golden light. The poorer classes use them in place of fire-light, placing a number in a gourd, and shaking them when they require their aid to illumine the obscurity of their huts. When the night is perfectly dark, these *cucuyos* gem the trees and grass, as though the stars of heaven had fallen among them.

We lingered for many hours amid the gardens and groves of orange trees. But above all, enrapturing were the avenues of palms, many of them more than a hundred yards in length. Stealing away from Octavia and M. D., I yielded up my soul to the beauty of these glorious colonnades, each column smooth and polished as those within the vestibule of the noble Stafford House of the Duchess of Sutherland. With indescribable delight I wandered long beneath the shadow of the graceful leaves far above me, inhaling a new life in the delicious breeze, and thinking how wise was the mythology of Scandinavia, which placed the "home of the

blest " within the regions of eternal summer. In the glacier solitudes of the mighty Alps, my heart sent up its gratitude to God that I had beheld the wonderful majesty of his creation in the mountain-world; so likewise to-day did blessings spring from my lips, that I could gaze upon the luxuriance and freshness of the "Middle Earth," and wander through colonnades of the "King Palms," whose trunks are chiselled by the same Great Sculptor. There is no tree in the world so symmetrical as the palm, so grand and majestic. Just where the leaves branch out, is a large circle of bright green, which peels off, and is renewed every month.

"What a home for love and joy might this be!" we often exclaimed during our day in the "Bishop's Garden." Yet strangers only look upon its loveliness. The Conde Peñalver and his beautiful Condesa have sought health and happiness in another hemisphere. How often is it thus! Treasures of beauty are cast upon the wide circle of space, where none cherish or prize them.

In the afternoon we went to the *Cerro*, a high ridge of land a mile from the city, where many of the nobility and wealthy people have their country houses, called *quintas*. They are some distance from the road, and are surrounded by gardens rich in all the magnificence of tropical plants. The quinta of the Count Fernandina is a perfect paradise of flowers, and contains every variety of the palm tree known in the Pacific, Indian, or Southern isles.

We made a visit to Dr. Le Rivereud, who resides on the Cerro. He is a Frenchman who has lived here for thirty years, and is a man of great intellect, varied information, and wonderful skill in his profession. His wife has the sweet name of *Perla*, truly indicative of her pure, lovely character. She is my compatriot, too, since she was born in Pensacola, the home of my own happy childhood. Our dear friend Mme.

H. and her noble boys are passing the winter with them. We found the Doctor an invalid, and a close prisoner within his chamber. Although a great sufferer, his spirits were bright and cheerful, and his conversation extremely agreeable. He begged we would walk through his garden, which appeared to be a great pleasure to him. It was really beautiful, with canals of water running swiftly by enormous banks of flowers, of different hues and forms to any we have ever seen. Then fountains and statues, cool grottoes and arbors, blushing with exquisite pink convolvulus. There was too an aviary, full of birds, singing, and fluttering their wings merrily in their mammoth cage. Several trees and shrubs were growing within its meshes of wire, and a tiny fountain fell into a neat marble basin. The arrangements of the house and grounds were exceedingly tasteful and elegant. Nothing, however, pleased us more than the frank and cordial manner of Madame le Rivereud and her sisters.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE city of Havana is surrounded by walls, and is defended to the westward by two massive forts, *Atares* and *San Carlos del Principi*, while the entrance to the peerless harbor is guarded by the *Moro* and *Punta*. The hills rise up like an amphitheatre from the bay, fringed along their summits by palm trees, which often appear like a green tracery upon the intense blue of the heavens. The *Intramuros*, that portion of the city without the walls, is very confined, and the streets narrow; but within them there is a large city with broad streets, fine spacious houses, and splendid paseos. This is styled *Estramuros*.

The multitudes of negroes here, strike a stranger as remarkable. There certainly must be five negroes to one white person. There are but few mulattoes; apparently, admixture of blood is quite unusual. The slaves are certainly the happiest and most independent-looking people imaginable. They are smiling and talkative, full of grimace and gesture.

The cries in the streets are ceaseless. Men with long poles, upon which are strung embroideries and laces, scream out the excellence of the articles; quickly follows a stout Congo negro, with plantains and oranges; then come along

poor little horses, covered up with green stalks of maize, as though they were moving corn-fields; then the man with his cow to be milked in the *patio*, and the vender of rain-water. In the midst of all these discordant sounds peal forth the tones of the trumpet, and squadrons of horse dash down the streets, regiments of soldiers march through them, and long lines of the chain-gang, with heavy manacles, pass to and fro to the Punta prison. At evening we drove to that gloomy Punta prison, and around it, to the spot where poor Lopez was garroted. Then we saw the beach upon which the fifty Americans were shot. It is barren and desolate, like a desert amid the rich vegetation around it. No blade of grass has ever sprung up since the earth was flooded with the life-blood of those hapless and wretched men. The remembrance of their cruel fate came over us as a cloud, which it required many an effort to dispel.

Feb, 2d. 1855.—At early morning we ran down to the Cortina, where there is a monument to Valdez, and a fountain falling into the bay. A sweet quietude prevailed, and the “norther” had subsided to a gentle wind, (still too chill for this clime of the south.) As we lingered to enjoy the scene, numerous bells began ringing, and priests came hurrying along. One of them told us it was a saint’s day, and that high mass would be said by the bishop in the cathedral. By ten o’clock we were seated within this building, consecrated not only by the solemnities of holy religion, but sacred as containing the ashes of Columbus. These are in an urn, imbedded in the wall. There is a bust in *basso relievo* of the great Discoverer, with an inscription, telling the gratitude of the Spanish nation. The body of Columbus has not even been tranquil in its grave. Eager hands have removed it from place to place, and gallant ships have borne it over the vast ocean first traversed by his humble and deck-

less caravel. He died at Valladolid, in old Spain, in 1506, and was buried in the convent of San Francisco. Thence the body was removed to Sevilla; then to Hispaniola; and in 1795 it was brought in great state to Havana, and landed upon the beautiful island given by him to the Old World. Solemn masses were said, and the Governor received the precious remains, and, followed by a grand procession, bore them to the cathedral, where they have since remained. Washington Irving, in his admirable history of the "Life and Voyages of Columbus," has given a graphic and eloquent description of the pageant which accompanied the landing and transportation of the body to its last sepulchre. Not far from the urn is a small painting, representing the mass, uttered by a cardinal, just as Columbus was departing in his small vessel.

As there were no pews, or benches, a negro-servant brought in a little carpet, and placed it on the stone pavement. Following him came his mistress, who knelt upon it. All classes of people meet as equals within the aisles of the churches. The noblest lady, kneeling on her gorgeous carpet, has often by her side a poor old negro, with garments ragged and torn. There were many priests officiating, and all the dignitaries of the island held immense candles in their hands.

At night we went to a *tertulia* (evening party) given by Mrs. Crawford, the handsome wife of the British Consul-General of the West Indies. They live without the walls, in a splendid and spacious mansion, where there are fresco ceilings and floors of marble. Many of the British officers were present. The admiral is a fine, gallant-looking old man. Our admiration, however, was quite divided between the elegant captain of the *Espiegle* and the charming chaplain of the *Boscawen*, who was a wonderful man in the way of a

clergyman. He was a frantic polka-dancer, an indefatigable waltzer, and unwearied quadriller. When we had broken through the early mists of conversation, we remarked to him that he was quite a miracle to us, combining the *minister* with the realization of our American idea of a *fast man*. He looked amazed, exclaiming, "Good gracious! are not your chaplains allowed to dance? Why, religion makes people happy, and happy people delight in dancing." He was very merry, and "a man of infinite jest;" narrating, in a pleasant way, incidents of life in the Baltic, the Indian Ocean, and in the Gulf. As we were talking, between the intervals of the dances, up started a grave-visaged man, and sang a rattling, funny song. "Who is he?" we asked of our polka-chaplain. "The clergyman of the other ship," he replied. So we concluded the religious fraternity of her Majesty's service must be a jolly, mirthful set of men.

There were many lovely Havaneras at the tertulia, and several performed exquisitely upon the piano-forte. During the evening a pretty, fairy-like girl was invited to sing. After some entreaty she consented, and blushing began the recitativo of "*Casta Diva*." Her voice was of wonderful power and sweetness, and her perfect grace of execution and expression were worthy even of the lamented Sontag. She was a native of Havana, and had never left her island-home. Rarely even in "the land of music, fair Italy," have we heard a more enrapturing cantatrice. The charming young hostess, Mrs. Crawford, presented us to her. The name of the beautiful songstress was Conchita Rios. She was a darling little creature, with bewitching eyes, large and liquid, fringed with long dark lashes. Her mouth was a mingling of the coral and the pearl; her complexion clear and pale, and the most winning grace in her words and ges-

tures. Music is a *passion* among the Cubans; hence they excel in it.

Feb. 3d, 1855.—This morning we had a visit from Dr. Carl Scherzer, a geologist, sent out by the Austrian Government to explore the buried cities of Central America. He is a noble specimen of a man, full of enthusiasm and intellect. He gave us many graphic descriptions of his two years' sojourn beneath the shadows of the great volcanoes, and amid the dense and pathless forests covering the temples of a lost and unknown religion. Dr. Scherzer had also passed some time in Hayti, where he had been presented to the black Emperor Faustin and his Empress, with the state-ly ceremonies of the French court. He laughingly told me he was almost ashamed of his color while in Hayti, for a white man was looked upon with supreme contempt; and often, as he walked along the streets, negroes would say, "Bon jour, Blanc!" in a scornful tone. None but those of intense black color were deemed worthy of the high honors of the empire.

In the afternoon Mrs. M'Gregor, the pretty wife of the kindest, merriest Scotchman, Mr. Jemmie M'Gregor, sent her elegant volante for us, and we drove about fifteen miles into the country, passing many of the huts of the *guagiros*, or *monteros*, a peculiar type of people, said to retain many of the characteristics of the Indians, once the happy possessors of Cuba. These huts are covered with palm leaves, and are without windows. They are usually built under the shade of the papayo, or other fruit-bearing tree. These people have the look of European gipsies, and the men are very comely, and fantastically dressed. The women weave straw hats and mats, and their "lords of creation" sell the fruit they gather, or the green corn grown upon the little fields in the midst of the forest.

The vines which entwine the trees are very numerous, and absolutely appear like great anacondas. The variety of the cactus is wonderful. They assume the most singular forms, and are often adorned with flowers of gorgeous hue and delicious odor. The ceiba tree is tall and graceful, but its terrible foe, a parasite plant, is often seen clinging to it, and crushing out its life. As we returned to the city, we met numerous persons on their way to their country homes. Many were lazily reclining in volantes. The movement of these carriages absolutely encourages a kind of *dolce far niente* feeling. They are really delightful, and, save the Venetian gondola, are the most enjoyable mode of locomotion in the world. About twilight we entered the gates of the city, and went on to the house of our kind Scotch friends, where we passed a delightful evening amid a pleasant assemblage of French and Germans.

Feb. 4th, 1855.—At ten we were rowed off to the Boscawen, (flag-ship of the admiral.) We descended to the lower deck, where the services were performed by the polka-chaplain. About seven hundred sailors, all the officers of the fleet, and the foreign residents in Havana, were present. The chaplain officiated with infinite solemnity, and prayed with great devotion for “Victoria, our gracious Queen, the Prince Albert, and all the Royal children.” Every sailor responded in deep and sonorous tones, and many joined in the hymns, which were accompanied by the band. The sermon was eloquent and well delivered, and received the profound attention of the crew. When it was ended, we were all invited to walk around the ship, and go down to the regions below the water. Every where we were struck by the remarkable neatness and good order. The gallant admiral gave us refreshments in his cabin, where we met the chaplain, who smilingly inquired how we liked the sermon; to

which question we replied that he was quite as admirable in pulpit oratory as he was graceful in the ball-room.

As we were about to leave the Boscawen, we met a throng of Cubans just arriving on board to see the ship. The women were all prettily dressed in evening costume, with white shoes upon their dainty little feet, and long veils fastened to their braided hair by bouquets of flowers. The young men who accompanied them were handsome, but of slight and delicate stature; and formed a striking contrast to the robust and stalwart Englishmen who surrounded them.

The charming captain of the *Espiegle* asked us to go with him on board his ship, which we found a perfect model of neatness. His cabin was a gem in its tasteful arrangements and adornments. As the day was lovely, the captain kindly gave us a row around the harbor, in his own gig. The scene was dazzling in variety and beauty—the city, with its rainbow-hued houses; the hills, with their coronet of palm trees; the great ships, and the sparkling waves around them; the frowning battlements of the Moro; and afar off the deep blue waters of the Gulf; while the sunlight fell gloriously over land and sea.

CHAPTER XXXII.

AT four o'clock we drove to the *Plaza de Toros*, outside the walls, along the shore of the Gulf. In the centre of this square is a vast amphitheatre, fashioned like those of ancient times. The arena is open, but the dress-circle is covered over and arranged like the boxes of an opera-house. There were about ten thousand persons seated around, and the confusion of tongues must have resembled the tumult of old Babel. The Captain-General, and a suite of fine-looking officers, occupied the royal box. Beneath it was stationed a bugler, who acted as a kind of signal-maker for the beginning and ending of the performances. A long, loud blast from his bugle, and out came a bull, who quietly surveyed the audience, then trotted around the circle. In a few moments the *piqueros* (pikemen) on horseback dashed out, accompanied by men in curious dresses, holding red cloaks in their hands. These they waved at the bull; but failing thus to enrage him, the *banderilleros* (banner-men) joined forces against the poor animal, who at last rushed upon a pikeman and threw him from his horse. Whereupon the red-cloak gentry came to his rescue, and the banner-men stuck the sides of the bull full of sharp arrows, with little flags fastened to them. These were filled with fire-crackers, which ex-

ploded, almost driving him to madness. Although the sharp tip of the horns seemed to have been sawed off, yet he gored a horse until the entire entrails fell upon the ground. Screams and shouts of applause greeted the bull, and all cried out, "Brave bull!" "Noble bull!" as the poor pikeman rolled in the dust. In fact, all the sympathy was given to the bull, and I must confess even we were rather glad to see him defeat his tormentor. At times the animal would look up at the audience, with his great round eyes filled with supplication and entreaty. When they had tortured, tormented, and enraged the creature to a fearful frenzy, the bugle sounded, and a handsome man, clad in a glittering costume, appeared. He bowed to the people, then to the bull, and drew forth a shining sword. He was Ruy Gomez, the *matador*, the killer of an infinite number of bulls in old Spain. He sprang with agility aside when the bull came rushing upon him, then coquetted around, until a favorable moment, when he plunged his sword into his victim near the shoulder. There was one loud moan heard above the bravos and shrieks of the people, and a perfect cataract of blood poured forth from the poor sufferer's mouth, staining the sands of the arena to a crimson hue. With a dying effort he staggered to the feet of his murderer, where he fell dead. Then the people grew frantic with delight. They shouted! They called to each, "It was bravely done!" "It was nobly done!" They threw up their straw hats into the air, while the negroes jumped upon their seats, and gave utterance of their joy in wild Congo songs of triumph. Horses, decorated with bells and ribbons, drew off the dead bull, and a fresh and fierce one darted in, with defiance in his air. He killed a horse—broke a man's leg—endured the same tortures inflicted upon the first,—and died like him.

We stayed until the fourth bull was slaughtered, and then departed. In all the assemblage of horrors, can there be any thing more cruel? And yet many gentle, delicate-looking women witnessed it, and struck their jewelled fans against their left hand in token of applause and approbation! As we went out, we met several persons who congratulated us upon having seen such an admirable bull-fight—such a gallant display. Seven bulls and three horses were killed, and legs and arms of piqueros and banderilleros crushed, in their fierce encounters with the enraged animals. We were truly glad no human life was sacrificed in the arena while we were spectators there. As the bull-fight is the national amusement of the people, we were resolved to witness it; but one scene of that description is enough to satisfy the most ardent curiosity.

After leaving the Plaza de Toros, we drove around the paseos, which were exceedingly thronged. In every volante the prettiest and youngest woman sits slightly in front of the other two, and is always called *la niña bonita*, (the beautiful child.) The Captain-General and his Guard were out amid the crowd. He rides in regal style. Oh! lovely was the view of hundreds of volantes, filled with gracefully-dressed girls, smiling and waving their fans as they passed along. They certainly seem a most happy and contented people, and really appear to feel compassion for those whose lot is cast far from Cuba. What a pity it would be to make them Americans! Soon then would they learn to strive—to drive—to struggle—to labor to be rich. To them the delicious climate would have no charms, unless “they had wealth at command.” It was pleasant to look upon the contentment visible in every face. Agreeable thoughts filled the mind, as when one gazes upon a charming picture;

and it was absolutely refreshing to the spirit, to see no more the stir, the rush, the effort of Anglo-Saxon life. An enjoyable quietude pervades the earth and air, and all objects present a novel aspect.

Beautiful Cuba! Beautiful Cuba! It is not strange to me now that the followers of Columbus knelt upon the ground where first they landed, and thanked the good God for the gift of such a glorious country.

At night we went to the Tacon, to the opera. Steffanone was grandly magnificent—Salvi and Beneventano in superb voice. Indescribably elegant is the Tacon, so perfect in its proportions, and so tasteful in arrangement. Chocolate and *suspiros* at Domenica's ended our busy day.

As we entered the hotel we met M. D., who gave us the charming tidings of the arrival of the Fernando el Católico. He had been on board the splendid steamer, and engaged state-rooms for our voyage across the southern ocean. What a joy it was to us, to know we should not be compelled to visit the regions of ice and snow, ere we stood beneath the dome of St. Peter. The Fernando el Católico will remain one week only in Havana, and then depart for Cadiz. As there had been some doubt of her coming, we had feared we might be forced to go to Southampton, and thence through France to Italy. To visit Spain, and to witness the solemn ceremonies of the Holy Week in Rome, had been the strongest incentives which drew us from our home. Now we should accomplish both, and bright and radiant visions of the future mingled with our dreams.

Ere the dawn we were awakened by the marching of several regiments past our windows. There has been some rumor of an intended invasion, and hence this martial array by day and night. The soldiers are generally from old

Spain. They are exceedingly dark of complexion, strong and robust in appearance, although of small stature. We were told that immense numbers of them die each season with the *vomito*, (yellow fever.) They are remarkable for loyalty and devotion to their sovereign.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Feb. 5th, 1855.—During the morning we were occupied in writing letters or receiving visitors. In the afternoon we had a delightful drive on the paseo, and at night we went to the ball at the palace. It was a magnificent assemblage of the grandees of the island, in superb court dresses or rich uniforms. The lovely Cuban women were in beautiful toilettes, glittering with diamonds.

Madame Concha, a most genial and pleasant woman, presented us to many of the señoras and señoritas, with whom we were charmed; they have such a sweet, caressing manner, so kind and unaffected. There is a trait of character so noble among the Cuban women, I cannot refrain from mentioning it. They never *speak ill of each other* , but always find some palliation for the errors of their own sex.

There was music, and dancing of the graceful *contra danza* , which seems peculiarly delineative of tropical life. In the soft, luxurious strains of the music, one feels the influence of the delicious breeze, and sees in the swaying of the form the movement of the palm leaves.

The Captain-General was in a splendid dress, with many orders gleaming on his breast. A number of Spanish officers were present. They are uncommonly handsome, delightful in conversation, and admirable dancers.

The palace is upon the Plaza d'Armas, the great square, embellished with statues, fountains, trees, and flowers. About eleven o'clock we were all invited to go out on the balcony, when the Captain-General gave a signal for the *serenata* (concert in the open air) to begin. Ah! how inexpressibly bewitching was the scene around us! It appeared the realization of some enchanting dream. The sky was like a dome of sapphire hue, encrusted with myriads of stars, while the full moon poured over the waving palms a flood of silver light.

There were hundreds of volantes, filled with gaily-dressed women, drawn up near the Plaza, and beyond them lines of soldiers with shining bayonets. Loud pealed the strains of national music, and soft female voices melted and mingled with the melody.

During the evening we were introduced to the Captain-General of Porto Rico, who will be our *compagnon du voyage* in the Fernando el Católico. He is a noble-looking man.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Feb. 6th.—We went this morning to see the fish-market. It is deemed one of the “wonders of Cuba.” It would seem that all the colors of the rainbow were distinctly visible in the glowing hues of the fish. Blue, red, white, violet, gold-edged, and silver-tinted, were heaped up in vast piles, quivering and dancing in the sunlight. Then there were almost trees of coral, and a profusion of sea-shells.

In the afternoon, by the permission of the courteous Captain-General, we visited the Moro Castle. It is a strong and imposing fortress, built on the great rocks at the entrance to the harbor. It has massive walls, high towers, and broad battlements, like the old feudal castles of Northern Europe. There were several officers who politely conducted us over the castle, and explained to us many curious and death-dealing instruments. By the side of the Moro, and united to it, in truth, is the *farola* (light-house) erected by O'Donnell, (once the Captain-General of the island.) It is of vast height, resembling much the famous “Tower of the Clock” at Venice. We ascended to the top of the *farola*. The view thence is extended and magnificent. The bay of Havana is certainly one of the finest in the world; it was crowded with vessels, from whose mast-heads floated the flags

of nearly all the civilized nations. In the distance was the lofty mountain-chain which traverses Cuba from east to west. Around the city were many hill-tops, crowned with forts, whose bastions were mounted with pieces of cannon, all prepared for action. The Cabañas is quite near the Moro, and is a formidable fortification.

Feb. 10th, 1855.—We have passed the last three days in a constant routine of social reunions, drives into the country, sailing parties on the bay, and promenades in the lovely palm-shaded and flower-decked paseos.

Last night we were at a splendid ball given by Mrs. Crawford to the officers of the British fleet. All the *élite* and "upper ten" of the city were there, exquisitely dressed, and dancing with a soft and bewildering grace, which seems to melt the heart to pleasure. Then there were several amateurs who sang delightfully, and the lustrous-eyed Conchita, who again enchanted us by her silver-toned voice. A cheerful, free, frank, and genial tone pervades social intercourse here, which is very captivating indeed. Many foreigners live in Havana, and are always kind to strangers; hence our sojourn has been a continued festal-time, like the long brightness of a summer day. In our own hotel we have found the most obliging goodness in Mrs. Brewer and Mr. N. In truth, they make all their guests happy and at home, and many pleasant hours have we spent in the parlor, where were gathered persons from nearly all the States in the Union, and from the "lands beyond the sea." Pleasure, business, or ill health, have brought them here.

The number of invalids we meet is the only sad feature in Cuban life. To some persons, the atmosphere is like a precious balm, or, like the waters of the fountain long sought by Ponce de Léon, restoring the invalid to health, hope, and joy. There are others again to whom the soft, warm breeze

is as fatal as the poisoned wind which passes over the upas tree. Our hearts have been drawn irresistibly to a young girl from the far-away North. She has brilliant eyes, delicate, rose-tinted complexion, and a rare bewitchingness of manner. She has not the seeming of an invalid, yet for several years the first cold breath of the winter has inflamed her lungs, and the hectic fever has come on. Then her friends would bring her to Cuba, weak almost unto death. In a few weeks always after her arrival, her strength and loveliness returned, as though they were flowers awakened to life and beauty by the influence of the genial spring.

Feb. 11th, 1855.—We passed last evening in the family of Dr. F., cordial, clever people, and extremely intelligent. Our good friends Mr. R. and his wife make their home with them.

All the morning we were making our farewell visits, and in the afternoon drove to the *Campo de Martes*, a large square without the walls, where a review of the troops took place by the Captain-General. From the verandah of Mr. Crawford's mansion we obtained an admirable view of the spirited spectacle. All the balconies and house-tops were thronged with persons, while thousands encircled the railing of the Campo. The General addressed the soldiers, and called upon them to defend the rights of their Queen from all invaders or *fillebusteros*. They answered him by loud cries of "Viva la Reina!" Then the bands of the regiments pealed forth their martial strains, and cheers and huzzas filled the air. The Lancers, on Andalusian horses, were very picturesque in appearance. Upon their long pikes each had a small red and yellow flag, typical of the blood and gold of old Spain.

During the evening we went to the palace, to bid adieu to General and Madame Concha, and to tell them how truly

grateful we were for their many and delightful courtesies and pleasant attentions. From thence we drove to the Tacon, which was immensely thronged, as it was a gala-night. The boxes were filled with elegantly-attired women, sparkling with jewels, and fluttering their gorgeous fans. Handsome English and Spanish officers were sprinkled amid the audience, and loud and enthusiastic were the demonstrations of applause. The opera was "Don Giovanni," superbly rendered by Steffanone and Manzini, by Salvi, Beneventano, and Marini.

Feb. 12th, 1855.—This is our last day in America, and our parting moments have been cheered by letters from my darling mother, from my father, and tidings from my child. They are all well, and hopeful of our safe arrival in the Old World. We are ready to depart. Multitudes of friends have called to say "God speed you," and our hearts are filled with tenderness when we think of the affectionate kindness which has greeted us on this beautiful island. I am seated with my bonnet on, writing my last words, and they are blessings upon my mother, my father, and my child. Blessings upon the friends who love me! Should this be the last line my hand ever traces, may the memory of me never awaken a pang in a human heart, but linger around it like the aroma of precious flowers. In peace and good feeling to the whole world, I venture upon the perils of the vast ocean, with a firm assurance of the protection of that mighty Power "who ruleth over earth and sea."

"Come! come! the boat is waiting!" is the impatient summons, and now one more word; and it shall be a blessing, a soul-freighted blessing to my mother, my father, and my child.

CHAPTER XXXV.

CADIZ, *March 3d*, 1855.

“O lovely Spain! renowned, romantic land!”

It was a gloriously bright afternoon when we left the harbor of Havana. Never had the city appeared more beautiful than when we looked upon it for the last time, and waved our hands to many friends standing on the Cortena to catch a parting glance.

The *Fernando el Católico* soon passed the majestic Moro, and bowed down as it were in reverence to the mighty waters. Then rose up my old enemy of the sea, and in a few moments, confessing myself vanquished, they carried me to the regions below, and put me into a coffin-like berth. Oh! the horrors of that long night are indescribable. Solomon said, “O that mine enemy would write a book!” He had never been seasick, surely, or he would have invoked that fearful malady upon him.

Next morning M. D. found me so ill that he carried me upon deck, and then, by the kind permission of the excellent Captain Paez, into the saloon, where he allowed me to remain during all the voyage. Ah! how often did we bless him, as we enjoyed the pure air and bright sunshine, for his

goodness. Although compelled to lie upon a sofa nearly all the time, still the intense suffering ceased, and pleasantly and merrily passed away the eighteen days of our life on the splendid steamer. When we became acquainted with the passengers, we were exceedingly pleased with them. They were generally from the Spanish islands, or from South America and Mexico. We were the only Americans from the States, and save Mrs. Crawford, of Mobile, none others had ever taken this route, so far preferable to either the Collins or Cunard line of steamers. Then the delight of sailing over a tropical sea, far removed from the icy winds and rude storms of the north.

The *Fernando el Católico* is a war-steamer, built near London, with the finest machinery, and skillful English engineers to manage it. A Captain of the Navy commands the ship. There are four lieutenants, surgeon, purser, and a priest, who said mass the two Sundays we were on board, all the officers and crew assembling to hear it.

General Bustillos, recently the Admiral of the Fleet, occupied the Captain's cabin, with his suite of officers. He was an exceedingly elegant man. Then there was the Captain-General of Porto Rico, and his agreeable family, and Judge Bamondi and his charming wife, a pleasant couple from Rio Janeiro; also Señor Baz, an exile from Mexico, whence he had been banished by the tyranny of Santa Anna, not even allowed to say a parting word to his wife or children. He was a most gifted person, and although at times very sad, he would say, "Away with sorrow, brighter days are coming."

Our interest was deeply touched by a little Cuban girl, Dolores, who had been married the day we left by proxy. Her lover was an officer of the navy, to whom she had been engaged for three years. When he discovered he could not

obtain "leave of absence" to seek her, he wrote and implored her to marry him by proxy, and as his wife come to Spain, where he would meet her. Like a loving woman she consented, and left home and parents for him. She was dreadfully ill, and her plaintive words of grief, and her sighing for her own kindred, were most affecting. A small negro-girl accompanied her, and we often saw them weeping together. The thought came to me many times, as I looked at her, Will the man for whom this fond young heart has sacrificed so much, love her the more for it?

The weather was charming, and the good ship stanch and steady. For three days only there was a rough sea. One night we fancied a terrific storm had arisen, and that we were in great peril; but the Captain came in and told us it was only a "high wind," thus destroying the thrilling description I was weaving in my mind of a tempest on the Atlantic.

Never before at sea has such a feeling of security possessed me, resulting no doubt from the constant watchfulness manifested to us. During the hours of the night, every ten minutes we would hear the cry of the guard on deck, "Alerta! alerta! alerta!" and thus we sank to sleep, with the certainty of a careful watch to protect us. The officers were well-educated and interesting men. They had seen many foreign lands, and narrated their impressions of them in a graphic and pleasing manner. The earliest days of my remembrance were passed amid the Spanish people, and they were always highly valued; but now my admiration for them is greater still, their graceful civilities in the daily intercourse of life are so refined and genial. Cold hearts may say "they are only words," yet they give a charm to ordinary objects, and linger long within the memory.

Our excellent friend Navarro was on board, and many

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long hours he cheered, either with gay conversation or amusing books. Another young officer pleased us all extremely. His name was Vicente de Manterola. He was handsome, graceful, and intelligent; a bright, glad spirit shone out in all his words, and a warm heart in his kindness to the strangers.

The nights were enchanting—moonlighted, and the heavens glittering with the glorious constellations of the South. We frequently walked the upper deck for hours, gazing upon them, and watching the long line of phosphoric radiance which followed our steamer. Our last look was always to the western stars, shining over our home, and our last thought was of the dear ones there. Oh! it is only in absence the heart can reckon up the wealth of love which a fond mother has lavished; and my very soul pours itself forth in prayer for her safety, as we float away.

When it was too chill to walk on deck, we would all gather in the saloon, and spend such merry, joyous evenings. Songs, and pleasant talk, and stories of the past, were gaily mingled. At eleven, almost as quickly as the Cinderella of the fairy books, the company vanished, as there was an order to extinguish the lights at that hour. When all were gone, the good steward, Luigi, arranged our sofas side by side, and we talked of home until sleep came, and then in dreams we were there again.

Our last day on board, the good Dominga (our waiting-woman) awakened us long before the dawn, saying, "Come, Señora, go with me on deck, and see the day arise." We did so, and were charmed with the beautiful scene. At first the sky was "deeply, darkly blue," and the stars were gleaming with a brightness never seen in more northern regions. Slowly a gauzy veil seemed wafting over them, and along the East sprang up, as it were, banners of purple and rose-color,

and the intense azure of the heavens melted into a soft gray hue. Soon streaks of golden light flashed through it, and the glorious sun came forth, converting the mirror-like ocean into a sea of radiance, burnished and glittering like myriads of gems. And this was morning upon the Atlantic!

At mid-day there was a cry of *tierra! tierra!* (land! land!) which sent a thrill of joy to many hearts. We had seen none, except the island of *Santa Maria*, (one of the Azores, near which we passed,) since we left the Antilles. We ran on deck, and in a few moments

“Fair Cadiz, rising from the dark blue sea,”

was revealed to our longing eyes. Like a great white dove, with out-spread wings, resting upon the calm waters, appeared the distant city. Ah! long shall I remember the delight of that first look upon lovely Cadiz! The day was exquisite; the air fresh and balmy, and the sea like a smooth inland lake. Gentle spirits seemed hovering around to welcome us, while a warm, glowing pleasure filled our hearts.

Nearer and nearer we approached, domes, spires, and turrets gradually rising to view, until the entire outline of the city, with its snow-white houses and green alamedas, was before us. A few more hours, and we were within the bay, and had heard the joyful words “No hai quarentena,” (There is no quarantine,) from the health officer. Then on board came rushing motley groups of people, in strange costumes—they might have well served for the *figurantes* in the opera of Masaniello. The Andalucian boatmen were truly picturesque, with their round velvet hats, curiously embroidered, and yellow tagged jackets, and wide red sashes about the waist. What a Babel of tongues! what grasping of hands—waving of arms!—what shouts of joy, and fond greetings of the long parted! Oh! how my heart thrilled towards the

happy ones, and snatched by anticipation a share of our own welcome home.

Eager crowds were hurrying into the boats, and we were about descending the stairway when I thought of Dolores, (the little Cuban bride.) Running back, we found her weeping wildly. A friend of her husband had come off to tell her he had gone on a cruise along the coast of Africa. Seating myself by her side, I strove to comfort her; but she only could say, "Oh! in my own home there were so many to love me. I left all for him, and now he is not here to meet me!" Poor girl! it was truly a sad grief. Thus we left her, whispering, "Surely, your lover will repay you for all you have suffered"—(though it must be confessed I did not think he would).

Our excellent Luigi soon had a *felucca* ready for us. This is a clumsy boat, with sails and oars. It was just before sunset when we pulled off from the splendid Fernando el Católico, our pleasant home for eighteen days. We really felt regret to leave. It was certainly the first time in my life I had ever experienced aught but delight to quit the confinement of a ship: but our voyage had been so different from all others we had ever made, so charming and cheerful.

We were only one mile from the city, which was glowing in the sun's last rays. We urged the boatmen to hasten on; still, ere we reached the quai, the evening gun came booming over the waters, and the gates of the city were closed. But fortunately, Manterola, our handsome young friend, was with us, and he explained to the soldiers of the guard that we were "peaceful people," so they permitted our immediate entrance. We were agreeably impressed by the aspect of the city, as we walked along its narrow streets. It is wonderfully neat and clean. The houses are five or six stories high, and each window has a pretty little balcony, into which it

opens. We found exceedingly good rooms at the *Fonda de Cuatro Naciones*, and a dinner only to be matched at the *Trois Frères* or the *Maison Dorée* of the Boulevards des Italiens.

After a long voyage in a steamer, it is quite impossible to sleep the first night on shore. We were constantly starting from our troubled dreams, fancying from the quietude some accident had befallen us, as we heard no longer the regular pulsation of the great engine, which had almost become a part of our existence, having listened to it for eighteen days and nights.

Cadiz is a very ancient city. It was founded by the Phœnicians, hundreds of years before the building of Rome. Upon the coat-of-arms of the city is the figure of Hercules, by whom the inhabitants say it was built. Then came the dominion of the Moors, and afterwards the Spaniards. When America was discovered, a golden prosperity beamed upon Cadiz, which was lost as soon as the Spanish Possessions in the New World proclaimed themselves free. It is strictly a commercial place, and has now only a population of sixty thousand. The city is upon a rocky point of land, joined to the peninsula by a narrow isthmus. The sea surrounds it on three sides, beating against the walls, and often throwing the spray over the ramparts. On the fourth side it is protected by a strong wall, and bridges over the wide ditch. At night they are drawn up, thus isolating the town completely.

The fish-market of Cadiz is said to be the best in the world, and the most remarkable variety were served up to us at breakfast; after which we walked around the city. The sea-ramparts extend at least four miles. They serve as a protection against the waves of the Atlantic, which come rolling in upon them with vast power. They are a source of

expense and anxiety to the people, and yet as necessary to the preservation of their city as are the dikes of Holland or the levées along the Mississippi.

The Alameda is delightful. It is planted with trees, and is just upon the wall looking ocean-ward. In the centre is a statue of Hercules, (the founder of the city.) Upon this promenade appear at evening all the bewitching *Gaditanas*, thus called in the time of the Romans, from the name of the city, which was Gades. They were celebrated even then for their wonderful fascination, and though all else is changed, that charm still is possessed by the women of Cadiz. It is not so much the beauty of feature, but the wondrous grace and waving movement of form as they glide along the shaded walks, playing daintily with their fans. This undulating motion, so captivating, is styled the *air of the Gaditanas*—the manner, or air, peculiar to them. From the Moors, many inherited the large almond-shaped eyes, which they have a fashion of fixing upon one with a long, bewildering gaze, quite enough, it may be imagined, to turn the head of a youth, and destroy the philosophic indifference of *l'homme blasé*. Their hands are delicately formed, and their feet excessively small, without the long flowing skirts of the present mode to hide them. Black seems the favorite color of their dresses. Their hair is elaborately braided, and over it is thrown the black lace mantilla, certainly the most graceful covering for the head ever invented. The men we met were robust and healthful in appearance, with a springy, jaunty walk, seemingly well content with themselves and “the rest of the world.”

As we passed along the streets, and looked up at the balconies hanging over them, I often thought of the “girl of Cadiz,” described by Byron, and wished a vision as lovely might meet my eyes. At last, coming to a balcony enclosed

in glass, and filled with brilliant flowers, a face appeared above them radiant with youth and beauty. The eyes were large and startlingly bright, and the lips fresh as "moist coral." Allowing the party to pass on, I stopped to gaze upon her, enchanted that I had realized the poet's description :

"Prometheus-like, from Heaven she stole
The fire that through those silken lashes
In darkest glances seems to roll,
From eyes that cannot hide their flashes.
Through many a clime 'tis mine to roam,
Where many a soft and lovely maid is,
But none abroad, and few at home,
May match the dark-eyed girl of Cadiz."

Admiration is always appreciated in these sunny climes, and the young creature evidently reading it in my face, smiled, and gracefully waved her hand as I walked away.

On Sunday we accompanied our Consul, Mr. Burton, a kind old gentleman, to the cathedral. It is very large and handsome. The interior has fine marbles and sculpture. The pillars dividing the aisles are immense, each one consisting of six Corinthian columns, around the centre shaft. There are but few pictures. In the *Academia* we saw the last painting of Murillo. He fell from the scaffolding while working upon it, broke his leg, and was taken to Seville, where he died in a few months. This picture, to which therefore a touching interest is imparted, represents "The Marriage of St. Catherine." Portions of it were finished by his pupil Osorio, but wherever the hand of the great master had over laid the first color, it was respected sacredly. Hence the painting has an unfinished look.

Mr. Burton carried us to the old Moorish gateway, which still remains as a record of their departed glory.

At night we accompanied a party to the theatre, to see a *zarzuela* (vaudeville), which was admirably *mise en scène* and acted. After it came the Spanish national dances. We had seen them executed in Paris, by the troupe of Petra Camera, but they were but as a shadow to the wild *abandon* of those we witnessed here. Among them was the *Jaleo de Xeres*, introduced in America by the famous Fanny Ellsler. There was a wonderful bounding grace in the movements of the dancer—an impassioned light within her great glittering eyes, thrilling to behold. Then followed several other tumultuous dances, ending with a love-scene between two peasants, called the *Maja* and the *Majo*. Their costume was singularly picturesque. The girl seemed very young, with a lithe and graceful form, enveloped in a *saya* (petticoat) of rather moderate length, thus revealing well-rounded legs and delicate feet. A velvet bodice covered her bosom, so perfectly adjusted to the form, it appeared painted upon it. Around the small waist was a *faja* (scarf), with the ends hanging down. The youth was decked out in a rich jacket, slashed with velvet, and a vest bright with buttons. Then crimson breeches, gay-colored stockings, and delicate slippers. Both wore the round velvet hat of Andalusia, and both were strikingly handsome. They passed through all the phases of “love-making,” admiration, hope, hesitation, fear. When the *Majo* advanced, the maiden fled; when he affected to fly, she quickly pursued, and thus they proceeded, at times with slow and languid steps, then with fierce, wild eagerness, the music well illustrating the various emotions of the dancers, until the *Maja* yielded her hand to the lover, and then with interlacing arms they bent low before the audience, and ended their animated and voluptuous dance.

There are no chimneys to the houses, and during the morning it was really cold. Complaining of this, they brought a

brasero into our parlor, filled with charcoal. Around this we gathered. What a contrast to our good coal-fires at home! However, at mid-day we walked out and found the paseos all filled with the Gaditanas, their veils floating back, and their fans gaily fluttering. The *Plaza de Mina* is planted with orange trees, beneath which are numerous stone benches. Many persons were seated upon them to enjoy the sunshine, both its brightness and its warmth. Again were we attracted by the peculiar walk of the women, so natural in its grace, and so attractive. We did not wonder Byron should have written,

“ When Paphos fell by Time,—accursed Time!
The Queen who conquers all, must yield to thee,—
The Pleasures fled, but sought as warm a clime;
And Venus, constant to her native sea,
To nought else constant, hither deigned to flee,
And fixed her shrine within these walls of white.”

The Gaditanas are excessively fond of flowers, and as they have no gardens or yards wherein to cultivate them, they convert their balconies, very often, into small conservatories, or place great vases, filled with plants and diminutive trees, upon the flat roofs of the houses; thus imparting a gay and cheerful aspect to the city. In the midst of these masses of flowers were frequently seated the females of the family, sewing, or playing the guitar.

Not far from Cadiz is the town of Zeres, where the famous sherry wine is made. There are, likewise, many other points of interest around it. Upon *La Isla* is a fortress, said to have been built upon the site of the “Temple of Hercules.” Then there is *La Carraca*, (the navy-yard,) where Cæsar moored his long galleys, and where lay the galleons, called the “Twelve Apostles,” filled with treasure taken by Essex. At the Carraca a school is established,

very like our institution of West Point, where naval officers are educated, and are taught, in addition to the nautical science, the languages, and the elegant accomplishments of society. *St. Fernando* and *La Puerta* are towns near by. They have immense warehouses, where the sherry wines are brought previous to their transportation to foreign lands.

March 7th.—At ten this morning we left our excellent hotel of the “Four Nations,” and passed down along the sea-wall to the Mole, where we embarked in the *Teodosio*. A small cabin on the deck had been taken for us, and thus we were very comfortable. After a long delay, the steamer started and moved slowly away from the city. It is certainly one of the brightest and freshest-looking towns I ever gazed upon. The white houses, with the green balconies at every window, seemed in the distance as though myriads of vines were climbing up them.

Leaving the bay, we plunged into the long rolling billows of the Atlantic, and bade

“Adieu! fair Cadiz, a long adieu!”

then turning the cape, upon which was once the Phœnician light-house called “the Rock of the Sun,” we came to St. Lucar. There Magellan fitted out the fleet which first circumnavigated the globe. The Infanta and the Duke de Montpensier have a palace near the town, where they spend the summer. Not far from St. Lucar we entered the river, the *Wada-l-Kebir* of the Arabs, and the *Len Baro* of the gipsies. Many poets have sung its praises as “bright and flowing,” but reality showed us a dark, muddy stream, moving lazily between flat, sterile banks, while afar off was the *Marisma*, a barren waste, where herds of cattle, flocks of sheep, and multitudes of horses, were grazing. Now and then we saw a miserable peasant, the shepherd of these flocks, standing by

his straw hut. Along the verge of the horizon was a chain of mountains, upon whose dark surface gleamed many white villages, and at regular intervals rose up the *atalayas*, erected by Hannibal. They were used to transmit intelligence of the approach of an enemy, and clouds of smoke by day and fire by night were the signals used. Pliny speaks of them as the "terror of pirates," and Charles the Fifth deemed them so useful, he caused them to be repaired. They are built of a composition called *tapia*, which time hardens into solid stone. We passed the mouth of the Rio Tinto, upon which stands the convent where Columbus, an outcast and wanderer, received charity from the kind prior, who interceded with Isabella, and thus forwarded the plans of the great discoverer. Ere Columbus sailed, he made a pilgrimage to the convent, and received the blessing of the aged monk.

As the day wore on, we came to plains of verdant grass, dotted here and there with a curious tree called the pine. It is without branches on the trunk, but at the top they spread out precisely like an umbrella. Advancing higher up the stream, we saw occasionally a small village, half hidden amid the orange trees, and by the margin of the river, a strip of yellow sand, upon which the young peasants were walking. As I looked upon them, how freshly to my mind arose the pretty little poem of "Fidelity," written long years ago by a Spanish author :

"One eve of beauty, when the sun
Was on the stream of Guadalquivir,
To gold converting, one by one,
The ripples of that mighty river,
Beside me on the bank was seated
A Seville girl with dark brown hair,
And eyes that might the world have cheated—
A wild, bright, wicked, diamond pair.

"She stooped, and wrote upon the sand,
Just as the loving sun was going,
With such a fair, white, shining hand,
I could have sworn 'twas silver flowing :
Her words were three, and not one more.
What could Juanita's motto be ?
The Syren wrote upon the shore,
'*Death, not Inconstancy !*'

"And then her two large, languid eyes
So fell on mine, that, devil take me !
I could have fired the world with sighs,
And was the fool she chose to make me.
St. Francis would have been deceived
With such an eye and such a hand ;
But one week more ! and I believed
As much the woman as the sand."

Just as the *Giralda*, the great tower of the cathedral, came in sight, we made a turn in the river, and found ourselves passing between groves, or rather forests of orange trees, laden with the golden-hued fruit. Never, even in tropical lands, had we seen such immense trees. There were multitudes of men, women, and children gathering the oranges, and placing them in piles like mimic mountains. Along the bank were sloops and schooners, into which sailors were shovelling the fruit as they do "coals at Newcastle." Then we came to the olive groves, sober and subdued like a pretty widow in half-mourning. The trees are planted in long lines, and every hill and small eminence was decked with them, as though they wore a coronet.

We anchored just near *Las Delicias* (the Delights), the public walk of the *Sevillianos*. Fancy could scarcely picture a more lovely scene than that which met our eyes in the soft light of that exquisite evening. The paseo is appropriately named. It is indeed the *abode of delight*, and ex-

tends one mile along the Guadalquivir. There are avenues of orange trees, and gardens of flowers, bowers of roses, arbors of jessamine, and sparkling fountains. Through it passes a carriage-road, where many elegant equipages were driving, and noble and gallant *cavalleros* prancing along on their fine steeds of the true Andalusian blood. There were crowds of persons of every variety of station and dress. The women wore the graceful mantilla of silk or lace, and the men had great cloaks almost like the Roman toga. One end of the cape they adroitly cast over the mouth, when they first leave a room and encounter the cold air.

We landed, and ascended the bank through a dense crowd of people. But it was not like the throngs of other cities; as we approached, they all made way for us, taking off their caps and hats in the most graceful manner, and bowing to us. Thus we entered "proud Seville." Our bonnets were evidently curiosities to them, and told at once we were English or Americans, and therefore strangers; and in no part of the world are strangers more kindly treated than in Spain. Ah! how often in our wanderings there did we meet the warm and cordial greeting of those who only knew us to be from a foreign land! How many pleasant attentions encircled us! How many gratifying incidents attended our sojourn! And these came not only from those of high position in society, but from the peasants, and lower classes of people chance threw us among.

The beauty and the animation of Las Delicias were so inviting, we lingered there until it was deep night; then taking a carriage, drove rapidly through the narrow streets to the *Fonda de Paris*, where we have a charming apartment, with frescoed ceiling, looking out upon *La Plaza de la Magdalena*. And now to sleep, and return in dreams to my own dear home.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"Fair is proud Seville ; let her country boast
Her strength, her wealth, her site of ancient days."

March 8th.—Seville is truly an interesting city, and we passed several days there in the most delightful manner. Although founded in the time of the Phœnicians, it only became famous in the reign of Julius Cæsar, who gave it all his patronage, and called it "Little Rome." When the Moors captured it, they destroyed the Roman houses, and with the materials built up dwellings after their own graceful and peculiar style. Thus Seville remains more purely Moorish in architecture than any other town in Spain.

Our first visit, of course, was to the cathedral. In 1163 Abu Yusuf erected on the great square a noble mosque, which was pulled down two hundred years afterwards, and the present vast Gothic structure built up in its place. The nave only needs a few feet to make it as high as that of St. Peter's at Rome. The oblong form of the ancient mosque has been retained. Its length is four hundred and fifty feet, and its width three hundred. There are seven aisles, and ninety windows of stained glass, of the most remarkable brilliancy of color. At mid-day, when the sunlight streamed through them, the effect was glorious. The bright rays,

tinged with rainbow hues, stole into every dark nook of the edifice, gilding with beauty the sculptured features of a saint, or irradiating the dim outline of the sacred picture. The *altar mayor* (the great altar) is superb. All the events in the life of our Holy Saviour, from his birth to his death, are carved in oak. In the rear are the organ and the *coro*. The pipes of the organ are like a great forest of bamboo canes. Along the front of this grand altar (said to be the largest carving in oak known to the world), were kneeling quite a number of the *Sevillanas*, as motionless as statues, with their eyes upon the image of the Virgin. They did not even manifest woman's curiosity, by turning to look at us as we passed them. In the centre of the church is the tomb of Fernando Colon, the son of Columbus. His body is beneath the marble pavement, upon which are carved caravals. There is an epitaph containing these words: "To Castile and Léon, Colon gave a new world." From this many have contended Columbus was buried there.

The *custodia* is wrought from floor to dome by D'Arfe (the Cellini of Spain). There are two pictures of saints by Murillo, and a "Descent from the Cross" by Juan Campana. It was a painting so loved by Murillo, that he was wont to stand for hours before it, waiting, as he said, for Christ to come down. When dying, he begged to be buried beneath its shadow. In the *custodia* are kept the treasures of the church. They are of immense value, and are of diamonds, pearls, rubies, and other jewels. We saw the cross made with the first gold brought from America by Columbus. Precious relics are encased in vases composed entirely of the most costly stones, and the regalia used at certain seasons of religious solemnity is rich and massive beyond description; all of the pure metal, and set with diamonds. When the great "stream of gold" flowed in from newly-found America,

every ship brought an accession of gifts to the cathedral; and although, during the wars of Napoléon, many of the treasures were taken away, enough yet remain to make the custodia a marvel of wealth. The key of the city, delivered to San Fernando when he captured it from the Moors, was shown to us; also a vase of rock crystal, which contains within it one of the thorns from the Saviour's crown.

In the *Sala Capitular*, with its fine ceiling and remarkable pavement, hangs the wonderful picture by Murillo of "The Conception." It is certainly almost divine. It seems to live, to breathe, and the eyes of the Virgin beam with a holy light, which steals into the soul, and lingers there for long hours afterwards. There were also paintings of Pacheco, and several other artists of celebrity.

In the library of the cathedral we saw many interesting letters of Columbus. The old librarian kindly permitted me to read them. They were written in a bold, forcible hand; the style was terse and graphic. In one he described the eclipse of the sun in Jamaica, and the means by which he told the difference of time between the two hemispheres. There was a bright and cheerful spirit in his language, a firm energy and determination in his words, indicating clearly that indomitable will which soared above all obstacles. In some of the letters there were traces of sadness and sorrow at the unkindness of his countrymen; but like a golden thread, through both triumph and disappointment, ran the deep and abiding trust in the goodness of God, and perfect submission to his wisdom. A fine portrait of Columbus hangs in the library, where also was the famous sword of Fernan Gonsalvo, the great captain in the Moorish wars. His hand must have possessed a giant's strength to have wielded it. From the library we went down into the "Court of Oranges,"

where there is a fountain. It was used by the Moslems for their ablutions, and was called the "sacred water."

Among the buildings still bearing the impress of the Moors, none interested me more than the *Giralda*, an immense tower, whence the *meuddin* called out the hour of prayer to the faithful followers of the prophet. It is a far more graceful structure than the famous "Tower of the Clock" at Venice. It may be styled entirely Moorish, rising to the height of two hundred and fifty feet. Dim colors, as of ancient frescoes, peep out from the time-worn surface, which is broken by Saracenic arches, and covered by deeply cut arabesque tracery. A spire, one hundred feet high, was added to the *Giralda* in 1698, by Rinz, a Spanish architect. The pinnacle is crowned with a bronze statue of Faith, named by the people *Giraldillo*. Although the figure weighs many thousand pounds, it turns and veers with every breeze. The *Giralda* is now the belfry of the cathedral. There are many great bells, baptized, and under the protection of two female saints, Justina and Rufina. They were lovely girls, the daughters of a potter of Triana, who were put to death in 287, because they refused to bow in homage before the statue of Venus.

The ascent of the tower is not difficult. We went up spiral steps, called *ramps*, so wide and gradual, persons have gone up on horseback. The view is grand and extensive. The city lay at our feet, with many of its streets so narrow, the houses appeared separated from each other by only a few feet. Then came the encircling walls, built by Cæsar thousands of years ago, and seeming still as though they would endure for centuries. Just near the bank of the river were the ruins of the old Moorish castle, used in the Spanish time as the abode of the terrible Inquisition. Beyond the Guadalquivir was the town of *Triana*, where the gipsies live, and

afar off the ruins of *Italica*, founded by Scipio Africanus, after he had expelled the Carthaginians from Spain. Under his fostering care it became the rival first, and then the superior, of Seville. It was the birthplace of Trajan, and of the excellent Theodosius, both Roman emperors. There too was Silius, the poet, born. Under the Goths and the Moorish dominion it continued populous and flourishing. It appears singular there is no record of the cause of its destruction, unless it were by some convulsion of nature, which overthrew the towers, temples, and houses. There are still traces of an amphitheatre, and columns of rare beauty are often dug up from the mass of earth and stone which have buried it deep for centuries.

Leaving these ruins, the eye rested upon a fertile and luxuriant country, with fields of wheat and hills of olive trees, groves of the orange and hedges of the cactus plant. Villages and farm-houses, sheltered by the wide-spreading branches of the chestnut, rose up in all directions, and the long aqueduct, with well-defined arches, stretching across the plain to the mountain-heights of Carmona. Afar off, winding between verdant banks, was the Guadalquivir. Touched by the sunlight, it was indeed the "bright and shining river" of the poet. Long we gazed upon the glowing panorama, and only after repeated summons could leave it. Coming down, we drove to the *Alcazar*, one of the most gorgeous specimens of the remarkable architecture of the Moors. It is built upon the spot once occupied by the "house of Cæsar," and has some of the peculiarities of all the different nations who have inhabited it. However, its strongest nationality of aspect is from the Moorish kings, who made within its walls a paradise of beauty. There is one court with an entire Moorish façade, with pointed arches and overhanging roof. The sculpture is ornamented with

gilding and rich colors; and nothing can be imagined more graceful and delicate than the light carving of the arches which spring from pillar to pillar around the "Hall of the Ambassadors," built by Peter the Cruel, in exact imitation of the "Hall of the Alhambra" at Granada. A balcony beneath the tracery, wrought in marble, runs around it, where the women assembled to look down upon the banquet-scene below them. But not always was it the "abode of mirth;" for upon the marble pavement yet remains the stain of blood. It was the blood of the fair young brother of Peter the Cruel, whom he caused to be murdered in that glittering hall, while he stood in the balcony above to witness his death-struggle.

All the doors are composed of small pieces of wood, forming a perfect mosaic. Then we passed through long, vaulted corridors and audience-chambers, with sculpture and fairy-like arabesques cut within the walls and ceilings. Every thing was oriental, breathing of the romance and poetry of the East. Peter the Cruel, who prided himself upon being "half a Moorish king," restored and preserved the adornments of the ancient sovereigns. Isabella and Ferdinand made additions to the Alcazar, as did also Charles the Fifth, who here espoused Isabel of Portugal.

Under the palace we saw the prison of Blanche of Castile, where she was kept by her husband for long months, placed there the day after her nuptials with him. Near by were the Moorish baths, called afterwards the "Baths of Maria de Padilla," in honor of the beautiful mistress of Peter the Cruel. Her portrait adorns one of the halls, and gives an earnest of that bewitching loveliness which could even subdue the tiger-hearted monarch.

Ascending from the dim, dark prison of the hapless Blanche, we came out upon a terrace overhanging the gar-

dens. Ah! most lovely were they, "fair as the gardens of Hesperus." For hours we wandered amid the fragrant labyrinths, and beneath the shade of the orange trees, whose blossoms were just opening and filling the air with their sweet odors. There were numerous Moorish *kiosks*, or temples, with elaborately ornamented columns and floors of rich mosaics; then statues, and grottoes, jessamine-covered bowers, and fountains of all forms and sizes, springing up on all sides as we walked along, and casting their pearly drops over the rare flowers around them. There was, too, a miniature lake, and within it an island, peopled with Neptune and his tritons and sea-nymphs. From the ground beneath sprang up innumerable streams of water, which, falling over them, seemed like a bright and sparkling veil. Then we entered great areas, or squares, whose walls were formed entirely of lemon trees, cut so smooth and even, they appeared as immense blocks of *verd antique*. Gothic arches, carved in this living green, conducted us to parterres of precious flowers and groves of tropical plants.

An enormous orange tree was pointed out to us as the great wonder of the garden. It was planted more than four hundred years ago, by Peter the Cruel, and is still strong and luxuriant. It covers a great space of ground, and almost equals the banyan tree of the East, which is said to shelter a regiment of men. The branches of the orange tree are so heavy, that long pillars have been placed under them to sustain their weight. At least fifty persons could stand beneath it, and be perfectly shielded from the sun's rays. The fruit is of a deep golden hue, and not so pleasant to the taste as the oranges of Cuba.

The *Casa de Pilatos* (the house of Pontius Pilate) next occupied our attention. Around this edifice are gathered many wild legends and stories, from which, however, we

pluck the truth, that it was built about the fourteenth century, by a noble Spaniard, who made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and upon his return erected this palace in precise imitation of that of the Roman tetrarch at Jerusalem. The architecture is of the Saracenic-Gothic, and the grand stairway is magnificent. Near the first landing is a painting of the cage containing the cock which "crowed thrice" when Peter denied his Lord. Then comes the corridor, where the guard of the centurions were seated, and the balcony whence the Roman governor proclaimed the sentence of death upon the Saviour. The palace belongs now to the Duke of Medina-Cæli, who is endeavoring to restore it to its former grandeur. There were multitudes of workmen repainting it after the Moorish style, or retouching and recalling to view the lingering traces of the past,

" Before Decay's effacing fingers,
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers."

In the centre of the building was a pleasant square, called the "Court of Orange Trees." The earth under the trees was entirely covered with banks of violets. Through these we passed to a charming studio, where an artist was painting pictures of the Duke and Duchess of Medina-Cæli, to send to the Paris Exposition. He had, besides, a vast collection of pictures representing the national costumes of Spain: those of the *maja* and *majo* of Andalusia were particularly attractive. In one of the long galleries we saw many statues and columns which have been dug up from the ruins of *Italica*.

Leaving all these relics of by-gone days, we drove out into the country, and along the banks of the Guadalquivir to Las Delicias, which had so charmed us the evening of our arrival. It was just the hour for the promenade, and

the avenues, and walks were filled with graceful and lovely women, all dressed in black, with long mantillas, and brilliant fans. The men were handsome and robust in appearance, with a gallant and chivalric bearing.

In returning, we stopped at the "Palace of St. Telmo," occupied by the Infanta and her husband, the Duke de Montpensier. It was once a convent, but is now an edifice shining with gilt, and gorgeously embellished with white marble.

As we entered the walls, we passed the "Tower of Gold," which the Sevillanos say was built by Julius Cæsar. It bears, however, very clear evidences of its Moorish origin.

The houses of Seville are constructed in the most agreeable fashion; they all have an *atrium*, or court, in the centre, paved with marble, and shaded by great orange, lemon, and citron trees; then there are vases of flowers, and fountains falling into sculptured basins. In this court the family receive their guests during the summer time, only occupying the drawing-rooms in winter. A wide corridor leads from the *patio* to the street, where there is an iron-latticed gate, revealing the interior of every house. We often tarried before them to look upon the statues, the flowers, and dark-eyed señoritas, and to inhale the perfume of the orange blossoms. At night lamps are suspended from the branches of the trees, and gay and happy groups with guitars assemble, forming glowing pictures, and awakening the imagination to weave a romance for the dwellers of each mansion.

Seville was the birthplace of Murillo, and is the home of his glory. Nowhere else can we behold the perfection of his genius. In the *Museo* there is a room with eighteen of his finest pictures. It was to me as a shrine, where I could worship his wonderful talent. There are no paintings in the

world so suggestive, to me, of purity, holiness, and sweetness. The figure of the Virgin, in his pictures, has a bewildering beauty, which enchants the most stoical heart. The white and blue drapery flows around the form as though enamored of the loveliness it enveloped. The eyes raised to Heaven express the holy joy of her virgin soul—

“ Her graceful arms in meekness bending
Across her gently budding breast.”

Around her were groups of angels, floating as it were in a sea of golden light. Hours passed in the contemplation of these pictures of Murillo, and though there were many other noble paintings by famous artists, they could not withdraw my admiration from Murillo.

Velasquez is likewise a native of Seville, but very few of his pictures are here. In the church of the *Caridad* there is a striking picture, called “The Thirst of Murillo.” Its subject is Moses smiting the rock, and the thirst of the multitudes around is developed in the most bold and striking manner.

From the Museo we walked through many narrow streets, until we came to the house where Murillo lived. His painting-room was a bright and cheerful spot, opening into a garden with statues and fountains. He was buried in the church of Santa Cruz, which was destroyed by the French. There is now a tablet beneath the “Descent from the Cross,” by Campana, with an inscription to his memory, although the dust of his mortal tenement has long since been cast forth to mingle with earth.

Having a great curiosity to see the gipsies, one morning we crossed the Guadalquivir and drove to Triana, a small town opposite to Seville. The origin of this remarkable people, the *gitanos*, or *zingali*, is enwrapt in mystery.

They have appeared in all the countries of Europe, and suddenly vanished, none knew how or where. They say of themselves that their ancestors were driven away from Egypt, their native land, because they refused shelter and succor to the holy Virgin and the child Jesus. As a punishment for this cruelty, the Almighty doomed them to wander until the last day over all the earth, every where houseless and despised. Like the Jews, they have preserved the peculiar type of feature which marks them as apart from the rest of the human race. They have a rich brown hue of complexion, between the olive of the Spaniard, and the bronze color of our Indians. Their eyes are wonderful, so large, glittering, and metallic in their light. There is a burning intensity in their gaze, which absolutely fascinates the beholder; and we could readily believe the story of the guide, that a zingali girl will so entirely magnetize a person, whose fortune she is telling, he will be quite unconscious of having his pocket picked during the time. We passed through many dark alley ways, too narrow to be called streets, where they live in miserable houses crumbling with decay. They appeared quite unfurnished; and a large pile of ashes, in the centre of the room, indicated it was their only bed, for upon it were laying several children almost naked.

When the gipsy women are quite young, they are really beautiful, and their forms are of exquisite proportions and graceful development; but time and poverty soon change them to objects frightful to look upon. The fierce, witch-like expression of an old gitana woman is likewise beyond description. The men are stalwart and robust, extremely picturesque in costume, with high pointed hats, cloaks of sheep-skin, crimson *faja* sash around their waist, breeches of leather, and a gay-colored handkerchief about their necks. They

were occupied, many of them, as blacksmiths, and some were examining horses. It is said they are vastly skilled as jockeys, and have a singular power over the most restive horse, rendering him, by one whispered word, as docile as a lamb. From this fact, the peasants often say "the zingali are leagued with the devil." The women are all fortune-tellers, and sell love-spells and powders. Although treacherous cheats and thieves, they are celebrated for their chastity, while the men are free from the vice of drunkenness.

Looking into one of the wretched houses, we saw a most lovely young creature, about fifteen, reclining on her bed of ashes, with a grace of attitude which would have befitted a queen. Her eyes were as radiant as though the very sunlight were concentrated in the dark orbs, and her long hair fell like a black mantilla around her neck and bosom. When I spoke to her, she opened her full voluptuous lips, and smiling, revealed teeth of pearly whiteness. What a study for an artist was this rude zingali girl! What a model for a sculptor! How ardently did we wish some kind hand might snatch this beautiful flower from the ruin and contamination around.

From Triana we recrossed the Guadalquivir, and drove to the *Fábrica de Tabacos*, where snuff and cigars are made. The building is of vast dimensions, and belongs to the government. It is surrounded by a moat, and is a most dreary-looking spot. There were four thousand women engaged in rolling up cigars. There were four great vaulted rooms, each containing one thousand women seated at small tables, assorting, cutting, and rolling the leaves into cigars. Poor creatures! they toil from seven in the morning until seven at night, and only receive *twenty cents* as wages per day. They had a pallid, unhealthy look, as though ill fed. They

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